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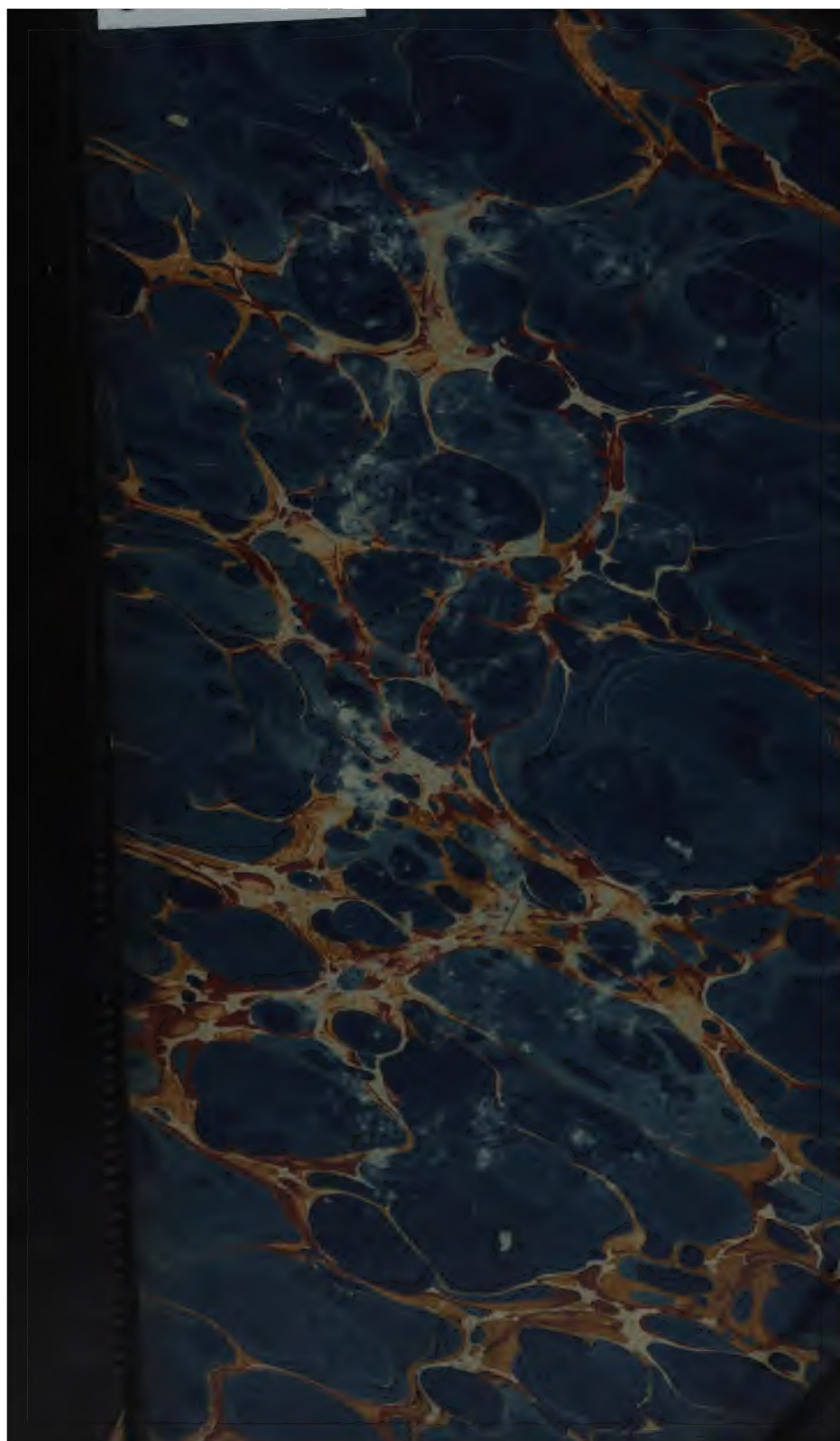
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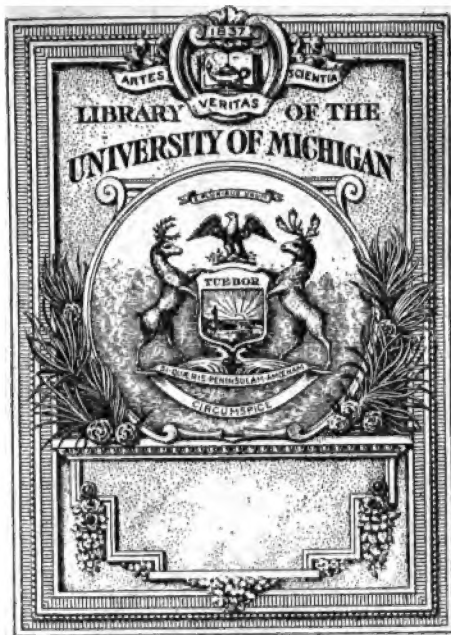
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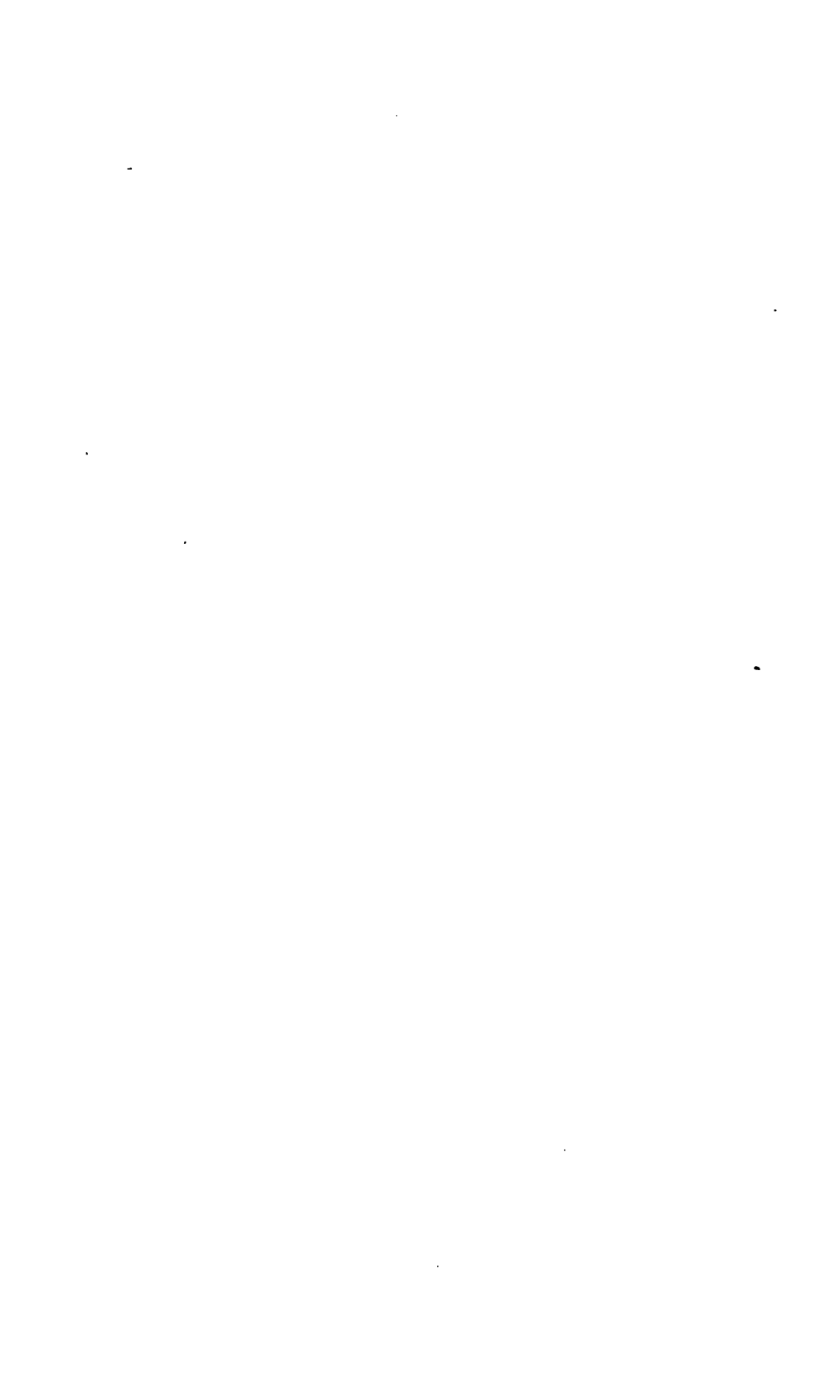




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100

CONTENTS OF No. XIII.

ART.	Page
I. On the Whole Doctrine of Final Causes. A Dissertation. By William I. Irons, of Queen's College, Oxford,	1
II. 1. The Naturalist's Library. Conducted by Sir William Jardine, Baronet, F.R.S.E., &c. Mammalia, Vols. IX. and X., containing the Dogs or Canidæ. By Lieut.- Col. Chas. Hamilton Smith, F.R.S., &c. Edinburgh, 1840.	
2. Histoire du Chien chez tous les Peuples du Monde. Par Elzear Blaze. Paris. 8vo. 1843.	
3. The Dog. By William Youatt. (Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.) Second Edition. One vol. 8vo. London, 1845,	29
III. 1. General Report of the Sanitary Condition of the Labour- ing Population of Great Britain. Presented to both Houses of Parliament.	
2. Report of Health of Towns from Select Committee of House of Commons,	54
IV. Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden. From Original Sources. By John Hill Burton, Advo- cate, Author of "The Life of David Hume." London, 1847,	
	72
V. 1. Punch, or the London Charivari. Parts 67 and 68. London, 1847.	
2. The Commissioner; or, De Lunatico Inquirendo. Dub- lin, 1842.	
3. Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son. By Charles Dickens. London, 1846-7.	
4. Adventures of Christopher Tadpole. By Albert Smith. London, 1846-7.	

ART.		Page
5.	Vanity Fair. By W. M. Thackeray. London, 1847.	
6.	The Knight of Gwynne. By Charles Lever. London, 1846-7.	
7.	The Battle of Life. By Charles Dickens. London, 1846.	
8.	Mrs. Perkins' Ball. By W. M. Thackeray. Second Edition. London, 1847.	
9.	The Comic History of England. By G. A. A'Becket. London, 1846-7.	
10.	Chambers' Miscellany of Entertaining Tracts. 15 vols. Edinburgh, 1844-7.	
11.	Knight's Weekly and Monthly Volumes for all Readers. London, 1845-7.	
12.	The Christian's Penny Magazine. 16 Nos. London, 1846-7.	
13.	The Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine. 10 Nos. London, 1846-7,	110
VI. 1.	Madagascar, Past and Present. With considerations as to the political and commercial interests of Great Britain and France; and as to the progress of Christian Civilization. By a Resident. London, 1847.	
2.	A Narrative of the Persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar. By J. J. Freeman and D. Jones, formerly Missionaries in the Island. 6th Thousand. London, 1840.	
3.	Madeira; or, the Spirit of Anti-Christ in 1846, as exhibited in a series of outrages perpetrated in August last, on British subjects and Portuguese Protestant Christians. By J. Roddam Tate, Royal Navy. London, 1847.	
4.	Tahiti. A Review of the Origin, Character and Progress of French Roman Catholic Efforts for the Destruction of English Protestant Missions in the South Seas. Translated from the French of Mark Wilkes. London, 1844.	
5.	Brief Statement of the Aggression of the French in the Island of Tahiti, &c. By the Directors of the London Missionary Society. London, 1843,	137
VII. 1.	A Treatise on the Inhalation of the Vapour of Ether, by J. Robinson, Surgeon-Dentist, &c. London, 1847.	
2.	Notes on the Inhalation of Sulphuric Ether, in the Practice of Midwifery. By J. Y. Simpson, Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1847.	
3.	The Medical Periodicals, passim,	169
VIII. 1.	Recherches sur les mouvements d'Uranus. Par M. U.	

ART.

Page

- J. Le Verrier. *Comptes Rendus, &c.*, Juin 1, 1846. Tom. xxii. p. 907.
2. Sur la Planète qui produit les anomalies observées dans le mouvement d' Uranus.—Détermination de sa masse, de son orbite, et de sa position actuelle. Par M. U. J. Le Verrier. *Id. Id.*, 31 Août, 1846. Tom. xxiii. p. 428.
 3. Sur la Planète qui produit les anomalies observées dans le mouvement d' Uranus. Cinquième et dernière partie, relative à la détermination de la position du plan de l'orbite. Par M. U. J. Le Verrier. *Id. Id.*, 5 Octobre, 1846. Tom. xxiii. p. 657.
 4. Recherches sur les mouvements de la Planète Herschel (dite Uranus.) Par U. J. Le Verrier. Dated 5 Octobre, 1846; and published in the *Connaissance des Temps*, pour l'an 1849. Additions, &c., p. 1-254.
 5. Planète de M. Verrier. Par M. Arago. This Notice contains an account of the discovery of the planet at Berlin by M. Galle, on the 23d September, with observations by M. Arago. *Comptes Rendus, &c.* Tom. xxiii. p. 659-633.
 6. Comparaison des observations de la nouvelle planète avec la Théorie déduite des perturbations d' Uranus. Par M. Le Verrier. *Id. Id.*, 19 Octobre, 1846. Tom. xxiii. p. 741.
 7. Examen des remarques critiques et des questions de priorité que la découverte de M. Le Verrier a soulevées. Par M. Arago. *Id. Id. Id.*, p. 741-755. In this article Mr. Arago discusses the claims of Mr. Adams as advanced in the *Athenæum* by Sir John Herschel, Mr. Airy, and Mr. Challis.
 8. On the newly discovered Planet. By M. Encke. Translated in the *Lond. & Edin. Phil. Mag.* for March 1847, vol. xxx. p. 181,—from the *Berichten der Akad. der Wissenschaften zu Berlin*, Oct. 22, 1846.
 9. An explanation of the observed irregularities in the motion of Uranus, on the hypothesis of disturbances caused by a more distant planet, with a determination of the mass, orbit, and position of the disturbing body. By J. C. Adams, Esq., M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Dated Nov. 12, 1846, and published in the *Nautical Almanac* for 1851. (See also *Proceedings of the Astronomical Society*, Nov. 13, 1846.)
 10. Account of some circumstances historically connected with the discovery of the planet exterior to Uranus. By the Astronomer-Royal. From the proceedings of the *Royal Astronomical Society*, Nov. 13, 1846. Vol. vii. p. 121-145.

CONTENTS.

Art.		Page
11.	Account of observations at the Cambridge Observatory, for detecting the planet exterior to Uranus. By Professor Challis, Id. Id., p. 145-149.	
12.	Special Report (to the Syndicate of the University of Cambridge) of proceedings in the Observatory relative to the New Planet. By Professor Challis. Dec. 12, 1846.	
13.	Second Report of Proceedings in the Observatory relating to the New Planet (Neptune.) By Professor Challis. March 22, 1847,	207
IX. 1.	Correspondence from July 1846 to February 1847, relating to the measures adopted for the Relief of the Distress in Scotland.	
2.	Correspondence from July 1846 to January 1847, relating to the measures adopted for the Relief of the Distress in Ireland. (Commissariat Series.)	
3.	Do. do. do. (Board of Works Series.)	
4.	Do. from January to March 1847. (Commissariat Series.)	247

Recent Publications.

X. 1.	Memoir of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A., Translator of Dante. By his Son, the Rev. Henry Cary, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford. In 2 vols. London, 1847,	291
2.	Bishop Jeremy Taylor. His predecessors, contemporaries and successors. A Biography. By the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks, Author of the Lives of the English Sacred Poets. London, 1847,	294
3.	The Religions of the World, and their Relations to Christianity, considered in Eight Lectures. By Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. London, 1847,	299

CONTENTS OF No. XIV.

ART.	Page
I. Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A., late Senior Fellow of King's College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge. With a Selection from his Writings and Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. William Carus, M.A., Fellow and Senior Dean of Trinity College, and Minister of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1847.	305
II. Doubleday's Financial History of England.	337
III. A Critical and Historical Introduction to the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament. From the German of W. M. L. De Wette. Translated by Theodore Parker. 2 Vols. 8vo. Boston, 1843.	355
IV. 1. Sibylle, Eine Selbstbiographie (Sibylle, an Autobiography.) Von Ida Gräfin Hahn Hahn. Berlin, 1846. 2. Gräfin Faustine. Von Ida Gräfin Hahn Hahn. Berlin, 1845. 3. Zwei Frauen. (The Two Wives.) Von Ida Gräfin Hahn Hahn. Berlin, 1845. 4. Cecil. Von Ida Gräfin Hahn Hahn. Berlin, 1844. 5. Sigismund Forster. Von Ida Gräfin Hahn Hahn. Berlin, 1843. 6. Erinnerungen aus und an Frankreich. (Recollections from and of France.) Von Ida Gräfin Hahn Hahn. Berlin, 1842. 7. Orientalische Briefe. Berlin, 1840. 8. Reisebriefe. Berlin, 1841.	368
V. 1. A Narrative of an Exploratory Visit to each of the Consular Cities of China, in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, in the years 1844-5-6. By the Rev. George Smith, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. London, 1847. 2. Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China. By Thomas Taylor Meadows, Interpreter to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate at Canton. London, 1847.	

ANZ.	Page
3. Three Years' Wanderings in China. By Robert Fortune, Botanical Collector for the London Horticultural Society. London, 1847.	
4. China and the Chinese Mission. By the Rev. James Hamilton, National Scotch Church, Regent Square. London, 1847.	388
VI. Thornton's History of British India, Vol. VI.	420
VII. The Scotch Law of Entail considered with reference to its Practical Evils, as affecting the Means of Improvement of the Country. Edinburgh, 1847.	441
VIII. 1. Researches on Light; An Examination of all the Phenomena connected with the Chemical and Molecular Changes produced by the Influence of the Solar Rays, embracing all the known Photographic Processes, and new Discoveries in the Art. By Robert Hunt, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. Pp. 304. London, 1844.	
2. A Treatise on the Forces which produce the Organization of Plants; with an Appendix containing several Memoirs of Capillary Attraction, Electricity, and the Chemical Action of Light. By John William Draper, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York. Royal 4to, pp. 324. New York, 1844.	
3. Nouvelles Instructions sur l'usage du Daguerreotype. Par Charles Chevalier. Paris, 1841.	
4. Mélanges Photographiques. Complément des nouvelles Instructions sur l'usage du Daguerreotype. Pp. 128. Paris, 1844.	
5. The Pencil of Nature. By Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., F.R.S., &c., &c. Nos. I., II., III., IV., V. London, 1844.	
6. Traité de Photographie, contenant tous les perfectionnements trouvés jusqu'à ce jour, appareil panoramique, différences des foyers, gravure Fizeau, &c. Par Lerebours et Secretans, Opticiens de l'Observatoire, et de la Marine. 5me Edit. Pp. 268. Paris, Octobre 1846.	
7. Des Papiers Photographiques, Procédés de M. Blanquart-Evrard et autres, avec Notes de N. P. Lerebours. Pp. 31. Paris, Mar. 1847.	
8. Excursions Daguerriennes. Collection de 114 Planches, représentant les vues et les monumens les plus remarquables du Globe. 2 Vols.	465
IX. Agrarian Outrages in Ireland—	
1. Letters on the Condition of Ireland. By T. C. Foster,	

ART.	Page
Esq., Barrister-at-Law. ("The Times" Commissioner, 1846.)	
2. Returns respecting the Crown Estate in the Parish of Kilglass, in the County of Roscommon. Ordered to be Printed, 22d March, 1847. Parliamentary Papers, (59.)	
3. Letters on the State of Ireland. By the Earl of Rosse, 1847.	505
 X. Life and Correspondence of David Hume. From the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and other Original Sources. By John Hill Burton, Esq., Advocate. 2 Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1846.	 539
 XI. 1. Man's best Eulogy after Death. A Sermon preached in the Assembly Hall, Canonmills, June 6, 1847, being the Sabbath immediately after the Funeral of Dr. Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c. By James Sieve-right, D.D., Markinch, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland.	
2. A Sermon preached in Morningside Free Church, June 6, 1847, being the Sabbath immediately following the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By the Rev. John Bruce, A.M., Free St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh.	
3. "He being dead yet speaketh." A Sermon preached in the Territorial Church, West Port, Edinburgh, June 6, 1847, being the Sabbath immediately following the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By the Rev. W. K. Tweedie, Free Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh.	
4. Elijah's Translation. A Sermon preached in Chalmers' Territorial Church, West Port, on June 6, 1847, being the Sabbath immediately after the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c. By the Rev. Wm. Tasker, Minister of that Church.	
5. Dying in the Lord. Being the Substance of two Discourses preached in the Free Church of Burntisland, on the Sabbath after the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c. By the Rev. David Couper, Burntisland.	
6. The Chariot of Israel and the Horsemen thereof. A Discourse delivered by the Rev. J. A. Wallace, in the Free Church, Hawick, after the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.	
7. Sermon on the Death of Dr. Chalmers. By the Rev. Wm. Gibson, Belfast.	
8. The Righteous Man taken away from the Evil to	

ART.	Page
come. A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c. By the Rev. John G. Lorimer, Glasgow.	
9. A Discourse of the Qualities and Worth of Thomas Chalmers, D.D. By W. L. Alexander, D.D.	
10. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers ; his Character, Life, and Labours. A Sermon preached in Hanover Presbyterian Church, Brighton, on Sabbath, June 13, 1847. By the Rev. Alexander J. Ross. Brighton.	
11. The late Dr. Chalmers. By A. S. P., Glasgow.	
12. Dr. Chalmers. Extracted from the Presbyterian Review.	560

THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

MAY, 1847.

ART. I.—*On the Whole Doctrine of Final Causes. A Dissertation.* By WILLIAM I. IRONS, of Queen's College, Oxford.

EVER since the times of Bacon and Descartes, who may be regarded as the fathers of Modern Philosophy—the founders of the two rival schools which represent respectively the inductive and the idealistic tendencies of speculation—it has been the fashion with some men of science, and still more with a host of literary writers, to speak disparagingly of the doctrine of Final Causes, and to claim the sanction of these eminent names to opinions which virtually exclude the argument from design in favour of the being and perfections of God. Both Bacon and Descartes had given forth some oracular utterances on the subject, which were caught up and repeated by not a few of their respective followers; utterances which, understood in a certain sense and applied within certain limits, might have been both safe and salutary; but which, when divorced from their connexion which served both to explain and define them, and exhibited absolutely as axiomatic truths, have generated in many minds a vague but influential prejudice against the whole study of final causes, as being either impracticable or illicit. And thus some adherents of each of the two great rival schools, which may be said to divide among them the speculative minds of modern Europe, are found not only abjuring the argument from design, but appealing to the authority of Bacon, the father of inductive science, and to that of Descartes, the model of idealistic reasoning, in support of their pernicious views.

It was less wonderful that Epicurus, and his poetical commentator Lucretius, should have discarded from their philosophy the

whole doctrine of Final Causes : since, denying the existence of God, they could not consistently admit the idea of design in the works of nature, or the intelligent adaptation of means to ends.

“ Illud in his rebus vehementer, et istum
Effugere errorem ;” &c.

“ ’Gainst their preposterous error guard thy mind,
Who say each organ was *for use design’d* ;
Think not the visual orbs, so clear, so bright,
Were furnish’d for the *purposes* of sight.”

But neither Bacon nor Descartes had the slightest sympathy with the Epicurean philosophy ; on the contrary, the former declared that he would sooner believe all the legends of the Talmud or the Koran, than that the frame of nature could be produced without an omniscient mind : and the latter gave forth a series of demonstrations, by which he hoped to make it appear that the existence of God was a self-evident and necessary truth. Yet the father of Inductive Science objected to the doctrine of Final Causes, because it seemed to him to have been misapplied and perverted so as to have become an obstacle to the successful prosecution of physical inquiry ; and the founder of the modern Idealism objected to it also, on the distinct ground that the ends of such a Being as God must be so high as to be far above our limited comprehension, and that it might be presumptuous to attempt any explanation of His purposes from the mere phenomena of nature.

It may serve a useful purpose—both in the way of relieving theology from the pressure of an adverse presumption, and of vindicating philosophy from the charge of undermining the foundations of faith—if we inquire for a little into the real opinions of these distinguished men on this important subject ; and seek to ascertain on what grounds they severally objected to the study of Final Causes, and to what extent or with what limitations their opinions ought to be received. Their utterances on the subject were widely different, and were founded on diverse reasons ;—they seem to agree only in the practical result—the virtual exclusion of Final Causes from the range of possible, or, at least, of productive inquiry.

The real opinions of Bacon, on this subject, have been frequently misrepresented ; and we are indebted to Mr. Dugald Stewart—who had ever a wakeful eye for every thing that might affect the evidences of natural religion, and an anxious solicitude to repel the advances of scepticism—for a clear exposition and discriminating estimate both of the truth and error which were mingled in Bacon’s judgment on Final Causes. The

oracular utterance—"Causarum finalium inquisitio sterilis est, et tanquam Virgo Deo consecrata, nihil parit," has been supposed to intimate an entire abnegation of the use of such inquiries, and has almost passed, chiefly perhaps owing to its epigrammatic point, and most apposite metaphor, into a philosophical proverb, current everywhere in Europe. Yet that Bacon did *not* intend to deny the existence of marks and evidences of design in nature, or to dissuade men from the study of these *in connexion with the truths of theology*—is evinced by two considerations which should set the question at rest:—The first is his strong, unqualified avowal of belief in God, founded on the phenomena of nature,—as where he says,—“I had rather believe all the fables in the Legends, and the Talmud and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and therefore God never wrought a miracle to convince Atheism, because his ordinary works convince it;—it is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion: for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.” The second proof, which is equally strong—is the fact that, in the very passage which contains the celebrated aphorism on Final Causes, Bacon is careful to mark the precise sense in which he objects to the study of them, as it had been prosecuted by his predecessors and contemporaries *in connexion with physical science*. He objects to the “investigation of Final Causes, NOT as a speculation which ought to be neglected, but as one which has, in general, been very improperly regarded as a branch of physics:” he complains that “the consideration of Final Causes in Physics has supplanted the study of Physical Causes—the fancy amusing itself with illusory explanations derived from the former, and misleading the curiosity from a steady prosecution of the latter:” he admits that “the Final Causes just mentioned may be founded in truth, and in a metaphysical view extremely worthy of attention:” but insists that “when they invade and overrun the appropriate province of physics, they are likely to lay waste and ruin that department of knowledge,” and “to operate as a powerful obstacle to the progress of inductive science.” “Not,” says he, “because those Final Causes are not true, and worthy to be inquired, being kept within their own province; but because their excursions into the limits of physical causes shall shed a vastness and solitude in that track. For otherwise, keeping their precincts and borders, men are extremely deceived if they think there is an enmity or repugnance at all between them.” It must be evident, we think,

that he refers throughout, not to the legitimate use, but to the common misapplication, of Final Causes: and that he speaks with special reference to the scholastic or Mediæval philosophy, which affords abundant proofs of the substantial soundness of his opinion, when he speaks of such speculations as "barren" of *physical discovery*, and a powerful obstacle to the progress of inductive science. The misapplication of Final Causes in physical investigation was a subject of just complaint, not only to Bacon, but even to Robert Boyle, who wrote in vindication of their legitimate use,—while both admitted their undeniable claims, and their great importance, in connexion with the higher truths of theology.

The study of Final Causes may be regarded in two distinct aspects, or as subservient to two different ends: it may be used as a guide or directory in the investigation of physical science: or as a means of evolving the evidences and establishing the truths of Natural Theology. Bacon's remark as to its sterility, as a "virgin dedicated to God," cannot be understood as referring at all to the second of these two aspects, since its uses in reference to theology are expressly admitted by him; but must be held merely to intimate that it is "barren" in respect of physical discovery. How far this latter opinion might be justified by the antecedent and existing state of science, or how far it might have been modified had he lived to witness the subsequent progress of inductive inquiry, it is unnecessary for our present purpose to inquire: since if it be limited merely to the method of physical inquiry, it leaves the groundwork of theology untouched and entire. But it may be observed in passing, that the idea of design as prevailing in every department of nature has been a guide to some of the most splendid discoveries of modern times; and that the doctrine of Final Causes has obtained a noble vindication even on the ground of natural science, by the discovery of Harvey, who was led to think of the circulation of the blood by the indications of design in the valves of the veins, and by the invention of Dollond, who, guided by the same principle, examined the structure of the eye that he might perfect the construction of the telescope.

And while Physical Science has thus received valuable accessions from the study of Final Causes, Physiology may be said to stand indebted to it for every step it has made; for, in the words of a truly competent judge, "in that science the doctrine of Final Causes has been not only consistent with the successive steps of discovery, but has been the great instrument in every step of discovery from Galen to Cuvier."—"There is one idea which the researches of the physiologist and the anatomist so constantly force upon him, that he cannot help assuming it as one

of the guides of his speculation: I mean, the idea of a *purpose*, or, as it is called in Aristotelian phrase, a *final cause*, in the arrangements of the animal frame. This conviction prevails so steadily among anatomists, that even when the use of any part is altogether unknown, it is still taken for granted that it has some use. The development of this conviction—of a purpose in the parts of animals, of a function to which each portion of the organization is subservient—contributed greatly to the progress of physiology; for it constantly urged men forwards in their researches respecting each organ, till some definite *view of its purpose* was obtained.* Mr. Whewell agrees with Bacon, as we do, in thinking that the study of Final Causes should not be allowed to supersede the investigation of physical laws: that we are not to think it a sufficient account of the clouds that they water the earth, although this is true—but we are to trace the clouds to the laws of evaporation and condensation: that we are not to content ourselves with saying that the solidity of the earth is useful as a means of rendering it a fit habitation for men—but should further investigate the laws of cohesion, by which its materials are compacted into a solid and durable substance. And with reference to Bacon's memorable saying, he remarks, with equal point and beauty,—“Bacon's comparison of final causes to the Vestal Virgins, is one of those poignant sayings, so frequent in his writings, which it is not easy to forget. If he had had occasion to develop his simile, full of latent meaning as his similes ever are, he would probably have said that to these final causes barrenness was no reproach, seeing they ought to be not the mothers, but the daughters of our natural sciences; and that they were barren, not by imperfection of their nature, but in order that they might be kept pure and undefiled, and so fit ministers in the temple of God.”†

Descartes differed widely from Bacon on this as on many other subjects. He objected to the doctrine of Final Causes, not because it had been improperly applied, or threatened to be an obstacle to the progress of Inductive Science, but because, in his opinion, the ends or designs of God must necessarily be so high as to be far above the discovery or comprehension of men, and it might therefore be presumptuous in them to attempt any exposition of His purposes. Thus he lays it down as a principle or rule,—“*Ita denique nullas unquam rationes circa res naturales, a fine, quem Deus aut Natura in iis faciendis sibi pro-*

* *WHEWELL'S Indications of a Creator*, ix. 20. *WHEWELL'S Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, ii. 79.

† *WHEWELL'S Bridgewater Treatise*, 355.

posuit, desumemus: quia non tantum nobis debemus arrogare ut Ejus consiliorum participes esse putemus." And again, "C'est une chose qui de soy est inmanifeste que nous ne pouvons connoître les fins de Dieu, si luy mesme ne nous les revele."

Descartes, in adopting this opinion, may have been swayed, partly by his decided preference for the Idealistic, or demonstrative proof, *à priori*, of the existence of God: partly also by his dislike of the scholastic application of the doctrine of final causes to the solution of questions in philosophy: and partly by a misapprehension of the real import of the truth, held by his opponents, that God made all things for his own glory:—a truth which he supposed to mean that God, like a proud man, had no other end than the gratification of his own vanity in receiving the praises of his creatures—whereas it imports the far higher and nobler idea—that by making himself known in his true character, He became not only the object of worship, but the fountain of happiness to all who could appreciate his infinite perfections. But whatever might be the ground or occasion of his peculiar views, it is certain that his writings have exerted an injurious influence on this important study, and that under the shield or shade of his authority, many have spoken, with a bastard sort of humility, of the presumption that is implied in speculating on Final Causes, while they have been far from following their leader in his demonstrations of the being and perfections of God.

The writings of Descartes called forth a noble vindication of the doctrine of Final Causes, from the pen of the Hon. Robert Boyle—a man who, to the honour of having founded the Lectureship which bears his name, and which gave rise to a series of profound and able disquisitions on every part of the evidence both of natural and revealed religion, may be justly said to have earned for himself the still higher honour of having suggested, in his short but valuable treatises, many of the best arguments and illustrations which were afterwards amplified and applied by his successors in the same walk of inquiry. His reply to Descartes was entitled—"A Disquisition about the Final Causes of Natural Things, wherein it is inquired whether, and (if at all) with what cautions, a Naturalist should admit them." It was addressed to Oldenburgh, the Secretary of the Royal Society, and designed apparently both to refute the ideas of the French philosopher, and to guard against the evils which Bacon anticipated from the application of final causes to physical inquiry. It is written in a spirit of noble independence:—and, considering the position which he occupied in relation to Descartes, on the one hand, and to "Verulamius" on the other, nothing can be finer, we think, than his language, when he says—"Judging that the rejection of Final Causes from the consideration of naturalists, tends

much to weaken one of the best and most successful arguments to convince men that there is a God, and that they ought to admire, praise, and thank Him, I think it my duty to prefer an important truth before my respect to any man, how eminent soever, that opposes it; and to consider more *the glory of the great Author of Nature, than the reputation of any one of her interpreters.*"

In this admirable dissertation, which exhibits a rare combination of profound philosophy with earnest piety, the truly amiable and accomplished author states at the outset a fourfold distinction, too often overlooked in theological inquiries, between the different kinds of ends which may be supposed to have been contemplated in the constitution of nature, and which must all be taken into account if we would either estimate aright the evidence of design, or guard against the obvious objections which might be founded on a more partial view of the subject. There is a **UNIVERSAL** or **SUPREME** end, to which every other is subordinate and subservient; and this is the manifestation of the Divine glory. Of the subordinate ends, there are several which are distinct, although necessarily connected; such as the **COSMICAL** ends—which are discoverable from the relations established between all the parts of the system, and which impart to it a certain unity, in virtue of which it is seen to be *a universe*, the product of One Designing Mind; besides these there are certain **ANIMAL** ends, discoverable from the relations of parts in beings endowed with life and activity; and there are **HUMAN** ends, arising from the adaptation of many things to man's corporeal senses, and still more from the adaptation of many things to his mental capacities. This distinction between the different kinds of ends which may be discoverable in the various works of nature, is clearly marked at the outset, and steadily kept in view throughout; both as a guide directing us to the different objects of inquiry, and as a guard warning us against the folly of expecting to explain all the complicated phenomena of nature; and its use in this latter respect is strikingly illustrated by the objection which has often been raised against the goodness of God, and which must have suggested itself still more frequently to the thoughtful reflection of men,—the objection, we mean, arising from the fact that many tribes of animals are by nature carnivorous, having been so framed that they must necessarily prey on one another. Some sensitive minds have recoiled from this arrangement, as inconsistent with the goodness and benevolence of God; whereas when we raise our views from mere animal and human ends to those which are cosmical, and, above all, to those which are Divine, we shall see at a single glance that a much larger amount both of life and happiness may be found in the universe in con-

sequence of this very arrangement than could have existed without it, and a much more varied and abundant manifestation given of the πολυπειπλος σοφια—"the manifold wisdom of God." Having marked the distinction between the different classes of ends which ought to be kept in view in such inquiries, Mr. Boyle proceeds to show, that while it might be presumptuous, as Descartes alleged, to expect that we should be able to discover all the purposes which are served by any of these arrangements, yet that *some* ends or uses may be so clearly manifest as to force themselves on our notice and belief, and that in reference to these there is no presumption, but on the contrary a plain and imperative duty involved in the study of final causes. In a scheme so vast and complicated, all the ends of God may not be equally intelligible; but some may be so self-evident that we must abjure reason itself, as well as religion, if we professed to feel the slightest doubt in regard to them. That the eye was made for the purpose of seeing, and the ear for the purpose of hearing; that food was designed to nourish, and the digestive organs ordained to receive and assimilate the nourishment thus provided; that the sexes were mutually adapted to each other, with a view to the continuance of the race;—these and a thousand other instances of intelligible design in the works of nature, are so undeniable, that no man can doubt the fact of fitness or adaptation, however some may shrink from the theological inference that is based on that fact; and in reference to all *such* cases we should not feel ourselves debarred from marking the evidence of design by reason of the multitude of other cases in which the precise design cannot be explained, any more than we should desist from the philosophical explanation of the phenomena of nature by reason of the remaining mysteries which science has failed to solve. Descartes had admitted the being and perfections of God, not only as certain and necessary truths, but as cognizable by the human faculties; and Mr. Boyle contends that it is at least as reasonable to expect some manifestation of God in the works of external nature, as to excogitate a proof from the conceptions of our own minds; and that no more presumption is implied in the one process than in the other. It is the subject, and not the mode of manifestation, which is so high and inscrutable; and if God has been pleased to exhibit the impress of His perfections, whether on the matter which He has organized or the minds which He has called into being, it is our duty to inquire where light is given, and to adore even where we cannot fully comprehend.

From the fact, that Bacon and Descartes, the founders of the two rival schools of modern speculation, did equally, though on different grounds, proscribe the use of final causes in philosophy,

it might have been expected that the influence of their sentiments would continue to operate on their successors, and that, both among the inductive and the idealistic writers of modern times, some might be found tinctured with a feeling of jealousy and suspicion. Accordingly we find, among the philosophical writers both of France and England, some who have evinced a tendency, and even avowed a determination, to disparage this branch of study. Thus Laplace represents the evidence of final causes as receding and disappearing before the advance of science, and as existing only in cases where our remaining ignorance surrounds it with a cloud of mystery. "Let us run over the history of the progress of the human mind and its errors, we shall perpetually see final causes pushed away to the bounds of its knowledge. These causes, which Newton removed to the limits of the solar system, were not long ago conceived to obtain in the atmosphere, and employed in explaining meteors: *they are therefore, in the eyes of the philosopher, nothing more than the expression of the ignorance in which we are of the real causes.*" And so Cabanis, the physiologist, says, "I regard, with the great Bacon, the philosophy of final causes as barren."—"I take care," says Geoffroy St. Hilaire, "not to ascribe to God any intention! I ascribe no intention to God, for I mistrust the feeble power of my reason. I observe facts merely, and go no farther."

It is remarkable, however, that while such was the tendency of philosophical speculation, neither the alleged authority of Bacon, nor the reasonings of Descartes, nor the contemptuous sneers of French and English infidelity, had any considerable effect in shaking the popular belief, or impairing the confidence of the public mind, in the great argument from design: few or none were found to doubt in consequence that their eyes were made for seeing, and their ears for hearing, or to deem it in any respect presumptuous to entertain such a belief. It is equally remarkable, that the very philosophers who professedly abjured the recognition of final causes, did often, in their writings, make use of expressions which really implied all that is meant by the doctrine of a manifest purpose in Nature, as if they had been betrayed unconsciously into the acknowledgment of that doctrine, even while they were carefully guarding against it. Thus Laplace, speaking of the arrangements on which the stability of the solar system depends, uses language which Mr. Whewell shows to be precisely that of the advocates of natural theology, if only we be allowed to substitute *God* for *nature*. "It seems," says he, "that nature (say God) has ordered everything in the heavens to ensure the duration of the planetary system, by means similar to those which He appears to us so admirably to follow

upon the earth, for the preservation of animals and the perpetuity of species." And so, while Cabanis regards the philosophy of final causes as barren, he frankly acknowledges that, in treating of the works of nature, it is very difficult for "the most cautious man (*l'homme le plus réservé*) never to have recourse to them in his explanations." The fact is, that the volume of nature is entirely unintelligible, except in so far as we are enabled to read there the language of order and design.

The relations subsisting between science and theology are so intimate, that the speculations of the schools respecting final causes could scarcely fail to affect more or less the literature of the Church: and it is interesting to mark the influence and trace the development of philosophical views in connexion with their visible effects in the writings of our divines. The popular theology of this country, that which constitutes the staple and substance of public religious belief, has been little affected by the subtleties of philosophical speculation: it has been drawn direct either from the pure fountain of the word, or from the living wells of nature: and if it has been occasionally tintured by an infusion of mere human opinions, it could not amalgamate at least with views which were seen to be at variance with its simplest and sublimest truths. The natural evidence for the being and perfections of God, arising from the marks of design and wisdom in the visible monuments of creation and the wonderful works of Providence, was never felt to be invalidated by the specious exceptions which were made to it, and never lost its hold of the public mind, even when a sceptical philosophy was in the ascendant. The practical character of British intellect, and the strong common-sense tendency of British speculation, which have sometimes exposed us to the insulting scorn, and the still more insulting pity, of our continental neighbours,* have served

* Cousin himself, in his earlier writings, seems to have undervalued British intellect. Surely it was the Frenchman, not the philosopher, that spoke from the chair, when addressing the ingenuous youth of France, he thus commented on the intellectual character of England:—"L'Angleterre, Messieurs, est une île assez considérable: en Angleterre tout est insulaire tout s'arrête en certaines limites; rien ne s'y développe en grand. L'Angleterre n'est pas déstituée d'invention: mais l'histoire déclare qu'elle n'a pas cette puissance de généralisation et de déduction qui seul pousse une idée, un principe à son entier développement, et en tire tout ce qu'il renferme." England is an island, no doubt: but the sea which girds her shores is the highway of the world; and her old "wooden-walls" have served to keep open a communication with all nations. "L'Angleterre, proprement dite, depuis quelque temps, je dirais presque depuis un demi-siècle, n'a plus payé sa part de recherches philosophiques à la civilisation Européenne: il n'est sorti de l'Angleterre aucun ouvrage célèbre en métaphysique."—"On peut dire que l'Angleterre et l'Ecosse, qui ont toujours exercé une assez faible influence sur la philosophie Européenne, ont cessé d'en avoir aucune. Les deux grandes nations philosophiques de l'Europe sont aujourd'hui l'Allemagne et la France."—The

a noble purpose, and saved us from formidable dangers, by keeping our eye steadily fixed on the facts of nature and experience, while others were tempted to wander after the *ignis fatuus* of metaphysical abstraction; and the general result has been, a firm conviction of the validity and value of the evidence arising from final causes, as that evidence has been stated and illustrated by the sagacious Paley, the learned lectureship of Boyle, and the series of Bridgewater Essayists.

But some recent indications lead us to suspect that a portion, at least, of our divines, may have been more deeply infected than we had previously supposed, with the spirit of jealousy and suspicion against the Natural Evidence of Theology, which previous philosophical writings were fitted to inspire. It cannot be unreasonable, therefore, and we trust it may be interesting to cast our eye abroad over the state and tendencies of European thought, and to inquire in what direction the tide is likely to flow—what the dangers with which we may have to contend—what the means of defence which it may be wise and politic to prepare.

In his brilliant lectures on the History of Philosophy, VICTOR COUSIN has exhibited a graphic sketch of the progress of human opinion, and has attempted to show that it advances in a series of successive cycles, each cycle containing four concentric circles:—The first in order, is Sensationalism, or the system which ascribes all our knowledge to the information derived through our corporeal organs; the second, Idealism, which erects its lofty superstructure on the phenomena and laws of our mental consciousness; the third is SCEPTICISM, which springs up from the constant collision and controversy between the two former systems; and the fourth is Mysticism, which arises from the despair of reason, the religious instincts of nature, and the felt want of faith. In tracing the historical development of human thought, he thinks that it may be shown to have described this cycle of systems, in the same order, at each of the great eras in the past: and he illustrates his opinion by referring to the philosophy of India, the philosophy of Greece, the philosophy of the Middle Ages, and the philosophy of Modern Europe—each having commenced with sensationalism, then risen to idealism, then sunk into scepticism, and then sprung up into mysticism. Not

richest morsel remains:—"Messieurs! qui a été le vainqueur—qui a été le vaincu—À Waterloo! Messieurs, il n'y a pas eu de vaincus! (*Applaudissemens.*) Non, je proteste qu'il n'y en a pas eu: les seuls vainqueurs ont été la civilisation Européenne et la charte. (*Applaudissemens unanimes et prolongés.*)"—More recently, however, he has done ample justice, (as in his Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy,) to the genius and character of the Scottish school; and has taken occasion to pay a striking and well-merited tribute to the Presbyterian system, which has contributed so largely to develop our national thought.

content with exhibiting this panoramic view as a generalization from the lessons of history, he offers it as a necessary deduction from the fundamental laws of thought—a deduction not resting on historical data, although capable of being verified by means of them. There is much that is questionable in the deductive method which he adopts; but we cannot survey the series of *tableaux vivans*—the life-like pictures which pass so rapidly before us in his brilliant pages—without recognizing many features of historic truth, and of deep human interest, in his graphic delineations of successive systems of thought.

If Cousin's theory be correct, it becomes an interesting question—in what position may we expect to find England, and Europe at large, in relation to the grandest subjects of human thought, and what may be presumed to be the present tendencies of philosophical speculation? Our place in the chart is easily determined. The sensational school—originating not with Locke, as has been injuriously supposed, but with Hobbes, and his French and English followers—prevailed for a time till it was all but universal, as the creed of philosophical Europe, (excepting always the Scottish school,) and reached its ultimate, and, perhaps, natural development in the gross materialism and bold infidelity of the Parisian Physiologists. Yet both in this country, and in France, the system seems to be worn out and effete—and although Auguste Comte at Paris, and John Mill in London, have produced works of great power, in which the main principles of that system are maintained, there are undeniable symptoms of a decided reaction in favour of idealism, which may be ascribed partly to the growing influence of the Scottish philosophy, partly to the kindred but different speculations of Kant and his successors, and though last, not least, to the revived study of Butler under the auspices of Dr. Chalmers, as well as to his own powerful contributions to Ethics and Natural Theology. This reaction has brought before the mind of the public the claims of the two rival schools, and has given birth to a controversy which may be best studied in the philosophical writings of Mill and Whewell, and the historical works of Lewes and Morell. Now, if scepticism and mysticism be, according to Cousin's opinion, the twin-products of such an era—the one springing from the doubt and dissatisfaction occasioned by conflict and controversy, the other from distrust of reason and desire of faith, we might naturally expect some manifestation of these tendencies in the present age; and accordingly, it is not a little remarkable, that both in France and England, there is a discernible tendency to call in question, on the one hand, the validity of the natural evidence for the Being of a God, and yet, a tendency on the other, to spring, as if in despair and by in-

stinct, from the depths of doubt, to the repose of faith, by resting solely either on the authority of Scripture, or on the infallibility of the Church.

In our own country this tendency has been exhibited by parties occupying the most opposite extremes of speculative opinion on questions of philosophy. The late Dr. Ellis of Dublin, standing at the extreme point of sensationalism, and blaming Locke himself for having admitted reflection as one of the inlets of our knowledge, denied the possibility of religion without revelation, and questioned the sufficiency of the natural evidence for the being and perfections of God; and now, the Rev. Mr. Irons, of Queen's College, Oxford, from the opposite standing point at the extreme of idealism, gives forth a similar verdict, and represents the argument of Paley's *Natural Theology* as utterly inconclusive. Scepticism, in this partial form, is the less offensive to the popular mind, because it is allied to strong views of revealed truth, and seems to do the greater honour to Scripture, by removing every rival claim; and hence Morell regards it as the form in which it is most potent in England at the present day. A similar development of thought has often been witnessed, but one for which more intelligible reasons can be assigned, within the bosom of the Romish Church. It has been the policy of not a few of her writers to enlarge on the doubtfulness of human opinion, and the fallibility of private judgment, on purpose to reconcile men to the plan of taking their religion on trust, and submitting to the teaching of an infallible guide; and in the writings of Huet,* Lammennais, and, we regret to add, occasionally, also, in those of the profound and exalted Pascal, we find abundant traces of what we may venture to call the scepticodogmatic genius of the system.

We might not have thought it necessary to advert to this "sign of the times," had there been no other indication of such a tendency than the appearance of the speculations of Mr. Irons. But we find frequent references, in recent works, to the existence of a state of opinion in regard to the natural evidence of theology, and the relation of science to sacred truth, as prevailing in some portions of the Church, and even at our most ancient and venerable seats of learning, which we cannot help deploring as an inauspicious omen of future evil. That the study of the physical sciences, instead of being encouraged and promoted, has been discountenanced and repressed at Oxford, and that some of

* *Traité de la Faiblesse de l'Esprit humain.* Abbé Lammennais on *Religious Indifference*. See also *Algar*, referred to by Sir James Mackintosh, *Dissertation, Encyclopædia Britannica*, 426.

our ablest teachers there have, in consequence, been left to the weary task of lecturing to a mere handful of students, while the shelves of the Bodleian have been diligently ransacked for the musty records of Mediæval times, is a fact which has been loudly proclaimed, and never, so far as we have heard, satisfactorily explained. What a striking contrast between the blind policy which is thus pursued by the dignitaries of the Protestant Church, and the wakeful, far-seeing sagacity of the Popish Bishop, who, looking abroad over the face of Europe, and discerning well the tendencies of a restless and inquisitive spirit of inquiry, so far from seeking to check, would rather place himself at the head of the movement, so that he might be qualified to guide its onward progress, and interfere with effect when interference might be required. We know few things more instructive, or, with reference to the Church of England, more humiliating, than the contrast between the zeal for science displayed by the accomplished Wiseman, and the jealousy of it which is cherished at Oxford. Which is the wiser, futurity will speedily show. Meanwhile, let the Church be warned, that in such an age science cannot be neglected with impunity; it has often been leagued with infidelity; it seems now to be adopted by Popery. "I cannot here refrain," says Bishop Wiseman, from expressing a wish that the study of geology may soon enter into the course of education, as completely as the other physical sciences." "To those who know the better spirit which is now fermenting in the warm blood of many among the youth of France; who are apprized of the genial ardour of true patriotism which cheers them on in the holy desire to blot the stain from their country's 'scutcheon, and to raise her as much by the new glory she shall shed around the cause of religion, as she has been shamed by her former enmity to it; to those who are acquainted with *the sacred league tacitly existing among many*, to devote their various and superior accomplishments and abilities to the defence, the illustration, and the triumph of religion, *under the secure guidance of the Church which they obey*; to such as know these things, the authorities I have quoted are but small manifestations of a widely-extended feeling; mere leaves rising to the surface of the waters, to show the rich and luxuriant growth of vegetation which their depths enclose. And surely it must be gratifying thus to see a science, formerly classed, and not perhaps unjustly, among the most pernicious to youth, once more become her handmaid; to see her now, after so many years of wandering from theory to theory, or rather, from vision to vision, return once more to the home where she was born, and to the altar at which she made her first simple offerings; no longer, as she first went forth, a wilful, dreamy, empty-handed child, but with a matronly dignity, and a priest-like step, and a

bosom full of well-earned gifts, to pile upon its sacred hearth. For it was religion which gave geology birth, and to the sanctuary she hath once more returned."

That very different views from these prevail at the English Universities, and that they threaten to affect injuriously not only the progress of physical inquiry, but the natural evidence of theology itself, appears from the frequent complaints and warnings which have been recently emitted by some of our most profound and accomplished writers. Thus Mr. Sedgwick, in his Discourse on the Studies of the University, refers to the prevalence of such views—"How any believer can deny the reality of a natural religion when he reads those passages in the Bible, where its power is so emphatically acknowledged, is more than I can understand. Yet I have myself heard it asserted within these very walls, that there is no religion of nature, and that we have no knowledge of the attributes of God or even of his existence, independently of revelation. The assertion is, I think, mischievous, because I believe it untrue: and by truth only can a God of Truth be honoured, and the cause of true religion be served." And so Professor Baden Powell of Oriel, addressing himself to this state of feeling, observes: "If there be those who feel a disposition to undervalue inductive inquiry,—who are inclined to disparage physical investigation, and declaim against the inferences of experience and analogy, and the presumption of reasonings grounded on the uniformity of natural causes: let such persons be persuaded to pause for a moment, and learn caution, from the consideration that, in any censure cast upon such trains of inquiry, and such principles of rational speculation, they are, in fact, casting censure on the very elements of the great argument of natural theology. Let them recollect how intimately the one is wound up in the very texture of the other; and avoid the reproach not less of inconsistency than of ignorance, not less of irreligion than of folly, which must attach to those who, under the plea of defending religion, would thus sap the very foundations of its evidences."

Similar testimonies might be quoted from the writings of Mill, Babbage, and others; but this is the less necessary, as Mr. Irons, himself a member of Queen's College, and a minister of the Church of England, has come forward with a frank and full exposition of his views "on the whole Doctrine of Final Causes."

To this work Professor Powell refers,* as the most systematic statement of the views which have obtained currency at Oxford:

* The Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth. By Rev. Baden Powell. Pref. xi.

and in subjecting it to a little wholesome criticism, we are anxious, at the outset, that the true state of the question should be clearly understood. There is no question as to the *fact*, that revelation was vouchsafed at the commencement of our race: for every believer in the inspired writings of Moses must hold that, historically, revelation preceded discovery, and that the world has never been placed in a position in which it could be shown or tested by experience, whether, by his unaided powers, man could have risen from nature up to nature's God. On this point, there is no question, and no room for debate among Christians: they believe that there was a primeval revelation to our first parents in Eden, and that the revelation might be transmitted, more or less pure and entire, through the channel of tradition, to subsequent generations; they admit that the mere fact of His personal converse with them, must have served to make known His glorious being, while it was mainly designed to reveal, not such truths as nature might have taught, but other truths, which, depending on the mere sovereign will and good pleasure of God, could not have been deduced from any natural indication: such as the terms on which the continuance of life should depend in a state of innocency, and again the terms on which the forfeited life might be restored under the covenant of grace. But the question is,—Whether we can or can not adduce from natural phenomena, valid evidence of the being and perfections of God,—whether the visible monuments of creation did or did not exhibit to them, and by consequence to us also, undeniable proofs of His eternal power and Godhead, and whether with or without revelation, these manifestations may or may not be referred to for the purposes of theology.

By natural theology we mean, not truths which men did actually excogitate for themselves by their own unaided reason, prior to any supernatural communication—for as Christians, we believe that, historically, revelation was coeval with the origin of our race: but truths which have a real and valid evidence, derivable from natural sources, and applicable to their establishment and illustration. It is obviously unfair, in conducting this discussion among Christian men, to use the term natural theology in any other sense; or to impose upon us the task of defending a position which we never held, by saying as Mr. Irons does, that “such a knowledge of God and truth as may be gained, apart from Christianity, by the guesses of enlightened conscience, or by the help of traditional revelation, and those traces of primitive truth which are to be found in all ages, cannot properly be called “natural.” We never undertook, nor could we consistently with our belief in Scripture attempt, to show that a knowledge of God was actually acquired from the contemplation of

nature, without the aid of direct revelation, or its indirect influence as conveyed by tradition; but we hold that a real and valid evidence exists in the works of nature, and that the conclusions of theology rest on as firm a basis as any other natural truths which depend on Inductive Evidence. It is of considerable importance in this, as in every other instance, to form a correct and definite idea of the "*status questionis*,"—for the validity of the natural evidence for the being and perfections of God may be most consistently maintained by one who agrees, nevertheless, with Ellis, and Leland, and Halliburton, in admitting the imperfection and insufficiency of natural theology, as well as the historical priority of revelation.

Mr. Irons, who has favoured us with his views on the "Whole Doctrine of Final Causes," is an alumnus of Queen's College, Oxford, and a minister of the Church of England. He seems to be a man of varied accomplishments, and had the permission of the late Dr. Edward Burton to dedicate his Dissertation to him. His style is often rhetorical, sometimes impassioned, while it degenerates occasionally into humorous sallies, somewhat too broad for a grave metaphysical treatise: his religious views seem to be serious and earnest, but associated with certain High Church, if not Tractarian leanings, which lead him to speak of "the guilty extravagances of sectarian folly" as "the ghastly activities of some exulting maniac,"—of "the scattered tribes of Israel as apostate or rebellious," and of the "Church of this long exalted land" as "Judah remaining faithful with her God,"—and the danger resulting from the modern tendency to "individualize Christianity, thereby making individuals every thing and the Church nothing." These, and similar remarks, combined with those in which he speaks approvingly of Mr. Newman's project for the restoration of Chorepiscopi seem to indicate a sympathy in the author's mind with the spirit of the late Oxford movement. Friendly as he is, however, to the dignity of his Apostolic Church, he seems to have a deep interest in the sufferings of the poor, and is favourably distinguished from some others by his frank disavowal of all desire either to restrain the education of the common people or to limit the philosophical studies of their future pastors, since he not only represents the decay of learning as "a fatal loss" to the Church, but declares it to be "the plainest Christian duty to instruct the uninformed, and alleviate, so far as our power extends, the curse of ignorance which afflicts mankind."

These are enlightened and liberal views: They show that Mr. Irons, however wedded to the Church of England, has no sympathy with those who would proscribe philosophy, or discourage education, and that he is alive to the peculiar danger arising, in the present times, from the patronage of science by Popish

and infidel partizans. We wish that we could speak of his own contribution to the education of the public mind with unqualified approbation; but believing, as we do, that it is defective in its argument, and dangerous in its tendency, we deem it a duty which we owe to the cause of truth, to vindicate the evidence of design from the exceptions which he has raised against it.

The general object of his Dissertation, in so far as it relates to the doctrine of Final Causes, may be best stated in his own words:—

“A long consideration of the modern doctrine of Final Causes, and of that natural theology of which it is the declared basis, has led to the conclusions which I have here attempted to establish. I have become deeply persuaded that Revelation must be defended on far higher grounds than those which are usually taken. My design, therefore, is, to set forth, in the clearest manner, that though Atheism is an impossibility, and irreligion misery, yet that man, by his unassisted natural powers, could never have certainly determined any one truth of theology or religion. I would have the Deist left to his own theological resources, that the futility of his attempts might show him the necessity of Revelation. I would prove that a strictly natural theology is unattainable: so that all men who feel that some theology is indispensable may be unable to avoid the conclusion in favour of Revelation.”

Such being the avowed object of his Dissertation, he states and answers the question thus:—

“The question with me is,—Could this conclusion (‘that there is design in nature, and that God is the author of it,’) have been arrived at by the natural faculties of man? Is there such a force in what are called the ‘Evidences of Design’ as to compel a fair reasoner to acquiesce in the being of a God on natural principles? I firmly believe, and shall endeavour to prove, that there is not.”—“I am as sure as any one can be of the truth of the assertion that there is design in nature, and that God is the author of it. But I dispute the validity of this argument, (Paley’s.) Can the natural theologian, on natural grounds, certainly *prove* that there is design? We may safely defy him to the trial. Let him look about into nature: he will find thousands of facts which demonstrate undeniably the mutual ‘adaptation’ and ‘fitness’ of various things to one another; but few persons will be apt to allow that ‘adaptation’ and ‘design’ are synonymous words.”—“Indeed, I go so far as to believe that it is almost an impossibility in the nature of things, that design should ever be certainly known, however acutely it may be guessed at, unless the Designer himself revealed it. An ‘argument from design’ depends upon an *a priori* assumption of a knowledge of the character and mind of the Designer.”—“It is an effort on the part of ‘a creature of a day’ to trace out the designs of the Eternal! to comprehend the plans of the Incomprehensible!”

And, in accordance with these views, the author ventures to characterize it in such terms as these:—"This fallacious argument;"—"a verbal sophism;"—"wholly untenable as an argument;"—"the fictitious argument from design,"—"the pretended theology of the doctors of design." And he tells us,—
"I am anxious to make it as plain as truth can be made, that the whole 'Argument from Design' is a fallacy."—"From which it is easy to gather this inference, that natural theology, so far as it depends on this argument, is a groundless speculation."

We are not to suppose, indeed, that Mr. Irons utterly discards the study of final causes—for he has a theory of his own on the subject which may claim our attention for a little ere we bring our remarks to a close: but meanwhile, we may be permitted to pause and express our wonder that a clergyman of the Church of England, or indeed of any Christian denomination, should have thought it incumbent on him to speak in such terms as we have quoted, of that kind of evidence, which far more than any other has impressed the public mind with the Being and Perfections of God. Mr. Irons must be sensible that he has undertaken a very grave responsibility; and we should think that he can hardly fail to have some misgivings, when he reflects, that he is opposing the all but unanimous sentiment of the Christian Church. Was it that scepticism, however willing, had proved too weak to achieve the victory for herself, that the alumnus of Queen's College put on his armour to do battle with Paley? He seems to have anticipated our question: "Some Christians," he says, "may be alarmed at an attack on natural religion: but this I cannot but attribute to very partial views of the subject. I would at once anticipate an objection which will be raised by many—Why should we attempt to make men dissatisfied with *any* arguments which prove, or seem to prove, truths, and especially truths of such importance as those of theology? To which I answer: That if there were not, as there are, many other reasons, this is sufficient, that it is impossible to foresee the consequences of enlisting error in the service of truth." He was aware, then, that he was making "an attack on natural religion"—an attack which might alarm some Christians, and even make men dissatisfied with certain arguments which seemed to prove the truths of theology: and yet he perseveres, because believing the argument from design to be utterly fallacious, he thinks that the truth cannot require such service. In a matter of such solemn interest, a minister of religion must have weighty reasons, indeed, to warrant him in making such an attack. It remains for us to inquire what arguments Mr. Irons has advanced, and whether he has really succeeded in overthrowing a proof which satisfied the minds of Newton and Butler, Tillotson and Paley.

After an Introduction on the character of Modern Deism, and an exordium, developing the nature of his argument, he offers the following *precis* or outline of his plan :

I. (1) " I shall first consider the question of causation generally and critically, that I may arrive at a definition of the true idea of a CAUSE. This will lead to a decision on the nature of the connexion of cause and effect.

" (2) And as it is plain that no principles can be a good basis for theological science, which are inconsistent with practical religion, that doctrine of causation which will be at this point established, will be applied to morals, in order to illustrate the free agency of man.

" (3) We shall open the consideration of the modern doctrine of Final Causes, by comparing it with the ancient doctrine of the same name.

" II. The second part of this dissertation will be occupied by the examination.

" (1) Of the theological argument from Final Causes : in order to show its fallacy :

" (2) Of the argument *a posteriori* (which is frequently confounded with the arguments from ' Final Causes,') and

" (3) Of the argument *a priori*, in order to ascertain their precise value : the former of which, as being the more popular, will occupy the larger share of our attention.

" III. In the third part I shall endeavour

" (1, 2) To establish the theological doctrine of Final Causes on the more accurate principles of the ancients ; and show the legitimate use of the modern doctrine ; and

" (3) I shall, finally, vindicate the position that the truths of revelation are eternal and necessary truths of reason ' spiritually discerned,' *i.e.*, not cognizable by sense."

Such is the general outline of his scheme. It is impossible for us, within our assigned limits, to examine and expose everything in his reasonings that might be worthy of critical animadversion. We cannot enlarge on his general views of causation, further than by stating, that while, in our opinion, he misapprehends the theory of Hume and Brown, he offers the following definition of his own : " The simplest idea of a cause is that which of itself makes anything begin to be"—but as a mere instrument can never do so, all mere physical or material agencies are excluded, and " the right and complete definition of a cause is a living being which has a power of spontaneous action, that is to say, an intelligence." We can only indicate the wide difference which subsists between this view and that of the Westminster Divines, who, far from evincing the slightest jealousy of second causes, expressly acknowledge their operation, and seek only to subordinate them to the Supreme. " He ordereth things to fall out

according to the nature of *second causes*, either necessarily, freely, or contingently." He, in his ordinary providence, maketh use of means, yet is free to work without, above, and against them, at His pleasure. "God from all eternity did, by the most holy counsel of His own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass; yet so, as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of *second causes* taken away, but rather established."—(*Westminster Confession*, cap. v.) Nor can we advert to his theory of moral causation, or the influence of motives on mind, in which, founding on his previous conclusion, that "an Intelligence is the only cause of action," he denies that a Motive can in any correct sense be termed a cause, and concludes—"I am myself my own MOTIVE, the cause of my own actions." But we must confine ourselves to the doctrine of Final Causes, to the exposition of which these more general speculations are introductory; and examine the reasons which he assigns for objecting to the popular argument from design in connexion with his peculiar theory as to the right application and legitimate use of "facts of fitness."

In discussing the popular argument, as stated by Paley, Mr. Irons avails himself of most of the objections which have been urged by sceptics against the validity of the proof. He objects to the argument from design, as "not a correct *a posteriori* process;" and, while he admits that design does exist in nature, and that God is the author of it, he maintains that this design cannot be discerned until God is revealed or otherwise proved; that the argument presupposes a prior knowledge of His purposes and ends; and that "the believer in revelation alone has any right to entertain the doctrine of design." He attempts to show that "the facts of fitness," on which so much stress is laid, do not afford of themselves a valid proof, although, with the aid of revelation, they may be useful illustrations, of theology; and for this end he points out what he conceives to be the incurable defects of the argument. He insists, first of all, that the words design and designer are like cause and effect, relative terms; and this consideration leads him "at once to suspect Paley's argument to be a mere *assumption*, a bare-faced *petitio principii*." He seems to be aware, indeed, that it is capable of being stated in a strictly syllogistic form, without so much as the appearance of anything like begging the question, and that there may therefore be "a fair and unanswerable *a posteriori* argument, but one, as he thinks, of little use to the natural theologian. He states it thus, premising, however, his previous conclusion, that "by the word cause is meant an intelligence."

"Whatever begins to be has a cause.

Certain objects in nature begin to be, (*e.g.*, the buds and leaves of the garden and the forest in spring)

Therefore, they have a cause."

"There is no *petitio principii* here," he says. Is there more or less appearance of it in the syllogism of Archbishop Whately—

"Whatever exhibits marks of design had an intelligent author.

The world exhibits marks of design.

Therefore, the world had an intelligent author."

But apart from this formal objection, he insists that ORDER does not necessarily imply choice, nor adaptation design, and he refers to "the order of basaltic pillars, seeming at times to rival that of human architecture." Whether the symmetry of form and structure observable in these and many other natural objects may not indicate design, as well as the adaptations of animal life, is a question which we shall not at present discuss. We shall only observe, that we have not the same means of showing what ends are served in the former as we have in the latter class of cases; and that, while we believe all nature to be pervaded by design, we should not select basaltic pillars, or crystallized minerals, as a proof of it, simply because our knowledge of the uses of these wonderful productions is comparatively imperfect. But unexplained phenomena may well be presumed to have wise ends, although they have not been discovered, on the strength of the superabundant evidence which evinces design in other cases better understood. Mr. Irons can scarcely be ignorant that, in former times, certain stones, exhibiting a regular structure and symmetrical arrangement of parts, were triumphantly referred to by infidels as rivalling the forms of organized being; and that the subsequent progress of science has conclusively annihilated the objection founded on these stones, by showing that they were neither more nor less than FOSSIL REMAINS!—animal structures retaining legible traces of the original conformation even in the petrified state. In addition to these arguments, he founds on the existence of evil, as an unanswerable objection, on mere natural principles, to the doctrine which affirms the being and perfections of God. The boundless power of God being assumed, it is held that "we must impeach His goodness if but one solitary evil be found in His dominions." Mr. Irons believes that Christianity solves that great mystery; but is it by disproving the existence of evil? and if not, is it by denying either the goodness or the power of God? Is it not rather by showing us that there may be ends of which, with or without a revelation, man's reason is not competent to judge, and by teaching us humbly and meekly to bow before Him whose ways we cannot fully comprehend?

But Mr. Irons, while he objects to the popular argument from

design, as stated by Paley, has a peculiar theory of his own as to the right application of final causes. He objects, indeed, to the phrase, and with his views of causation, it is not wonderful that he should; but, understanding it as meaning merely the final reason or ultimate intention of things, or the end or purpose which anything answers, he does not object to the investigation of final causes in this sense, but only to the theological inferences which have been drawn from them. He attempts to show that the ancient doctrine of final causes was essentially different from the modern.

"The doctrine of the ancients was not an immediate deduction from the law of efficient causation, as the modern doctrine is said to be. It was simply an abstract statement concerning certain facts of nature. They believed it to be man's duty to conform to nature, and they therefore inquired into the facts of nature. But they were not in the habit of drawing any farther theoretical inferences. The moderns, on the contrary, build up a doctrine wholly on inferences. The ancients argued *to* nature, and then they stopped; the moderns there take it up, and argue *from* nature to something beyond it."—"The ancient doctrine of final causes was founded on a simple inquiry into the ultimate tendencies of things. The whole process was an examination of facts, and a statement of the result. It was, in the strictest sense of the words, a scientific doctrine. It admitted of proof in the same manner as any physical truths admit of it. A ball on an inclined plane has a *tendency* to roll down. Man, in every gradation of savage or civilized life, has a *tendency* to society. The facts are before our eyes; we cannot dispute them. The modern doctrine of final causes is of a very different character. Instead of being an argument of an inductive kind, it is wholly hypothetical."—"The old philosophy argued *to* final causes; the modern *from* them to something beyond them; so that the modern argument appears to be—what the ancient was not—an inference from an effect to a cause."

We think that Mr. Irons has greatly exaggerated the difference between the ancient and modern speculations on this subject. No doubt instances may be found in Aristotle and other writers, of arguments whose only object is to point out the ultimate tendency of terrestrial arrangements without any reference to the proof which they afford of a higher power; but similar instances may be found in modern authors, who often employ the principle of design as a guide in inductive inquiry, while they overlook or neglect its theological application. In the writings of classical antiquity, the argument from final causes to a Supreme Intelligence, is often beautifully stated and powerfully enforced. Mr. Irons himself admits that there is something like it in Xenophon's *Memorabilia*; and Professor Sedgwick affirms that "The argument for the being of a God derived from final causes, is as well

stated in the Conversations of Socrates as in the Natural Theology of Paley." We might refer also to the writings of Plato and of Cicero; but it is the less necessary, since our author's argument amounts to nothing more than what was long ago stated by Boyle and afterwards by Stewart; viz., "That there are two ways of reasoning from the final causes of natural things that ought not to be confounded; for sometimes from the uses of things men draw arguments that relate to the Author of Nature, and the general ends He is supposed to have intended in things corporeal; and sometimes upon the supposed ends of things men ground arguments, both affirmative and negative, about the peculiar nature of the things themselves." In other words, "The study of final causes may be considered in two different points of view, first, as subservient to the evidences of natural religion; and, secondly, as a guide and auxiliary in the investigation of physical laws." The latter may have been mainly the use made of it by Aristotle, whose religious sentiments seem to have been weak and wavering; the former was exemplified both by Socrates and Plato, and the two, although different, are by no means opposite or contradictory; the physical serves only to pave the way for the physico-theological. It is quite possible to assume the principle of design, and to use it as a clue to further discoveries, as Aristotle did, when founding on the axiom that "nature does nothing in vain," he inferred from the manifest indications afforded by the adaptation of the sexes to one another, and other collateral considerations, that "the tendency of man's nature is to society." This is one legitimate use of the doctrine of final causes, but it does not conflict with, nor should it supersede, the application of the same "facts of fitness" as proofs of a designing mind.

Mr. Irons lays much stress on the difference subsisting betwixt two branches of the *a posteriori* argument, the one of which rests on the idea of efficient, the other on that of final causes. There is a difference, and a very important one, which has been too often overlooked, between these two lines of proof, the one proceeding on the general axiom of causation, that whatever begins to be must have a cause; the other on the more special axiom that adaptations indicating design in the works of nature imply the existence of an Intelligent Author. There is the same difference between these two lines of proof, as there is between the general law of causality and the special form of that law which is founded on in the theory of force or motion; but both are legitimate, and each is useful for its own purpose and in its proper place. The more general law of efficient causation is presupposed or subsumed as an axiom without which the proof were impossible; while the more special law of intelligent and voluntary causation is the proximate groundwork of theology. Mr. Irons not only marks

the distinction between the two, but distinguishes the argument of final causes from the argument *a posteriori*, (as if both were not *a posteriori*, if either be,) understanding by the latter the argument founded on efficient as contradistinguished from final causes. He tells us, "It is now concluded, 1st, That the argument from final causes is untenable, inasmuch as it does not result from the true doctrine of causation; it is inconsistent with all the principles of sound argument, and is clearly a mere *petitio principii*. 2dly, That the argument *a posteriori* for the being of God, is sound and correct as far as it goes, and indeed inevitably results from the true doctrine of causation; but this argument will not teach us anything of the character of the Deity." Now, instead of pitting these two lines of proof against each other, as if they were competing or conflicting, we would combine them as conspiring forces, tending in the same direction and towards the same result. On the more general axiom that every thing must have a cause, we cannot, when it is viewed alone and in this general form, construct a complete proof of the being and perfections of God; but it constitutes at least a solid groundwork for the conclusion that whatever exists in nature *must* have had a cause; then, on the more special but equally certain axiom of intelligent and voluntary causation, we rear the peculiar proofs of theology from a survey of the innumerable marks of design which nature everywhere displays. There is no contrariety between these two modes of reasoning; each of them is equally legitimate, and both are necessary to the full exhibition of the proof.

We have said, however, that Mr. Irons himself has his own doctrine of Final Causes. He has a chapter entitled "Religion a Final Cause of the Human Mind," in which he expressly founds on "facts of fitness" with the view of discovering whether there be "any general tendency, *i.e.* any Final Cause of human beings as such." He endeavours to show that "man is made for religion, in the same sense as he is made for society"—that man, "by the very constitution of his being is adapted to religion;" and by examining "some facts of the human mind," he hopes "to establish a plainer statement of its 'final cause'—its natural tendency as the only possible prerequisite to religion, in the place of the spurious naturalism which has been before disproved." He founds on the universal prevalence of some kind of religion, and the inveterate propensity of mankind towards it—on the natural instinct of gratitude which prompts us to acknowledge some superior Power and Benevolence, as the Author of our mercies; on the moral instincts of our nature, which lead us to mark the inequalities of this world, and to expect another as state of retribution; on the inward sense which every man has of the "very nothingness of this life," and the unsatisfying

nature of all earthly good; and from these facts he concludes, that "man, by his very constitution, is adapted to some religion, in other words, that religion is the Final Cause of the human mind."

We have nothing to object to this line of argument; on the contrary, we think it a legitimate and useful part of the general evidence, and would gladly see it prosecuted to a larger extent, by the adduction of many other facts, all tending to the same conclusion. But if Mr. Irons can thus argue on the Final Cause of the human mind, why should he object to similar arguments derived from the Final Causes of other objects in nature? His theory, viewed as a whole, is a curious one. He holds, on the one hand, that there is design in nature, and that God is the author of it; he holds, on the other, that the Final Cause of the human mind is religion, and that by the very constitution of his nature, he is adapted to it: it would seem to follow, that such design existing in nature, and such adaptation in the human mind, man might perceive the evidence, and have some knowledge, at least, of religious truth; but no: in spite both of the outward manifestation and the inward fitness, man cannot know the very being of God, save only by express revelation, or, at least, cannot prove that elementary truth by a valid argument. We qualify our statement thus, because we are not sure that Mr. Irons might not admit either the existence of an innate idea of God, or of an "obscure instinct" which immediately suggests his existence, although he denies "the possibility of a theology, the conclusions whereof are deducible from premises in as strict a manner as conclusions concerning any natural truths." He may rank it, for aught we know, among the intuitive truths of reason, and represent it as "the natural offspring, not 'the logical deduction,' of the human mind." If so, we really care not to inquire whether the truth is perceived by direct intuition or by immediate inference; but we must be permitted to express our regret that, in urging his peculiar views *as to the origin of this belief*, Mr. Irons should have thought it necessary to disparage the evidence of design. And it does appear to us perfectly incomprehensible, how Mr. Irons could object to the possibility of knowing the very first elements of natural religion, while he does not hesitate to maintain, that "Christianity is demonstrative"—that "*it may be regarded as the Final Cause of the human mind*"—that "*the chief truths of revelation are truths of the highest class, i.e. eternal and necessary truths of reason!*"

We must however bring our remarks on this singular production to a close. It is not one of the least evils resulting from the metaphysical discussion of such questions, that even where it

leaves our convictions unshaken, it has a tendency to impair the sense of reverential awe with which we should contemplate alike the wonders of this glorious universe and the still more profound mysteries of our own spiritual nature. Religion appeals, not to the intellect alone, but to the highest instincts and feelings of our minds—the sense of the sublime and beautiful—the sentiment of wonder and veneration—the moral sensibilities which enable us to discern “the great and the good, as well as the true;”—and the impression which might otherwise be made by the glorious manifestations surrounding us on all hands, is too apt to be effaced or impaired when the eye is turned away from the facts which constitute the evidence, and introverted on the mental process by which that evidence is discerned. But the metaphysics of belief is one thing, the evidence of truth is another; and he who, from want of previous discipline, may be perplexed with the former, need have no difficulty in regard to the latter. And we know few studies better fitted to enlarge and elevate the mind than that of the natural evidence for the being, perfections, and providence of God. The habitual contemplation of nature as a mirror reflecting the Divine glory, may be a means not only of impressing the youthful inquirer, but of confirming the matured believer, and of imbuing both with a spirit equally remote from that intellectual pride which infidelity fosters, and that abject spirit which superstition inspires. Hence the works of God, and the natural manifestations of His perfections, both in creation and providence, are often employed by the sacred writers themselves to give force and emphasis to the truths which they declare. These works are appealed to as affording both proofs to verify, and illustrations to enhance, our conceptions of His revealed character. The venerable missionary, Schwartz, in one of his arduous journeys, had his mind filled to overflowing with a sense of the power and faithfulness of God, when he surveyed the strength of the everlasting hills by whose base he passed, and connected them with the stability of the everlasting covenant; while the lonely Park was cheered, as if by a sudden ray of light from heaven, when, lying forlorn and dejected, he noticed a little flower, opening its bosom to the sun, and growing in silent loneliness amidst the desert—a mute but expressive remembrancer of Him “who droppeth on the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side.” We shall be deeply grieved if an unnecessary feeling of jealousy for the honour of revealed truth, shall lead any considerable portion of the clergy to disparage the natural evidence of theology, or to discourage the philosophical investigation of nature. Theology is not, indeed, dependent on philosophy; but she may derive from it some of her finest illustrations. In the eloquent language of Mr Whewell:—

"The real philosopher who knows that all the kinds of truth are intimately connected, and that all the best hopes and encouragements which are granted to our nature, must be consistent with truth, will be satisfied and confirmed, rather than surprised and disturbed, to find the natural sciences leading him to the borders of a higher region. To him it will appear natural and reasonable, that, after journeying so long among the beautiful and orderly laws by which the universe is governed, we find ourselves at last approaching to a source of order, and law, and intellectual beauty:—that after venturing into the region of life, and feeling, and will, we are led to believe the fountain of life and will, not to be itself unintelligent and dead, but to be a living mind—a power which aims as well as acts. To us this doctrine appears like the natural cadence of the tones to which we have so long been listening; and without such a final strain, our ears would have been left craving and unsatisfied. We have been lingering long amid the harmonies of law and symmetry, constancy and development, and these notes, though their music was sweet and deep, must too often have sounded to the ear of our moral nature, as vague and unmeaning melodies, floating in the air around us, but conveying no definite thought, moulded into no intelligible announcement. But one passage which we have again and again caught by snatches, though sometimes interrupted and lost, at last swells in our ears, full, clear, and decided; and the religious 'Hymn in honour of the Creator,' to which Galen so gladly lent his voice, and in which the best physiologists of succeeding times have ever joined, is filled into a richer and deeper harmony by the greatest philosophers of these later days, and will roll on hereafter—the 'Perpetual Song of the Temple of Science.'"

- ART. II.—1. *The Naturalist's Library*. Conducted by SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, Baronet, F.R.S.E., &c. *Mammalia*, Vols. IX. and X., containing the *Dogs or Canidæ*. By Lieut.-Col. CHAS. HAMILTON SMITH, F.R.S., &c. Edinburgh, 1840.
2. *Histoire du Chien chez tous les Peuples du Monde*. Par ELZEAR BLAZE. Paris. 8vo. 1843.
3. *The Dog*. By WILLIAM YOUATT. (Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.) Second Edition. One vol. 8vo. London, 1845.

In a recent article on the history of domesticated animals (N. B. Review, No. VI.) we presented a cursory sketch of the origin and attributes of the more important of the species which are now subservient to man, reserving the consideration of the canine tribes to an after opportunity. We shall now resume the subject by a brief biography, or rather genealogy, of the most faithful and accommodating of all the brute companions of the human race.

Baron Cuvier has characterized our reduction of the dog from a state of nature as “la conquête la plus complète, la plus singulière et la plus utile que l’homme ait faite,”* and Mr. Swainson has accused Baron Cuvier of scepticism and infidelity for so doing.† The English naturalist quotes the preceding sentence and the following :—“Les petits chiens d’appartemens, *Dogues*, *Epagneuls*, *Bichons*, &c., sont les produits les plus dégénérés, et les marques les plus fortes de la puissance que l’homme exerce sur la nature;” and then adds in a note :—“We question whether the scepticism of Buffon, or the infidelity of Lamarck, could have prompted a more objectionable passage.” “What does this mean,” he afterwards resumes, “but that man has the power of conquering natural instincts or dispositions, and of making an animal, originally created savage or ferocious, domestic and familiar, at his own good will and pleasure.” We think it really may mean something of that kind without authorizing such serious charges as those brought forward. If our undoubted power over the animal kingdom should possibly increase our satisfaction with ourselves, that is, with our own praiseworthy

* *Règne Animal*, vol. i., p. 149.

† *Classification of Animals*, p. 135.

perseverance and ingenuity, we trust it will also still more increase our admiring gratitude to the Creator both of man and beast, for having endowed the inferior orders with those accommodating instincts which the plastic power of the human race has providentially been enabled so to control, modify, or even transform, as to render them subservient to such various and important uses. When God made man in his own image he gave him dominion "over every living thing that moveth upon the earth," and the sway which he has since been enabled to establish, at various times, over various creatures, is merely the exercise of that lordly delegation. Mr. Swainson seems to think that we arrogate too much to ourselves when we refer to such changes, as if they were our own achievement. Now, we maintain that these changes actually are our own achievement, although we admit that we cannot alter the essential nature of things, but can merely modify or divert certain instinctive impulses in such a way as to make them beneficial to ourselves. Certain wild animals are sagacious, swift of foot, keen-scented, persevering, and, as the event has shown, capable of strong and enduring attachment to mankind. The result of their own good qualities, when acted on by our kindness, is domestication. But is a wolf not by nature "savage or ferocious?" Has a dog not become "domestic and familiar?" And is the difference between the two not of man's achievement? Suppose Mr. Swainson was pursuing his avocations as a field naturalist, "at his own good will and pleasure," and was overtaken by a pack of well-trained fox-hounds, he would fare none the worse for such encounter. But suppose that he chanced to be out rather late some winter evening in the north country, that is to say Lapland, and that he is overtaken by a troop of unreclaimed dogs, in other words wolves, we think he would find himself in a much more painful predicament, and would feel but slightly consoled by his own philosophical reflection, that he was in the presence of creatures "which had been endowed by the Creator with that peculiar instinct of *attaching themselves to man*, defending his person, and guarding his property." Being well read in natural history, he would more likely bring to remembrance, and not without considerable trepidation, the accounts published many years ago in the *Moniteur*, how, during the last campaign of the French army in the territory of Vienna, not only were the outposts frequently molested, but the videttes actually carried off in consequence of these ferocious beasts attaching themselves to man somewhat too closely; and how, on one occasion, when a poor sentinel was sought to be relieved from his appointed post, there was nothing to be found there save a dead wolf, very gaunt

and grim, and an exceedingly small portion of a pair of inexpressibles.

We believe that neither the great French naturalist, nor any other naturalist, great or small, denies the providential implanting of a peculiar instinct in all animals which have been domesticated—an instinct capable, under the combined influence of fear and affection, of being strengthened in certain directions and weakened in others; but still the subjugation itself is the actual work of man, and is, in truth, a great achievement. A dog desires to lick your hand, and a wolf your blood; and there is such a decided difference in the nature of the two intentions, that it should be kept carefully in mind by all sensible men, women, and children. We know not whether we can even concede to Mr. Swainson his assertion that there is only a limited number of animals to whom has been given "an innate propensity to live by free choice near the haunts of man, or to submit themselves cheerfully and willingly to his domestication." We believe that innumerable tribes, excluded by Mr. Swainson's category, are just as capable of domestication as the others, were they worth the trouble; but there are many useless animals in the world, (viewing them, that is, only in their economical relations to ourselves,) and these it would assuredly be a waste of labour to reclaim from their natural state, which is that of well-founded fear for the lord of the creation. Besides, it is not the most valuable of our domesticated animals, which, in the wild state, live by choice in the vicinity of human habitations, or submit themselves most cheerfully to man's dominion. Neither is it the nature, considered by itself alone, of any creature's attributes, which determines its being reduced to the domestic state. The social condition of man himself, and his own advancement in civilization and domestic life, must be likewise taken to account. Ask the North American Indian, as he wanders through leafless woods, or over sterile plains, or across the snowy surface of frost-bound lakes, or crackling rivers, whether the rein-deer, which he may be then tracking in cold and hunger, is capable, like the dog, of domestication. His reply would be, that you might as soon seek to domesticate the grizzly bear or prong-horned antelope. Put the same question to the nomadian of the north of Europe, the forlorn Laplander, and he will tell you (in still greater amazement at your ignorance) that for every domestic purpose there is no such animal on all the earth. It is, therefore, the wildness of man rather than the stubbornness of beast which so frequently interferes with the progress of domestication. "For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: But the tongue can no man tame." James iii. 7. And this last statement, from a

source which none can gainsay, no doubt accounts for the fact that one naturalist should abuse another without sufficient reason.*

Mr. Swainson states his surprise (in *loc. cit.*) that any one should countenance the assertion of those sceptical writers who "term this wonderful instinct the *work of man*." In this we conceive lies his misconception of the whole matter. He seems to think that the writers whom he criticizes assert that man has formed the peculiar instincts of certain species; whereas these writers, whether right or wrong, merely maintain that the human race has taken advantage of such instincts, and by control and cultivation has turned them to its own advantage. What is the natural portion of instinct in the procedure of the pointer dog? Surely this, that when it has scented the game it stands still for a time warily, and then advances with greater caution, that it may eventually spring upon and secure it *for itself*. What is the acquired or artificial portion? That steady, sedate, and "self-denying ordinance," which directs it to indicate the existence and position of the game, or, if encouraged, cautiously to lead towards it, that it may be slaughtered by and for *its master*. The former delay is a mere piece of instinctive prudence, that the quadruped may spring at last upon its prey with more unerring aim,—the latter is a conventional indication to the biped.

* We shall not take upon us to question Mr. Swainson's scholarship, or doubt his clear comprehension of the passages he reprehends. But in his own discourse on the "Classification of Quadrupeds," p. 15., where he takes occasion to state the characters which distinguish animals and plants, we find the following passage:—"Vegetables derive their nutriment from the *sun*, and from the circumfluent atmosphere, in the form of water, which is a combination of oxygen and hydrogen; of air containing oxygen and azote; and of carbonic acid, composed of oxygen and carbon." Now, the meaning of this is by no means clear, or rather it is very clear that it has no meaning at all. As a general reference is made to one of Cuvier's works as the source of this extraordinary piece of physiology, we glanced over the Introduction to the "*Règne Animal*," and soon found as follows:—"Le *sol* et l'*atmosphère* présentent aux *végétaux* pour leur nutrition de l'*eau*, qui se compose d'*oxygène* et d'*hydrogène*, de l'*air* qui contient de l'*oxygène* et de l'*azote*; et de l'*acide carbonique* qui est une combinaison d'*oxygène* et de *carbone*." p. 20. Now, we are ready to maintain, that although *sol*, during fine weather, is very fair *littin* for sun, it is certainly not French for any thing half so lustrous, but, in the latter language, means simply *soil*, or "mother earth," and not the god of day. The passage, of course, signifies that earth and atmosphere furnish food for vegetation by means of *water*, which is composed of oxygen and hydrogen,—of *air*, which contains oxygen and azote,—and of *carbonic acid*, which is a combination of oxygen and carbon. We observe, that in a concluding Note (p. 16), Mr. Swainson states, "As it might be thought objectionable, in a popular work of this nature, to quote foreign authors in their own language, we have, upon this and other occasions, cited Mr. Griffith's translation of the *Règne Animal*, rather than the original." Mr. S. might surely, with no loss of popularity, have given us a correct translation of his own, without quoting either a foreign language or an unintelligible version by another person; and this would have been a proper and praiseworthy way of using books without abusing them.

who carries the gun, that it is now his business to conclude the work. This conversion, under man's guidance, of a momentary pause to a full stop, has been typographically compared to the changing of a semicolon to a *point*.

We believe it was Buffon who first broached the notion that the shepherd's dog is that which approaches nearest to the primitive race, since in all countries inhabited by savages, or men half-civilized, the dogs resemble this breed more than any other.

"If we also consider," he observes, "that this dog, notwithstanding his ugliness, and his wild and melancholy look, is still superior in instinct to all others,—that he has a decided character in which education has no share,—that he is the only kind born as it were already trained—that, guided by natural powers alone, he applies himself to the care of our flocks, which he executes with singular fidelity,—that he conducts them with an admirable intelligence which has not been communicated to him,—that his talents astonish at the same time that they give repose to his master, while it requires much time and trouble to instruct other dogs for the purposes to which they are destined: If we reflect on these facts, we shall be confirmed in the opinion, that the shepherd's dog is the true dog of nature,—the dog that has been bestowed upon us on account of his greatest utility; that he bears the greatest relationship to the general order of animated beings, which have mutual need of each other's assistance; that he is, in short, the one we ought to look upon as the stock and model of the whole species."*

We admire shepherds, and shepherd's dogs, and sheep, and take great delight in the "pastoral melancholy" of lonesome treeless valleys, whether green or gray (alternate stony streams; the beds of winter torrents, and verdurous sloping sweeps of brighter pasture), resounding with the varied bleating of the woolly people; but as we know that there are many countries without either sheep or shepherds, yet abounding in dogs of so wild and uncultivated a nature, that they would far rather worry mutton on their own account, than watch it on account of others, we cannot admit the foregoing explanation to be true. The fact is, that so long as we seek with Buffon for the origin of *all* domestic dogs in a *single* source, we shall seek in vain. Their widely diversified nature and attributes cannot be explained or accounted for by the influence of climate, and the modifying effects of domestication—however various and important these may be—acting on the descendants of only *one* original species.

Pallas, a German naturalist, long settled in Russia, was among the first to give currency to the opinion, that the dog, viewed in its generality, ought to be regarded in a great mea-

* *Histoire des Quadrupèdes*, t. i. p. 204.

sure as an adventitious animal, that is to say, as a creature produced by the diversified, and, in some cases, fortuitous alliance of several natural species. This idea is now a prevailing one, and we certainly give to it our own assent. An excellent English naturalist, Mr. Bell (in his recent "History of British Quadrupeds"), adheres to the older notion, that *the wolf is the original stock from which all our domesticated dogs have been derived*. There are many wolves in this world, and several very savage ones in America, and on an enlarged view of the subject it might be difficult to choose impartially among them, although the dogs of the western regions may be thought entitled to claim descent from their own wolves, to the same extent as ours may from those of Europe. Now as the wild species of the Old and New World are deemed distinct by the majority of naturalists, and as each of those great divisions of the globe gives us more than a single wolf, we start in this way with a somewhat complex paternity from the beginning.

There are many wild dogs, strictly so called, of very different character and conduct, in various countries, but none of them, even after centuries of freedom (supposing that they are only *emancipated* varieties), have reverted to the wolfish state. The true pariah dog of India is well known, as a wild species to be an inhabitant of woody districts, remote from man, among the lower ranges of the Himalaya mountains, where the wolf is likewise known, but with which it does not intermingle in the natural state. If the dhole of India, the buansa of Nepaul, the dingho of New Holland, and the aguaras or wild dogs of South America, were neither more nor less than wolves, what prevents their assuming the aspect of their progenitors, seeing that they pass their lives in a state of entire freedom from all control, and unsubjected to the modifying influences of artificial life? Although many wild dogs, commonly so called, may have sprung from the alienated descendants of domesticated kinds, there is no doubt of the existence of species, wild *ab origine*, and more nearly allied to several of our subjugated kinds, than is the wolf itself. At the same time, the latter is in one sense a wild dog, and is certainly entitled in that character to be regarded as the stock of more than one domestic breed, at least of the northern parts of Europe and America. But when, after a careful and extended survey of canine species and varieties, we find not only a diversity both of wild and tame species, but a diversity in which the nature and attributes of the domesticated breeds of certain countries in a great measure correspond with the nature and attributes of the unreclaimed animals of those same countries, we are led to consider whether such facts cannot be accounted for rather by a connexion in blood, than a mere coinci-

dence. If, for example, Pallas and Guldenstaedt have shown that the dogs of the Kalmucks scarcely differ in any thing from the jackal, why should we go to the wolf, although it should exist within the natural range of these Northern Asiatics? Still more, if Professor Kretschmer (in Rüppel's *Atlas*) in describing the Frankfort Museum, shows that another jackal (*Canis Anthus*) is the type of one of the dogs of ancient Egypt, and proves not alone from the correspondence of antique figures, both in painting and sculpture, but by the comparison of a skull from the catacombs of Lycopolis, that these creatures so resemble each other as to be almost identical,—why should we refer so exclusively to the muscular wolf as the progenitor of such comparatively feeble forms? Or is it likely, from what we know of other animals, and the limits of variation which nature has assigned even to the most variable species, that the whole of our infinitely diversified tribes of dogs, from the noble and gigantic stag-hound, to the useful terrier, and degraded pug-dog, have all sprung originally from one and the same blood-thirsty savage? We can scarcely conceive the possibility, and in no way see the necessity of such a parentage.

That the wolf and dog breed freely together had, however, been long ascertained from experiments made in a state of confinement (we can scarcely call it domestication), and that they freely seek each other's society, as belonging to the same kind, has been still more explicitly proved in later years, when at least one of the animals was in a condition of total wildness. During Sir Edward Parry's first voyage (see Supplement to the *Appendix*) frequent instances were observed of more than one dog belonging to the officers being enticed away by she wolves. "In December and January, which are the months in which wolves are in season, a female paid almost daily visits to the neighbourhood of the ships, and remained till she was joined by a setter dog belonging to one of the officers. They were usually together for two or three hours; and as they did not go far away unless an endeavour was made to approach them, repeated and decided evidence was obtained of the purpose for which they were thus associated. As they became more familiar, the absences of the dog were of longer continuance, until, at length, he did not return, having probably fallen a sacrifice in an encounter with a male wolf. The female, however, continued to visit the ships as before, and enticed a second dog in the same manner, which, after several meetings, returned so severely bitten as to be disabled for many days."

The Esquimaux dogs bear a strong resemblance to the northern wolves, and we do not see how they could have sprung from any other source. "Without entering," says Sir John Richard-

son, "at all into the question of the origin of the domestic dog, I may state that the resemblance between the wolves and dogs of those Indian nations who still preserve their ancient mode of life, continues to be very remarkable, and it is nowhere more so than at the very northern extremity of the continent, the Esquimaux dogs being not only extremely like the gray wolves of the arctic circle, in form and colour, but also nearly equalling them in size."* So great indeed was the resemblance between these North American wolves and the sledge-dogs of the natives, that our arctic voyagers frequently mistook a band of the former for the domestic troop of an Indian party. The cry of each is precisely the same. "Ils hurlent plutost qu'ils n'aboyent," says Sagard Theodat, in the old French account of Canada (1636) and we may here observe, that the barking of dogs seems a refinement in their language, acquired in consequence of domestication. The dogs of all savage and solitary tribes are remarkable for their taciturnity, although they speedily begin to bark when carried into more thickly peopled countries. The black wolf-dog of the Florida Indians is described by Mr. Bartram as differing in nothing from the wild wolves of the country, except that he possessed the power of barking. A black wolf-dog, sent from Canada to the late Earl of Durham, seemed to combine the characters of the wolf and the original Newfoundland dog.

The Hare Indian dog is a small domestic kind, used chiefly by the Hare Indians, and other tribes who frequent the borders of the Great Bear Lake, and the banks of the Mackenzie River. Sir John Richardson states its resemblance to a wild species called the Prairie Wolf (*Canis latrans* of Say), to be so great, that on comparing live specimens together he could detect no difference in form (the cranium is somewhat less in the domesticated kind), nor in the texture of the fur, nor the arrangement of the patches of colour. It seems to bear the same relation to the Prairie Wolf that the Esquimaux dog does to the more gigantic gray species. It is very playful and affectionate, easily attached by kindness, but has an insuperable dislike to confinement.

"A young puppy," says the traveller last named, "which I purchased from the Hare Indians, became greatly attached to me, and when about seven months old, ran on the snow by the side of my sledge for nine hundred miles, without suffering from fatigue. During this march it frequently of its own accord carried a small twig, or one of my mittens for a mile or two; but although very gentle in its

* *Fauna Boreali-Americana*, p. 75.

manners, it showed little aptitude in learning any of the arts which the Newfoundland dogs so speedily acquire, of fetching and carrying when ordered. This dog was killed and eaten by an Indian on the Sackatchewan, who pretended that he mistook it for a fox.*

The still more important fact (as bearing on at least one branch of the genealogy of the canine race) mentioned by Captain Back, may be kept in mind, that the offspring of the wolf and dog are themselves prolific, and "are prized by the voyagers as beasts of draught, being stronger than the ordinary dogs."† "I have seen," says Pallas, "at Moscow, about twenty spurious animals from dogs and black wolves. They are for the most part like wolves, except that some carry their tails higher, and have a kind of coarse barking. They multiply among themselves, and some of the whelps are grayish rusty, or even of the whitish hue of the arctic wolves."‡ The variation of colour of the wolf in the wild state, is worthy of remark. The most frequent among the Pyrenees is entirely black. It is called *lobo* in Spain, and is so like a huge ferocious dog, that many regard it as a hybrid or mixed breed. Lewis and Clark inform us that the wolves of the Missouri are of every shade, from a gray or blackish brown to a cream-coloured white. In Canada, and further north, they are often seen entirely white. In the fur countries, they are sometimes noticed with black patches, that is, *pied*, but associated with those of the ordinary gray colour; and Sir John Richardson, on one occasion, observed five young wolves, apparently belonging to the same litter (they were leaping and tumbling over each other as if in play), of which one was *pied*, another entirely black,—the rest gray. Now, this natural range of colour is a circumstance of considerable importance in respect to our present inquiry, in as far as the tendency to become white at one extremity of the series, and black at the other, combined with the central or representative hue, which is brown, may be said to supply the three great elementary colours of all the races of domestic dogs. We have not the slightest doubt that the wolf is the progenitor of many of our northern kinds.

But in regard to many of the southern sorts, the case is different. We believe it to be the opinion of the best instructed naturalists, that the wolf (*Canis lupus*) does not occur at all to the south of the equator. There are wild dogs of a wolfish character in India, beyond the Crishna, and there are corresponding or representative kinds in South America, and even in New

* *Loc. cit.* p. 80.

† Back's *Narrative*, Appendix, p. 412.

‡ Letter to Pennant, in *Arctic Zoology*, vol. i., p. 42.

Holland, but the wolf itself is wanting beyond the Line, and, in truth, is not required.

It is well known that both wild and tame dogs are indigenous to South America, although wolves, properly so called, do not occur there. The native languages designate the former kinds by names which are not found in European tongues. To this day the word *auri*, mentioned by Herera more than 300 years ago, occurs in the Maypure language.

The largest wild animal of the canine race in South America, is the maned Aguara—*Canis jubatus*. It is not found to the north of the Equator, but occurs chiefly in the swampy and more open regions of Paraguay, and the bushy plains of Campos Gerais. Its habits are solitary. It swims with great facility, and hunts by scent, feeding on small game, aquatic animals, &c.

"The Aguara guazu," for such is its native name, "is not a dangerous animal, being much less daring than the wolves of the north; it is harmless to cattle, and the opinion commonly held in Paraguay, that beef cannot be digested by its stomach, was in some measure verified by Dr. Parlet, who found by experiments made upon a captive animal, that it rejected the raw flesh after deglutition, and only retained it when boiled. Kind treatment to this individual did not produce confidence or familiarity even with dogs. Its sight was not strong in the glare of day; it retired to rest at ten in the morning, and again about midnight. In the dark the eyes sometimes shone like those of a true wolf. When let loose the animal refused to acknowledge command, and would avoid being taken till driven into a corner, where it lay couched until grasped by the hand, without offering further resistance. The Aguara guazu, though not hunted, is exceedingly distrustful, and having an excellent scent and acute hearing, is always enabled to keep at a distance from man; and though often seen, is but seldom within reach of the gun. The female litters in the month of August, having three or four whelps. Its voice consists in a loud and repeated drawling cry, sounding like a-gou-ā-ā-ā, which is heard to a considerable distance."*

We may here state the well-established fact, that canine animals do not bark at all in the natural state. They only howl. Barking is a habit, we shall not say whether good or bad—it probably has both advantages and drawbacks—acquired under artificial circumstances, and by no means natural. Even domestic dogs run wild, speedily cease to bark, and take rather to a sharp prolonged howling, while, *vice versa*, the silent species of barbarous or semi-civilized nations, ere long acquire the bark of our domesticated kinds, and like many other creatures of a higher

* Colonel Hamilton Smith in *Naturalist's Library, Mammalia*, vol. ix., p. 243.

class, become so conceited of their new attainment, as not seldom to give tongue most vociferously when they ought to hold their peace.

The unreclaimed animal above referred to, has been called the Aguara wolf, although its head is somewhat smaller than the head of that animal, and its legs are proportionally longer. It is nearly four feet and a half in length, and stands about twenty-six inches high. But there are other wild species in South America, called Aguara dogs, from their still greater resemblance to the old domesticated kinds of that continent. The latter were no doubt originally derived from the former, although for a long period the native Indians have encouraged the increase of the European breed, which they name *perro* from the Spanish term. These nations universally admit the descent of their own breed from the wild species of the woods. But within the last thirty or forty years, the indigenous domestic dogs have been almost entirely superseded by the European kinds, which, as hunting dogs, are capable of enduring much more fatigue.

It would appear that in the southern parts of South America, there are not now any dogs in a truly wild state, and that such as live with the natives are rather scarce than numerous. Captain Fitzroy describes the dog of Patagonia as being equal in size to a large fox-hound, and bearing a general resemblance to the lurcher and shepherd's dog, but with an unprepossessing and very wolfish aspect. They hunt by sight, do not give tongue, but growl and bark when in the act of attacking or being attacked. Those of Terra del Fuego are much smaller, resembling terriers, or a mixture of the fox, shepherd's dog, and terrier. They guard the dwellings of the natives, and bark furiously on the approach of strangers. They are also employed in hunting otters, and in catching wounded or sleeping birds. As they are scarcely ever fed, they supply themselves at low water by dexterously detaching limpets from the rocks, or crunching mussels. During periods of famine, so valuable are dogs in some of the far parts of South America, that, according to Captain Fitzroy, "it is well ascertained that the oldest women of the tribe are sacrificed to the cannibal appetites of their countrymen, rather than destroy a single dog. 'Dogs,' say they, 'catch otters; old women are good for nothing.'" We have known many excellent, and by no means useless, old women.

The absence of wild dogs from the most southern countries of South America, is rendered more remarkable by the well-known fact, that a truly wild species, nearly allied to the Aguara dog, though distinct from it, occurs in the Falkland Islands. It is the only native quadruped of that group* (if we except possibly

* The horses, horned cattle, hogs, and rabbits, though now numerous, have all been originally imported from other countries.

a field mouse), and is known to naturalists under the name of *Canis Antarcticus*. Mr. Darwin believes it to be quite peculiar to that archipelago, although not confined to the western island, as some have supposed. All the seal-hunters, Guachos, and Indians, who have visited these islands, maintain that no such creature is found in any part of South America. Molina, indeed, supposed that it was identical with the *culpeu* of the mainland; but that is assuredly a different species, the *Canis Magellanicus*, brought to this country some years ago by Captain King, from the straits from whence it takes its name, and common in Chili. These Falkland wolves, or wild dogs, were described by Commodore Byron, who noted their tameness and prying disposition—attributes which the sailors mistaking for fierceness, avoided by taking sudden refuge in the water. To this day their manners remain the same.

“They have been observed,” says Mr. Darwin, “to enter a tent, and actually pull some meat from beneath the head of a sleeping seaman. The Guachos, also, have frequently in the evening killed them, by holding out a piece of meat in one hand, and in the other a knife ready to stick them. As far as I am aware, there is no other instance in any part of the world, of so small a mass of broken land, distant from a continent, possessing so large an aboriginal quadruped peculiar to itself. Their numbers have rapidly decreased; they are already banished from that half of the island which lies to the eastward of the neck of land between St. Salvador Bay and Berkley Sound. Within a very few years after these islands shall have become regularly settled, in all probability this creature will be classed with the Dodo, as an animal which has perished from the face of the earth.”*

Of the eastern or southern dogs of the Old World, several varieties are assuredly derived from jackals, or from certain animals commonly classed with these, such as the Thoon group, which includes the *Deeb*, or wild dog of Egypt (*Canis Anthus*), the *Thous* of Nubia, the *Zenlee* of the Hottentots, the *Tulki* of the Persians, and the great jackal, or wild dog of Natolia—*Thous acmon*. All these more or less resemble wolves on a small scale, being intermediate in size between them and the true jackals. They do not burrow like the latter, are not gregarious, consequently do not howl in concert as the jackals do, and have little or no offensive odour. Many eastern domesticated dogs bear a close resemblance to one or other of these species. Professor Kretschmer is of opinion that the Egyptians obtained their domestic breed from the *Deeb*; and Colonel Hamilton Smith suspects that the greyhound of the desert was originally derived

* *Journal of Researches*, &c., p. 194.

from a species very nearly allied, if not actually belonging, to the same section.

"If," says the last named author, "domestic dogs were merely wolves modified by the influence of man's wants, surely the curs of Mohammedan states, refused domestic care, left to roam after their own free will, and only tolerated in Asiatic cities in the capacity of scavengers, would long since have resumed some of the characters of the wolf; there has unquestionably been sufficient time for that purpose, since we find allusion made to these animals in the laws of Moses; they were then already considered unclean, for all cattle worried, injured, or not killed as the law prescribed, were ordered to be flung to them."*

It is well known that the streets and suburbs of eastern towns are still greatly infested by these animals, to which reference was no doubt made by King David, when he prays to be delivered from his enemies. "They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city." Ps. liv. 6. Their savage nature is further illustrated by the fate of Jezebel; and a race of wild dogs is reported to have particularly infested the banks of the Kishon, and the district of Jezreel.†

Even in recent times, a very dangerous canine animal is said to follow the caravans from Bassora to Aleppo. It is called *Sheeb* by the Arabs, and all who are bitten by it are believed to die of the wound. Dr. Russel endeavours to explain this fatal result by supposing the creature to be in a state of madness, that is, labouring under hydrophobia; but he forgets that these wild animals are gregarious, several travelling together, which mad dogs never do. It has indeed been questioned whether hydrophobia exists at all in Western Asia. Colonel Hamilton Smith states it to be unknown there among the cur dogs of the cities.‡

It is, however, by no means unlikely that the larger, fiercer, and more powerful dogs of the East may have had some cross of the true wolf, because, although the latter animal is not now found in Judea, it is well known in Asia Minor, and the gorges of Cilicia. The Syrian wolf, at least of modern times, is a

* *Naturalist's Library, Mammalia*, vol. ix., p. 97.

† *Encyc. of Biblical Literature*, I., 870.

‡ *Naturalist's Library, Mammalia*, vol. ix., p. 175. Although other species, when bitten, may be infected by this rabies, it seems to originate solely in animals of the dog kind, or those nearly allied. In India, hyænas, wolves, jackals, and foxes are subject to it, as well as domesticated dogs. When it attacks wild animals, it seems to deprive them of all fear of man. The European wolf, in a state of madness, instead of avoiding rather seeks out the human race as his victims; and in France even foxes, under that strange and mysterious influence, have run into and been killed in the midst of crowds assembled in a market-place.

jackal. The geographical distribution of animals, we need scarcely here notice, has been greatly changed in consequence of the alterations on the condition of the earth's surface, produced by man himself. Hence, not only the wolf, but the beaver and the bear have ceased to be numbered among the inhabitants of Britain, and the *zeeb* of Hebrew and Arabian writers, the ravening wolf of our translations of the Sacred Scriptures, does not now occur in the countries of Palestine.

The genuine jackals are somewhat less in size than those above referred to, and differ likewise in their distribution, being not only found like the others in Africa and Western Asia, but also in the east of Europe and Southern India. They form burrows in the earth, assemble together in numerous troops, and have an offensive odour. They howl almost incessantly, and their melancholy cry, which commences at sunset, and seldom ceases till the morning, is a well-known nuisance in eastern lands. They follow the footsteps of the greater feline animals, such as the lion and tiger, for the sake, as some suppose, of securing the remnants of their prey; but assuredly, so far from providing for the king of beasts, it is believed that they often do all in their power to circumvent and disappoint him. In regard at least to the tiger, it is well known in India, that while on ordinary occasions the nocturnal cry of a jackal is responded to by all his companions around, till the leafy woods become as the howling wilderness, there is a peculiar note of warning uttered by one of these creatures on the approach of the feline monster, which sinks the voices of all the others into the profoundest silence.

These lesser jackals (there are several species) also enter into cities after dark for the purpose of preying upon offal, or whatever else they can obtain. They devour carrion whether exposed or subterranean, that is to say, they will exercise their activity in digging into sepulchres, if these have not been properly protected. But during the fruit season they skulk about the vineyards, and grow fat on grapes. Although the offensive smell of the genuine jackals renders them unpleasant inmates in a family, they are by no means difficult to tame. We knew one which went about the house like a lank long-legged terrier, and showed his difference of disposition chiefly in an incurable habit of gnawing the legs and arms of handsome mahogany chairs, to the great destruction of French varnish, and every other kind of polish. There is no doubt that these animals are also entitled to an important place in the genealogical tree of our domestic dogs.

“ They associate readily with dogs, and hybrid offspring is not uncommon; nor is there a doubt that these mules are again prolific. The domestic cur-dogs of all the nations where the jackal is found,

bear evidence of at least a great intermixture of their blood in the native races. The fact is strikingly exemplified in the greater number of the cur pariahs of India, and the home breeds of Turkish Asia, as well as of the negroes and the inhabitants of the great islands of the Indian Seas. M. Jeannon Naviez, mayor of Coire, is or was lately in possession of a hybrid dog, produced by a cross of the smaller wolf dog (Pomeranian) and jackal. It was of small size, but so quarrelsome and fierce that all other dogs were afraid to associate with it. Voracious in the extreme,—ducklings, chickens, all that came within reach, it devoured; and of such activity, that it sprung upon walls, and bounded along them with the security of a cat. It was very affectionate to the owner; but not a good watcher,—seldom barking, and very fond of digging in the ground.”*

But besides the jackals, there is another important group of wild canine animals, known by the general name of “Red Dogs,” which are extensively spread over many regions of the Old World, and are represented in the New by the Aguará Wolf already mentioned, and in Australia by the Dingho of New South Wales. In Asia they may be traced from the southern slopes of the Himalaya mountains as far south as Ceylon, and from the shores of the Mediterranean eastwards into the Chinese dominions. They usually want the second tubercular tooth of the lower jaw,—are rather long-bodied, with the eyes somewhat oblique, and the soles of the feet hairy. They are believed not to burrow, and lead a retired life in the jungles. Their natural cry resembles a kind of barking; and they hunt both by night and day, in small packs. Although fearful of the human race, they attack all other creatures courageously, even the savage and more powerful kinds, such as the wild boar and the buffalo, and are said, by acting in co-operation, to brave the strength and ferocity of the tiger. They seem indeed to bear as inherent a hatred towards all the larger feline animals as so many of the dogs of Europe do to our domesticated cats; and they are described as being incessantly on the watch to destroy their cubs. The union of concert and courage which they display in their encounters with the adults, is assigned by Indian sportsmen as the chief cause of the alarm which a tiger exhibits at the sight of a dog, even of a domestic spaniel.

To the group of red dogs belongs that peculiar and highly interesting species discovered in the Nepal country, by Mr. Hodgson, and described by him under the title of *Canis primævus*. Its native name is *buansa*. This kind hunts both by day and night, assembled in small packs of from six to ten individuals, and

* *Naturalist's Library, Mammalia*.—Vol. ix. p. 212.

follows its game more by scent than sight, as may be inferred from the nature of the localities which it inhabits, and wears it out by continuous perseverance. Although irreclaimable in the adult state, its puppies, when captured early, and shown a good example by being reared along with our domesticated kinds, are both gentle and sagacious. The species inhabits wooded and rocky mountain ranges between the Sutledj and Brahmapootra, and, under certain modifications, seems to extend far southwards to the Ghauts, the Nielgherries, and the coast of Coromandel. Mr. Hodgson was long resident in Nepaul, and was, we believe, the first to give us a distinct account of the buansa. He maintains it to be the original source of all domesticated dogs throughout the world, and hence his Adamic-looking designation of *canis primævus*. Having all the habits of the hound, it may naturally be presumed, amongst hunting nations, to have been early reclaimed, and easily educated for the chase—a pleasant pastime, and may no doubt in this way have originated the hunting races of different and very distant tribes. But as Mr. Low has observed, “there is nothing in the characters of this, more than in those of any other given species, that can enable us to conclude that it can have produced all the dogs of the world. There is no more resemblance between this mountain hound of Nepaul, and the sledge-dog of Greenland, than between the greyhound of Persia, and the terrier of England.”* We may here briefly mention, that the wild dog called *Kolsun*, described by Col. Sykes, the *Dhole* (so called) discovered by Mr. Wooller among the Mahabliishwar hills, and the *Quihee*, as identified by Dr. Spry, are all referable to the Buansa race.

The wild dog of Beloochistân is both shy and ferocious; and keeps aloof from all human habitations. It is referred to by Colonel Hamilton Smith, as being one of two species of wild canines which occur in the woody mountains of south-eastern Persia, and probably extend along the lofty lands west of the Indus into Cabul. It hunts in packs of twenty or thirty, and when thus congregated will attack a bullock or a buffalo, and tear it in pieces in a few moments.

Allied to these are the dogs called *Dholes* in India, so named from an ancient Asiatic root, signifying recklessness. The true *Dhole* (*Chryseus scylax* of Hamilton Smith) is described as intermediate in size between the wolf and the jackal, slightly made, of a light bay colour, with a sharp face, and fierce keen eyes. In form it approaches the greyhound; the tail is straight, not bushy, the ears wide, pointed, open, and triangular; the skin

* *Domesticated Animals*, p. 649.

is dark, with the nose, muzzle, back of the ears, and feet, of a sooty hue. It is reported to hunt in large packs, and to utter a cry, while on the scent, resembling that of a fox-hound, intermingled with snarling yelps. Dr. Daniel Johnston saw a pack attack a wild boar. The Dholes have been sometimes domesticated, and employed in the chase. Captain Williamson admits their fleetness, but says that they are not to be depended upon for coursing, being apt to give up during a severe run, and turn aside to goats or sheep. They are, however, valuable in hog hunting. The true Dhole, we understand, is a rare species, and seems to occur chiefly in the Rhamghany hills, and sometimes in the Western Ghauts. The wild dog of Ceylon (*Canis Ceylonicus* of Shaw) is likewise a Dhole.

The *Pariah dogs* of India now demand a brief notice. It has been long a vexed question whether these Pariah races were a mongrel breed, descended from domesticated species of a higher class, or the offspring of indigenous wild animals, themselves native to the jungles. Naturalists (misled, it may be, in this, as in other instances, by the brilliant, though not seldom foundationless, discourses of Buffon) have generally inferred as a fact, that where wild and domesticated races, nearly allied, were found to occur in the same country, the former were only the emancipated or *bewildered* descendants of the latter.

46 In the present case, however, the wild Pariah is found in numerous packs, not only in the jungles of India proper, but also in the lower ranges of the Himalaya mountains, and is possessed of all the characteristics of primeval independence, without having assumed the similitude of wolves or jackals, which sytematists seem to think must be the result of returning from slavery to freedom. There is nowhere any notice taken that they burrow, apparently resembling in this respect the rest of the present group; they associate in large numbers, and thereby approximate jackals; but their voice is totally different. In form, the wild Pariah is more bulky than the last mentioned species, but low in the legs, and assuming the figure of a turnspit; and the tail of a middling length, without much flexibility, is more bushy at the end than at the base; the ears are erect, pointed, and turned forward; the eyes hazel; the density of fur varies according to latitude, and the rufous colour of the whole body is darker in the north than in the south, where there is a silvery tinge, instead of one of black, upon the upper parts. They are said to have five claws upon all the feet, but whether there be a molar less in the lower jaw is not known. This species is in general so similar to the domestic, that if it were not ascertained that they existed in great numbers in the wildest forests at the base of the Himalayas, all possessing uniform colours, they would be considered, in the lower provinces, as of the domestic breed, and are often mistaken for them when they follow armies. The domestic Pariahs, however, are less timid, generally more mixed with

other races of dogs, more mangy about the skin, and variously coloured in the fur."*

The *domesticated* Pariahs of India are, indeed, a very mingled race, sometimes only half reclaimed, and frequently exhibit in their outer aspect the most unequivocal signs of degradation. Though noisy and cowardly, they are not without a certain degree of sagacity, and are consequently trained by the Sheckarees to their own mode of sporting, and are sometimes employed by the villagers in their hunts. Bishop Heber was forcibly struck by finding "the same dog-like and amiable qualities in these neglected animals as in their more fortunate brethren in Europe." They are frequently in a condition of even greater neglect and wretchedness than those of the Levant; and Captain Williamson informs us that alligators are kept in the ditches of some of the Carnatic Forts, and that all the Pariah dogs found within the walls are thrown over as provision for those many-toothed monsters.

The Pariahs, that is street dogs, of Egypt, though also greatly degenerated by an uncertain sustenance, and frequent intermixture with curs of low degree, still retain marks of pure and ancient blood, referable to the Akaba greyhound of the deserts, a large and savage race, much prized by the wandering Bedouins, who employ it in the chase of the antelope, and as a guard upon their tents and cattle. This species of gaze-hound greatly resembles, in its general form and character, the representations of canine animals on the ancient monuments of Egypt. As all the wild species have the ears erect, and as so many of the domestic races have these parts folded, or drooping, it has been inferred that this deflected character is the result of domestication. There are figures of greyhounds, and other dogs, almost invariably with the ears erect, on the Egyptian catacombs of the Theban kings, above three thousand years old, while the Greek sculptures of the age of Pericles, that is nearly a thousand years after the earliest pictures, only then began to exhibit a corresponding race with the organs of hearing half deflected. The ancient Persian sculptures of Takhti Boustan (of the Parthian era) represent no dogs with drooping ears. Colonel Hamilton Smith points out the only very ancient eastern outline of a dog with completely pendulous ears, in an Egyptian hunting scene, published by Caillaud, and taken, it is believed, from the catacombs above referred to. In this instance, however, it is not a greyhound, but a lyemer (*lymme*, a thong) or dog led by a leash or

* *Naturalist's Library, Mammalia*.—Vol. ix., p. 184.

slip rope, the accompanying hunter bearing his bow in hand. He regards it as representing the Elymean dog, perhaps first introduced to Egypt by the shepherd kings, or brought home by Sesostris, after his expedition to the Oxus. It may be said generally that the ears of domestic dogs were originally upright and pointed in all the races with long hair and a sharp muzzle; half erect in those with similar heads, but short hair, and pendulous in the blunter-headed kinds.

We may next notice, as in some measure allied both to the red dogs and Dholes, a remarkable wild species of Australia, called the New Holland Dingho,—*Canis Australasiæ* of recent writers. Some maintain that it is an imported species, and the very peculiar zoology of the great southern island where it now occurs does not discourage that idea. It is perhaps the only link among the larger quadrupeds which in any way connects the animal products of that country with those of other regions; and its anomalous character and conduct in its present locality has been deemed an argument in favour of its being regarded as an imported rather than an indigenous species. Of this, however, there is no proof, either direct or traditional; and, in the meanwhile, we find it where it is, with all the essential attributes of a wild animal. It is found over all Australia, so far at least as we have actual knowledge of that *terra fere incognita*, and hunts either in pairs or in small families of five or six together. It is a large and powerful creature, not less active than ferocious, and when attacking sheep it seems to delight in killing as many as it can, more from an inconsiderate wantonness than the cravings of natural hunger. At a station called New Billholm, about 170 miles back from Sydney, one of them slew 15 fine ewes in a single morning. When Van Diemen's Land was first colonized by European shepherds, the flocks there also suffered greatly; and such was the strategy, as well as fierceness of the wild dogs, that neither guards nor watch-fires had much effect. Twelve hundred sheep and lambs were carried off or destroyed, in one settlement, in three months: seven hundred in another.

When these wild creatures fall in with domestic dogs they immediately devour them, and in such onslaughts they are much more courageous than wolves, in so far as they will follow sporting dogs, no doubt from the most malign of motives, almost to their master's feet. A Dingho, brought to England, the manners of which were presumed to have been greatly ameliorated by a long voyage, was no sooner landed than it sprung upon an unsuspecting ass, and would have destroyed it on the spot had no one come to the rescue. Another, which was kept in the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, would rush at the bars of cages, even when he saw that the inmate was a jaguar, a panther, or

a bear—each of them naturally more than his match, wherever there was a fair field and no favour. In confinement, these animals have been described as being for the most part mute, neither howling, nor barking, nor giving utterance to their feelings through any other medium than their teeth. Several individuals have existed in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London, for many years, and have never acquired the bark of the other dogs by which they are surrounded. Mr. Youatt, however, informs us, that when a stranger makes his appearance, or when the hour of feeding arrives, the howl of the Dingho is the first sound that is heard, and is louder than all the rest.* We know, that in a state of freedom, they give forth, from time to time, a prolonged and melancholy cry. In spite of their savage nature it seems that they bear a strong affection to each other—a good sign surely both of man and beast. For example, Mr. Oxley, surveyor-general of New South Wales, records as follows:—

“About a week ago we killed a native dog, and threw his body on a small bush; in returning past the same spot to-day, we found the body removed three or four yards from the bush, and the female in a dying state, lying close beside it; she had apparently been there from the day the dog was killed. Being so weakened and emaciated as to be unable to move on our approach, it was deemed mercy to despatch her.”†

We may add, that the Dingho has been domesticated by the natives in their own wild way, and aids them in the chase of the emu and kangaroo. It is said to breed less easily with the common dog than the latter does with the wolf, although occasional unions have taken place. The mixed race retains much of the wild habits of the Dingho. Professor Low possesses a female which produced a litter to a common dog. The progeny were handsome and playful, but by no means remarkable for docility. They inherited the natural disposition to dig in the ground, as if desirous to burrow, and when mere puppies began to attack poultry—a habit which never could be cured.‡ Many of our readers may have seen a fine example of this mixed breed in the Edinburgh Zoological Gardens.

We do not deem it necessary to add to the foregoing examples of the existence of sufficiently well-authenticated wild animals of the canine race, distinct from each other, and living in a state of nature more or less remote from man and man's dominion. We have many more at our command, but the subject is clear enough

* *The Dog*, p. 20. † *Journal*, &c., p. 110. ‡ *Domesticated Animals*, p. 650.

without them. We think it cannot be doubted that the dog, viewed in the complex and multifarious states in which it now exists, each in its own way so wisely subservient to one or other of the exigencies of its human lord and master, has not been derived originally either from any one wild species, like the wolf, or more directly from any single reclaimed stock, like the shepherd's dog. The vast and varied range of character, mental and physical, which the domesticated kinds exhibit, demands, as it were, a more comprehensive as well as complicated origin; and even when we keep in view the obvious relationship which the natural features of many of the subdued races bear to those of their wild allies, it is still extremely difficult to account for the origin of many of our peculiar breeds. But of course the difficulty is not only greatly increased, but rendered altogether insuperable, by assuming a simple rather than a complex source.

We must bear in mind, that canine animals being more completely under the dominion of man, and more personally attached and devoted to him, than any other beings, they have experienced greater modifications in form and habits, in consequence of that subservience, than any others. The great migratory movements of different tribes of the human race, each carrying with it one or more established kinds, into climes and countries in some measure foreign to their original constitution, would naturally produce crosses from casual contact with other kinds; and the offspring of such unions, as well as the parents which produced them, still acted on by the physical influences of each locality, the amount and nature of their food, the habitual modes of life of their human masters, and the nature of the education bestowed upon them, whether by precept or example,—these and other circumstances would constantly tend to increase the range of natural variation, till the different ends of the scale came at last to exhibit creatures of such different external and instinctive characters, as to give them the semblance of having little or nothing left in common. It must also be borne in mind, that not only is an individual dog capable of being highly instructed in his own vocation, but that his intellectual attributes, as we may call them, become so deeply incorporated, as to descend by inheritance to after generations, each bearing within it the same impressible nature, with a similar power of handing down to posterity a still more refined and delicate instinct, proportioned to the accomplishments it may have itself acquired both by descent and tuition. Hence the value of what are called *breeds*, and the almost unfailing instincts with which certain well-born dogs enter on their calling, even in earliest life, and perform their proper and peculiar functions from the very first, with scarcely any instructions from their masters. When symmetri-

cal corporeal forms, and improved or more accommodating instincts, are thus capable of being communicated by inheritance, and when the immense advantages arising to ourselves from a judicious selection or careful combination of similar or dissimilar kinds is kept in view, it is not difficult to conceive how, in the course of ages, very distinct and strongly contrasted varieties should not only originate, but continue and increase.

We admit that this intermixture of originally distinct species, such as wolves, wild dogs, jackals, and others, and the productive union of the hybrid offspring with each other, is opposed by a physiological dictum maintained by many, and among others by the illustrious John Hunter, certainly one of the greatest of philosophical anatomists,—to wit, that mule animals, or the descendants from two distinct kinds, are not themselves prolific. This *law of nature*, it is maintained, has been instituted with a view to prevent that confusion which would arise from the intermingling of species in a state of nature,—a confusion speedily checked and extinguished, should it by chance occur, by the barrenness of all hybrid animals. We should be extremely sorry to oppose any law of nature, and do not mean to do so at this or any future time; but with the facts before us already stated, and *many more in retentis*, we maintain that, at least as respects dogs, it is not a law of nature at all. As we cannot bend facts, and do not desire to demolish them, in order to suit a theory to which they are resistant, we must give up the theory itself, by whomsoever it may have been maintained. In doing so, we of course leave others to form their own opinion from the facts adduced, merely reserving to ourselves our liberty of conscience and right of private judgment, being unwilling to be coerced against our own convictions by any “mighty Hunter,” or the dogmatical repetition of the same sentiment by others of less renown. We believe that in the unreclaimed state, although the so-called law is not imperative, the practical result is so far conformable, that hybrid animals, themselves extremely rare, either do not breed at all, or if they do, both they and their progeny speedily disappear, in consequence of their mixed characters being absorbed, as it were, by the prevailing mass of one or other of the parent kind around them. They form no “tyrant minority,” and soon cease to exercise any influence whatever on the normal or unmixed blood by which they are encompassed. But in a state of domestication, the condition of affairs has undergone a change from the voluntary and natural to the forced and artificial, and all surrounding circumstances being in favour of the encouragement of hybrids, they consequently increase from age to age, instead of becoming almost immediately extirpated.

It cannot be doubted that the subjugation of the dog, from

whatever source, was effected at a very early period of the history of man. Indeed, there is no period of that history, except the earliest, in which we cannot trace him as more or less the friend and ally of the human race. Along with the bull, the ram, and the goat, his companions in servitude, we find him represented not only as a sign in the heavens, but honoured by a place in either hemisphere, first beneath the feet of the southern Orion, and again more northerly as indicating Sirius, the brightest of the fixed stars, the heliacal rising of which, corresponding to the full swelling of the Nile, marked the commencement of the Ethiopian and Egyptian year. His form is exhibited on the most ancient monuments of human art,—in the sombre excavations of the early Indians, the mysterious chambers of the great Nilotic sepulchres, the now ruined glories of Persepolis. He was not only sculptured, but consecrated, sacrificed, even adored by many nations, and forms a frequent feature in the mythological systems of ancient Greece and Rome. But one remarkable exception occurred in early times, which has no doubt materially affected the condition of many of the existing canine races over a large surface of our globe. The worship of the dog was interdicted to the Jews, under the most dreadful denunciations; he was proclaimed to be unclean; and even the price which might be obtained for him was classed with the wages of sin, and was not to pollute the temple of the living God.*

“The people of this family,” observes Professor Low, “adhering to the letter of their stern laws amidst all the fortunes of their unhappy race, even now entertain much of their ancient feelings towards this gift of Providence. Nay more, the Arabs, taught by an impostor, who derived much of what he taught from Jewish usages, have conceived something of the same feelings towards this creature. But the Arabs cannot dispense with the services of the dog amid their own wild deserts of sand, and much less when they have passed beyond them; and all the restraints of superstition have been unable to prevent the freest use of the dog in the countries to which the Arabian faith has extended. Yet every where in countries of Mohammedans, the dog is regarded as something unhallowed and unclean. The true believer, indeed, will not shed the blood of the dog, but he will not afford him the shelter of his dwelling, nor admit him to that companionship for which Nature has fashioned him. Hence, in Mohammedan countries, the dog rarely assumes that docility which he elsewhere possesses; and hence much of that multiplication of unowned dogs in

* The student of Scriptural Zoology will no doubt also bear in mind the fact, that while in the Sacred Records frequent mention is made of nets and snares, and of the pursuit and capture of wild animals, there is no allusion throughout the whole of the Jewish history to the use of dogs in hunting.

eastern towns, which live on garbage, and share with the hyænas and vultures the task of removing impurities. This, indeed, is due only in part to Mohammedan feeling; for we know that something of the same kind existed from the earliest times in the countries of the East, even in Egypt, where the dog was venerated, and in Greece during the ages termed Heroic. It is generally believed that the Hindoos have acquired the feelings of their Mohammedan tyrants towards the dog; but this is an error. The Hindoos, like other people of the East, have numerous unowned dogs in their towns; but although they are restrained by feelings connected with their ideas of the sanctity of food, from admitting the dog to that familiarity which is customary with us, they have a great fondness for him, in which respect they resemble all the other members of the Caucasian family not Mohammedan. It is the Jews and Mohammedans alone who regard this animal as something unhallowed; but it is not they alone who vilify their enemies as dogs and the sons of dogs. For the people of all countries, even those who profit the most by the services of the animal, employ expressions of hatred and contempt, founded on what they conceive to be the most vile and hateful in his attributes. His greediness, his uncleanness, his impudence, his quarrelsome temper, nay, his submission and fawning, have furnished us with epithets wherewith to insult one another. The cause, perhaps, lies no deeper than this, that the dog living in our society, we are able to observe his habits and customs, and perhaps to find in them too faithful a similitude of some of our own. Were monkeys to live amongst us, we should doubtless be able to find in them similar traits of character which we might apply to our neighbours, and so be as ready to speak of the son of a monkey as the son of a dog."*

It is not our intention to enter at this time into the detailed history of the domesticated breeds. Some knowledge of that history may be sought and obtained, so far, at least, as books can give it, from the works named at the head of this article, and from others which we need not name. We shall conclude with another extract from the volume last quoted, and already noticed by us more at length in a preceding Number.

"But of all the attributes of the dog, those which seem the most to have claimed attention, are his attachment to man in general, and his fidelity to individuals in particular. The dog very rarely, and never but under peculiar circumstances, seeks to gain his natural liberty. He prefers, to the state of freedom, the protection of man, and lingers near our dwellings, even when he is shunned and disowned by us. When he attaches himself to any one, all his actions indicate that the relation is one which has a foundation in the affections of the animal, and does not vary with the degree of benefits conferred. The dog that shares the lot of the miserable and poor, is no less faithful than

* *Domesticated Animals*, p. 668.

another that enjoys all that can gratify the senses. The peasant boy, who rears up his little favourite in his cabin of mud, and shares with it his scanty crust, has a friend as true as he who has ease and abundance to bestow. Release, from the cord of the blind beggar, the dog that leads him from door to door, and will he follow you a step for all with which you can tempt his senses? Confine him in your mansion, and feed him with the waste of plenteous repasts, and let his forlorn companion approach your door to crave a scrap of food, and the dog will fly to him with fidelity unshaken, and bound with joy to be allowed once more to share his miserable lot. Again and again has the dog of the humblest and poorest remained faithful to the last, and laid himself down to die on the grave of his earliest friend.

“Recently, a poor boy in a manufacturing town had contrived, from his hard earnings, to rear up a little dog. The boy, as he was passing along to his daily work, was struck down, and dreadfully maimed, by the fall of some scaffolding. He was carried on a shutter, mangled and bleeding, to an hospital near, attended by the dog. When he was brought to the door, the dog endeavoured to enter along with him; but being shut out, he laid himself down. Being driven beyond the outer gate, he went round and round the walls, searching for any opening by which he could enter. He then lay down at the gate, watching every one who entered with wistful eyes, as if imploring admittance. Though continually repulsed, he never left the precincts night or day, and even before the wounded boy had breathed his last, the faithful dog, struck with total paralysis, had ceased to live. It is well known that the soldiers of the French levies were often mere boys, brought from their country homes, to undergo at once all the rigours of the service. They were often accompanied by their little dogs, who followed them as best they could. Often, after the carnage of a desperate field, these dogs have been found stretched on the mangled bodies of their youthful friends. A French officer, mortally wounded in the field, was found with his dog by his side. An attempt having been made to seize a military decoration on the breast of the fallen officer, the dog, as if conscious how much his master had valued it, sprung fiercely at the assailants. An unfortunate soldier, condemned for some offence to die, stood bandaged before his comrades appointed to give the fatal volley, when his dog, a beautiful spaniel, rushed wildly forward, flew into his arms to lick his face, and for a moment interrupted the sad solemnity. The comrades, with tears in their eyes, gave the volley, and the two friends fell together. A youthful conscript, severely wounded in the terrible field of Eylau, was carried to the hospital amongst hundreds of his fellows. Many days afterwards, a little dog had found its way, no one knew how, into the place, and amongst the wounded, the dying, and the dead, had searched out his early friend. The fainting boy was found by the attendants with the dog beside him licking his hands. The youth soon breathed his last, and a kind comrade took charge of the dog: but the animal would take no food, pined away, and shortly died. And a thousand

other examples might be given of an affection in this creature unaltered by changes of fortune, and enduring to the last.”*

Who has not heard of the unfortunate pilgrim of Helvellyn, and of his faithful dog—faithful even in death—immortalized alike by the Bard of Chivalry and the Laurel-honouring Laureate? We entirely concur with Mr. Youatt in his opinion, that while poverty may drive from a cold hearth many a companion of our happier hours, it was never known to diminish the love of one canine attendant.

ART. III.—1. *General Report of the Sanitary Condition of the labouring Population of Great Britain.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament.

2. *Report of Health of Towns from Select Committee of House of Commons.*

IN one of the volumes of the Minutes of Committee of Council on Education, of which one or more now appears annually, we find a Report from one of the English inspectors on the state of education in Norfolk, and another from the pen of one of the Scotch inspectors on the educational state of the county of Haddington. The educational contrast of these two agricultural counties, lying within a few hours' sail of each other, is remarkable. The county of Norfolk is, like Haddington, a rich agricultural county. It contains not less than 750 parishes, more than two-thirds of the number of parishes in all Scotland. The average population of these 750 parishes is little more than 500 souls; and its parish churches lie so close to each other as to appear at every turn of the road or of the coast. In such a state of ecclesiastical sufficiency, one would have expected the intellectual and moral returns to have been amongst the highest in the kingdom, and that Norfolk would have been a great moral and intellectual garden. What says the inspector of the Church of England?

“Very few adults of either sex can read or write. An opinion prevails, that those who remain of the preceding generation more commonly possessed those acquisitions. A female has officiated as clerk in a parish for the last two years, none of the adult males being able to read. In another parish the present clerk is the only man in the rank of a labourer who can read. In another, of 400 souls, when

* *Domesticated Animals*, p. 693.

the present school was established two years ago, no labourer could read or write. A Dissenting minister addressing a small congregation, was lately interrupted by a cry of 'Glory be to your name!' He immediately repressed the cry, explaining that such language could be used only to the Deity. The answer was—'Then glory be to both of you!' This," says the inspector, "I have too much reason to believe is a characteristic fact, the suppression of which would therefore disguise the truth."—*Minutes of C. of C. on Educ.* 1840-41.

We need not quote any part of the Haddington Report. Of no part, no rural part of Scotland, from John o' Groat's House to the Mull of Galloway, could such an anecdote be told as a characteristic fact. The Church in Scotland has nowhere so failed in her great duty as the educator of the people. But let us rejoice with trembling. It is said of the capercailzie, the cock of the north, which the Marquis of Breadalbane is again seeking to restore to the woods of Scotland, that when he crows he shuts his eyes, and the German sportsman chooses the moment of his crowing to take his aim and bring him down from his perch. Low as the education of letters is in the county of Norfolk, not so is the education in those physical and social habits which preserve and promote health and home-happiness, and inspire self-respect. Of the habits of the poor Norwich weavers, very little, if at all, above the weavers of Paisley in the amount of their weekly earnings, the same inspector thus writes:—

"One marked and favourable peculiarity even amongst the poorest Norwich weavers, is their strict attention to cleanliness and decency in their dwellings—a token of self-respect and a proof of ideas and habits, of which the severest privations in food and dress did not seem to be able to deprive them. Their rooms might be destitute of all the necessary articles of furniture, but the few that remained were clean, the walls and staircases whitewashed, the floors carefully swept and washed, the court or alley cleared of every thing offensive, the children wearing shoes and stockings, however sorry in kind, and the clothes not ragged, however incongruously patched and darned. 'Cleanliness and propriety,' said one man, 'are, in spite of our poverty, the pride of Norwich people, who would have nothing to say to dirty neighbours.'"

Let us now see what an Englishman says of Glasgow and its wynds. Mr. Symonds, the Government Commissioner, thus describes the filth of our Scottish towns:—

"The wynds in Glasgow comprise a fluctuating population of from 15,000 to 30,000 persons. This quarter consists of a labyrinth of lanes, out of which numberless entrances lead into small square courts, and with a dunghill reeking in the centre. Revolting as was the outward appearance of these places, I was little prepared for the filth and

destitution within. In some of their lodging-rooms (visited at night) we found a whole layer of human beings littered along the floor, sometimes fifteen and twenty, some clothed and some naked ; men, women, and children huddled promiscuously together ; their bed consisted of a layer of musty straw, intermixed with rags. There was generally little or no furniture in those places ; the sole article of comfort was a fire. Thieving and prostitution constitute the main sources of the revenue of this population. No pains seem to be taken to purge this Angean Pandemonium—this nucleus of crime, filth, and pestilence, existing in the second city of the empire. These wynds constitute the St. Giles of Glasgow ; but I owe an apology to the Metropolitan Pandemonium for the comparison. A very extensive inspection of the lowest districts of other places, both here and on the Continent, never presented any thing half so bad, either in intensity of pestilence physical and moral, or in extent proportioned to the population.”

Before a Committee of the House of Commons, the same gentleman said—“It is my firm belief that penury, dirt and misery, drunkenness, disease and crime, culminate in Glasgow to a pitch unparalleled in Great Britain.”

To complete the picture of the concentrated filth and physical degradation of the poor of Glasgow, it is only necessary to add the facts which the last census brought to light—that in the parish of Blackfriars, in that city, the population had increased within the last ten years 40 per cent., and that of Gorbals, another parish, above 20 per cent., although there have been few if any new erections. These two facts speak volumes as to the descent of the Glasgow poor to the minimum of air, light, and space, on which human beings can live and multiply. We believe that the same huddling and crowding of human beings together is going on from bad to worse in all our Scottish towns. Much talk there has been—but nothing has yet been done either to stay or to abate the evil. The moral and physical virus is going on accumulating and concentrating in the poorer parts of all our Scottish towns, one day to burst forth in fearful retaliation upon the classes by whose sufferance and apathy these things are so. Not Ireland, but our own neglected towns threaten one day to become the pest-houses of Great Britain, and out of our national sins Providence will bring forth national suffering and punishment as upon unhappy Ireland. The most miserable hovels and clachans in our Highlands are placed in situations to be swept by the wind and rain of heaven ; and the want of a free circulation of the vital air within, is compensated by the mountain breeze without. But in the wynds and vennels and closes of our Scottish towns the air without is often as fetid and offensive as the air within ; and ere you come under the roofs of the poor in their courts, closes or lobbies, you are breathing a stagnant and unwholesome atmosphere. No doubt, the inmates of these

wynds are accustomed to it, as some are said to accustom themselves to poisons, which yet destroy ere the hardening process is terminated. No doubt, the inmates of such dwellings cease to think or feel conscious of any inconvenience; but does this unconsciousness diminish their power to depress the spirits, weaken the springs of life, or destroy the digestive powers? While sinking into insensibility to this as to their other miseries, how many children under the hardening process pine and die! How silently does the fetid atmosphere around undermine the vigour of youth or manhood, sow the seeds of premature decay, and render the resource of strong drink little less than a physical necessity!

But pass the miserable court, stair, and lobby, and look in upon the crowd assembled, after work hours, in one narrow apartment. Are these the *homes* of the poor? To call them *homes* is a mockery—*dormitories*—*lodging-houses*—not *homes*. Men and women doomed to such a life, have nothing to fear from our criminal laws. The jail, the bridewell, and the hulks are more desirable abodes. Our jails are palaces in cleanliness and comfort to these dwellings! The inmates of such lodging-houses learn to fortify themselves against their own remaining sensibility, cherish an intense selfishness, practise on others the arts practised on themselves, and human nature sinks into the lowest state of animalism, with appetites and passions inflamed by alternate want and indulgence.

But not only is the contrast worthy of attention between the towns of Scotland and England. The contrast extends to the physical condition and habits of large portions of the mining population—to the Scottish colliers, for instance, now become an extensive and important class, scattered throughout the wealthiest parts of Scotland, where attention should have been long since directed to their condition. Mr. Tremenhare, the Government Commissioner, speaking of the mining population of Scotland, says—

“I have felt called upon to notice the following marked peculiarities of their general habits and condition, namely, their excessive use of ardent spirits, the extreme neglect of personal cleanliness (not one Scottish collier in a hundred ever washing his whole body, though necessarily as black as the coal he works), the usually dirty state of the colliers' houses, within and without, their absurd restrictions upon each other's labour, and the early age (usually about forty-five) at which they lose their vigour, and die. It may be useful to put in contrast with this the opposite habits and results among the English and Welsh colliers and miners of this extensive mineral district of South Wales. Here it is not spirits that are used to excess, but beer only. As regards personal cleanliness, no collier in this district omits to wash himself all over every day after his labour. Their houses are, within,

almost universally clean and comfortable ; and where there is any opportunity of keeping the spaces before them tidy and decent, it is not omitted. The colliers and miners of this district usually preserve their vigour till near fifty-five, and a large per centage may be found capable of doing a good day's work at sixty. . . . The houses of the Scotch mining population are usually deficient in much needful accommodation within and without, the spaces about them also showing no regard to cleanliness ; the dirty habits of the children being uncontrolled by their parents or any one else."

So long ago as 1812, Mr. Bald, then of Alloa and lately engineer of the Clyde Trust, published a general view of the coal trade of Scotland, in which he exposed a system of female labour practised in the collieries of Scotland, incompatible with the existence of the lowest form of Christianity, alike brutalizing to soul and body, and from which, to the female colliers, there was no possibility of self-deliverance. Yet, amidst the silence of the Church of Scotland, and of Dissenters, this system of female labour continued, unaltered, until Lord Ashley's Committee exposed the evil, and applied a Parliamentary remedy.

Whatever, therefore, be the superiority of our working population in the education of letters, we must not shut our eyes to the deplorable fact that this education of letters has been wholly unable to prevent the masses in our towns from sinking into a physical state in house and person which to an Englishman, even to a Norwich weaver, earning only seven shillings a-week, were unbearable. If England still wants schools for the education of letters, she has homes for the higher education of domestic habits and tastes, and for nursing into strength the best feelings and sweetest affections of the human heart. The physical training of the Scottish population has been neglected. The education of degrading and every-day circumstances is proving more than a match for all the intellectual and moral advantages of the nation, and we are vainly imagining that school training is to counteract the training of homes and neighbourhoods, that are strangers to decency and comfort. If all Scotsmen get a smattering of learning, and are able to talk and dispute better than any poverty-stricken and fallen population in Great Britain, what avails it except to make them the more intensely to feel and resent their miseries ? The schoolmaster has been abroad among the Scottish as he never was among the English masses—but what has he done to elevate the tens of thousands in our crowded cities and manufacturing villages in the scale of humanity ? Has he trained them to wash their persons or to cleanse their dwellings—to prefer air and light to darkness and corruption ? Has he made any homes to smile, or rendered the poor man's fireside the most attractive spot in all the poor man's world ? If he has

not cleansed even the outside of the man, how shall we hope he has elevated the inner man ; and if he has not been able to rouse him out of the filth, indolence, and apathy of his animal degradation, how can we hope that he is permanently elevated in his spiritual character ! A little while ago, the schoolmaster *abroad* was to do every thing for the poor man. It was only needful to count the proportions at school, or enumerate the readers and writers and arithmeticians, to know the measure of the wellbeing of the people. But did we succeed in coaxing, bribing, or persecuting all the children in all the wynds, lanes, and closes of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Paisley, to school, and in securing to them, to the full measure, the Scottish education of mere letters, or if you will, of intellectual superiority to the boors of Norfolk, what would they be the better ? Man is not only what the schoolmaster makes him, but much more what the daily and hourly, the thousand nameless influences of the sights and sounds of his home and neighbourhood make him ; and to oppose only the schoolmaster, or even the schoolmaster and pastor, to the constant daily and hourly influences and training of dwellings and neighbourhoods divested of all that can cheer or elevate human beings, is to oppose the force of a torrent by a few twigs.

Some time ago, the author of this article visited one of the chief mercantile towns of England with a view to make a comparison between the dwellings and habits of labouring classes in our Scottish and English towns, and by a renewed inspection of both, was satisfied, with Mr. Symonds, that the population of the Scottish towns have reached a lower depth in physical degradation than the worst of the English towns, and that to Glasgow and to Edinburgh justly belong the bad preëminence. We were struck with the superior air of the dwellings of the poorest even in Manchester and Bolton. The shameful parts of these towns seemed less shameful than the shameful parts of ours. In Birmingham, the superiority of the physical habits of the operative population is still more striking. The majority of its working-classes live in self-contained houses, comparatively few in garrets or cellars ; and the dwellings of the poor wear an air of comfort which is rarely to be seen in our Scottish towns. The back courts, instead of presenting, as in Scotland, accumulations of refuse and pools of water, are levelled, paved, and flagged ; so that the smallest soil is perceptible, and both the inhabitants and the authorities seem more alive to the importance of cleanliness both to private and public wellbeing—the value of air and water—the education of the brush and besom.

The first step towards improving the dwellings of the poor, and, with their dwellings, their personal and domestic habits, is to bring them and their habitations into daylight. As the bril-

liant gas-light of our streets has dispersed the dangers of the night, and rendered them safe to the passenger at the dead of night, so the free air and light of heaven let in upon the labyrinth of wynds and closes, will disperse the filth and impurities of the dwellings of the poor. Bury the best and most notable housewife that a Scottish town contains, in a vennel or close, and her notions of cleanliness and decency rapidly degenerate. She won't clean where all may soil, of which no one will have the praise or blame, and where no one better than herself passes by. But take the most ordinary housewife out of one of these vennels and five-storied houses, and place her in her own 'self-contained' house, however humble, with her own lobby and her own front-door, in the eye of every passer by, her ideas of cleanliness and decency undergo a rapid improvement, and the love of her own homestead prevails over apathy and indolence. Cleanliness is a social virtue, and to be practised must have eyes upon it, and be seen not only by those with whom we are most familiar, but by the eye of the stranger, to whom first appearances are every thing.

A glance at the height of the houses, seldom above two stories, at the width of the streets—the unoccupied lanes, open at both ends, behind every street—the better provision for drainage and sewerage, is sufficient to convince any one of the superiority of the English towns in the dwellings of the poor, and in all the ordinary means of domestic decency and comfort. The number of self-contained houses occupied by the working-classes of England is a beautiful feature of English superiority. The effect of the self-contained house in awakening emulation in neatness and cleanliness throughout a whole neighbourhood, is very noticeable. The well-washed steps and lobbies, and the never-failing white curtain and flower-box discover the interest each housewife takes in the honour of her own home; while the three, four, and five-storied houses of the Scottish towns, with their common closes, stairs, and lobbies, are fatal to emulation, and lead to nothing but a uniformity of filth! The streets and lanes of the poor, instead of running parallel to each other, with free spaces behind, consist, in the Scottish towns, of a front line of dwellings, beyond which lie a mass of houses accessible by closes or courts, without any thoroughfare. The front steadings form a line of defence against the air and light of heaven, more impenetrable to the agencies of health than the British squares at Waterloo to the cavalry of France. The closes and courts by which they are approached, it is no one's business to keep clean. The common stair and common lobby, like other commons, having too many mistresses, are as much neglected as if they had none at all; and the four and five-storied houses of Scotland, by quenching emulation, tend to reduce the best housewife to the level of the worst.

These neglected wynds and courts become the nurseries of fever and small-pox to the rest of the city. One family attacked, the disease passes from inmate to inmate, and from house to house, until it exhaust its virulence by exhausting its bare and squalid victims. Here, too, fever lingers after forsaking healthier localities, ready to break forth anew on every return of this periodical scourge of Glasgow.

Of the intimate connexion between filth and fever, we shall allow Dr. Southwood Smith, Physician to the London Fever Hospital, in his Report in 1838 to the Poor Law Commissioners, to speak :—

“The exhalations which accumulate in close, ill-ventilated, and crowded apartments in the confined situations of densely populated cities, where no attention is paid to the removal of putrifying and excrementitious substances, consist chiefly of animal matter. Such exhalations contain a poison which produces fever of the typhoid character. There are situations in which the poison generated is so intense and deadly, that a single inspiration of it is capable of producing instantaneous death ; there are others in which a few inspirations of it are capable of destroying life in from two to twelve hours ; and there are others, again, as in dirty and neglected ships—in damp, crowded, and filthy gaols—in the crowded wards of ill-ventilated hospitals, filled with persons labouring under malignant surgical diseases, and some forms of typhus fever—in the crowded, filthy, close, unventilated, damp, undrained habitations of the poor, in which the poison generated, although not so immediately fatal, is still too potent to be long breathed even by the most healthy and robust, without producing fever of a highly dangerous and mortal character. But it would be a most inadequate view of the pernicious agency of this poison, if it were restricted to the diseases commonly produced by its direct operation. It is a matter of constant observation, that even when not present in sufficient intensity to produce fever by disturbing the functions of some organ or set of organs, and thereby weakening the general system, this poison acts as a powerful predisposing cause of some of the most common and fatal maladies to which the human body is subject.” Dr. Smith then proceeds to show, that by deranging the digestive organs, it is the predisposing cause of stomach-disorders, inflammations, and consumption ; and concludes—“If then, as is commonly computed, of the total number of deaths that take place annually over the whole surface of the globe, nearly one-half is caused by fever in its different forms ; to this sum must be added the number who perish by diseases caused by the constant operation of the poison.”

But apart altogether from the waste of human life, and the

indescribable suffering and sorrow which annually fall on the working-classes from this periodical scourge, and viewed only as a matter of profit and loss, it were easy to show that the expenditure of half a million annually in clearing away the labyrinth of dwellings in the heart and skirts of our cities, would be amply repaid to the community in the annual saving of an increasing expenditure, private and public, which disease and death yearly exact.

According to the late Dr. Cowan of Glasgow, whose *Vital Statistics* formed so important a contribution to our knowledge of the social state of that city, 55,949 persons had been attacked with fever in Glasgow during the five years ending 1840; that is, every *fifth* person had been attacked by fever in that short period, of whom 4788 died. Thus in five years, fever has twice made Glasgow pay the most cruel of all tithes—that of personal and family suffering, and cut off nearly 5000 persons, choosing its victims in the manhood of life, and compelling her inhabitants to pay a tax frightful in the amount of personal suffering and family bereavements.

But it were a mistake to imagine that the suffering and death of so many inhabitants are the only *tithes* which fever compelled the citizens of Glasgow to pay during these five years. Put wholly aside the details of personal suffering which 55,949 cases of fever introduced into the families of Glasgow and suburbs, and all reckoning of the watching, want and woe, wrapped up in so many cases of acute disease, and the family bereavements implied in 4788 deaths, and let us estimate our fellow-creatures but as so many machines suspended from work by the derangement or destruction of the human machine, that we may learn the pecuniary loss involved in the Fever Bill of Glasgow.

From Dr. Southwood Smith, we learn that fully one-half of the cases of fever occur in the prime of life, when men are or ought to be most serviceable both to their families and to society. Deducting then 4788 deaths, there will remain 51,161 cases of fever, at least one-half of whom were adults, very many of them heads of houses, and the breadwinners of their respective families; that is, 25,580 full-grown persons in Glasgow were on a fever bed during those five years. Now the average period which fever detains a patient from work, according to the same authority, is six weeks. Let us take the earnings, in health, of 25,580 adults at the average of eight shillings a-week, and the loss of wages by six weeks' detention on a fever bed, amounts to the sum of £60,392. But these fever cases, whether treated at home or in the Hospital, must be loaded with the expense of medical aid, which is estimated by the Reports of Infirmarys at £1 to each case, that is, £25,580 to all those cases. There still

remain the other half, or 25,580 under age, yet not children, which fever seldom attacks. We may safely estimate the loss of labour to these last as equal to at least two shillings a-week—the *fourth* of the adults, at £15,348 during six weeks' detention from work, to which add the expense of medical treatment, estimated also at a *fourth*, or £6495.

The Fever Bill of Glasgow for those five years, omitting wholly the 4788 deaths, will stand thus :—

Loss of labour for six weeks to 25,580 adults,			
at 8s. per week,	£60,392	0	0
Medical attendance to above, at £1 to each			
case,	25,580	0	0
Loss of labour for six weeks to 25,580 under			
age, at 2s. per week,	15,348	0	0
Expense of medical treatment, at 5s. to each of			
above,	6,495	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£107,815	0	0

or £21,563 per annum.

But why not as well estimate the loss by every species of disease to which flesh is heir, and present a like account of the entire gain to society were disease and death for ever abolished? The answer to this is obvious. Can any one pretend that the fever and mortality bills of Glasgow present the lowest amount of fever or mortality to which flesh is heir? Let the fever bills of the towns of England answer. True—fever, like every other disease is the visitation of God; but in its aggravated form and extent in our Scottish towns, it is the visitation of God for the sin of neglecting the physical and moral wellbeing of its inhabitants. It is the scourge of national filth and inhumanity, the natural penalty of suffering the poor to crowd and stifle one another in pestilential wynds, or to rot helpless, unvisited, and unrelieved in their wretched dwellings. Why is the mortality in our rural districts so small as 1 in 48, but in Glasgow at times so high as 1 in 28? Why are England's towns more healthy than Scotland's, though their employments are the same?—whether we contrast town with country, or English with Scottish towns, we cannot avoid the conclusion that a large amount of the fever and mortality of Glasgow is self-inflicted, and admits of being self-removed. There are, beyond all doubt, ways and means within the reach of the middle and upper classes, and the Government of this country, of extinguishing *one-third*, perhaps *one-half* of the fever cases of Glasgow and other towns of Scotland, of delivering their inhabitants from an un-

known and unknowable weight of sufferings personal and domestic, of rescuing thousands of our fellow-men from a premature grave, and of adding largely to the moneyed resources of this nation, by the wise and systematic discharge of the duties of humanity.

If there be any one social improvement for which all parties may unite, it is the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, and the removal of those nuisances and mal-arrangements which at present poison their atmosphere. This is no question of Tory, Whig, or Radical—Church or Dissent—but the common cause of humanity and self-preservation. If our religious dissensions forbid the Government of this great nation from extending the means of religious instruction, and threaten even to forbid its intermeddling with the common school instruction of the people, here at least is common ground. As in Ireland's frightful famine, Protestants and Roman Catholics are uniting against the common calamity, and forgetting all but their common brotherhood and common duties to the poor; so, if we would avert from our cities calamities more perilous because more concentrated, let us forget every thing but the fact that vast and gathering masses of our town population have fallen, and cannot raise themselves—are miserable, and demand our help.

We understood that in the new Police Bill of Glasgow, power was to be taken to tax the citizens for the improvement of the habitations of the poor. The proposed tax was to be *one penny* in the pound on the valued rental, and was estimated to yield the sum of £2500 a-year. We have not learned whether this clause made its way through the House of Commons, or whether it was cast out as *one penny* too much for such an object. *In or out*, it is of small moment. It is not by such peppercorns that this great evil is to be combated. "There is no such thing as a little war," said the Duke of Wellington. Only think it a little war, and it will speedily become a great one. There is no "little war" with these social evils. The Duke of Wellington gained his battles by concentrating his forces and outnumbering his enemy at each point of attack; so did he carry his peaceful triumphs in the metropolis of England, not by a *penny-a-pound-tax*, but by a *million sterling* obtained for the improvement of London. He lent the aid of his sound judgment and powerful influence to arrange the details and carry into execution those many intersections of the densest parts of the English metropolis, which have opened up to the air and light of heaven the dwellings of poverty, and have rendered one of the largest also one of the healthiest of cities. Not thousands but millions must be spent on the manufacturing cities of the Empire to repair the neglect of the past *fifty* years.

Half a century ago £2500 a-year might have done somewhat to such a city as Glasgow then was, but the mole-hill has become a mountain, and tens of thousands will not repair and renovate its social condition. Before this penny-a-pound tax is exhausted, and its ten years' beneficence has overflowed on the Vennels of Glasgow, its population will have again expended another 79,000 souls. No man will be able to see the good done, in the greater evils that have arisen. Our physical improvement, like our church and school building, looks large only to those that take not the proportions of things, nor regard what remains behind undone. Those who take the measure of the evil as well as the good, know well that the good keeps no pace with the growth of our social evils, and lays no sure foundation for the permanent elevation of the fallen population.

The Royal Commission for considering and reporting upon the advantages of a central railway terminus in Glasgow, had submitted to them a scheme for converting the wynds in the very heart of Glasgow into a great central terminus; and the promoters of this scheme rested its chief merit "upon the circumstance that, the wynds being crowded by the most destitute of the inhabitants of Glasgow, and a hot-bed of disease and crime, the removal and opening out of such a quarter would effect so great a sanitary improvement, and be of such advantage to the city generally, as ought to give to this scheme a preference." On this scheme her Majesty's Commissioners observe with much good sense,

"We consider this a very doubtful point, and think it by no means certain that the removal of the Wynds, by simply dispossessing the present occupiers, would effect a sanitary improvement of the city, as it formed no part of Mr. Muir's scheme to provide another or better abodes for them; besides, improvements of this nature are more properly the business of the authorities and guardians of the city than of railway companies, when the accommodation they would obtain but imperfectly fulfils its object."

This grave matter must be taken up by itself and for its own sake—not by the way, as a secondary matter that may follow in the train of some other better paying concern. The Government of this nation must not only do its part, by sanitary regulations for the future, but must contribute liberally to the object of removing existing evils in aid of local efforts, stimulating, and if necessary, compelling the localities to do their duty towards elevating the condition of the poor. The railway mania may delay this great question for a little; but that very wealth and population which the railway system is expected to develop and concentrate upon our towns, will render their improvement a more urgent and imperious question than ever. Hitherto we have only talked of doing our duty. Each new outbreak of

fever has sent new alarms to the heart of the middle and upper classes, and benevolence, re-inforced by terror and selfishness, has quickened its pace, to relapse after a few weeks or months into its wonted apathy. The same mal-arrangements are continued and extending—the same crowding of human beings, unprovided with the means of health and cleanliness. Year by year the foul sore spreads, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of our towns, is nourished by their increase, and enlarged by their enlarging capital, feeding foul on their very prosperity; and should our railway system realize its promise of still further gathering and accumulating population in a few great towns, it will be seen, like the social ills of unhappy Ireland, to be no little war—but the war of giants—which your *penny-a-pound* tax and fitful subscriptions, like the money the Roman emperors paid in the decline of the empire to the barbarians to retreat, has only brought back the enemy in greater force—to inspire new alarms and be bribed off by new subscriptions, until the day of reckoning, when the old German alliance of the shoes against their feudal lords will be revived against the moneyed aristocracy of the nineteenth century!

Yet we cannot despair of this country, melancholy as is the social condition of tens of thousands of her population. There is a way, and we trust there will yet be found the strong and virtuous will. Looking around for the materials of hope and the prospects of deliverance, we find them where least they were to be looked for—within the walls of our prisons and bridewells. It is now *sixty* years since the cry of the prisoner came before Howard when sheriff of the county of Bedford. “Sick and in prison, and ye visited me not?” was the condition of all whom crime or misfortune immured within the walls of the prisons, hospitals, and lupatic asylums of Great Britain. Jail-fever yearly destroyed more English criminals within, than the hand of the executioner without the walls of all the prisons of Europe. To rot in a jail, a poor-house, or an asylum, was the too just description of the fate of those consigned to such institutions. In 1730, the jail-fever broke out in the Court House, and cut off the Lord Chief Baron of England, the Chief Sergeant, one of the Sheriffs, and many attendants on the sessions. In 1750, two of the Judges, the Lord Mayor of London, an Alderman, and many of inferior rank connected with the administration of justice, were swept away by it. This pest, bred and nursed in the jails of this country, spread into our fleets and armies, and carried off thousands of our soldiers and sailors. This pest stood sentinel at the doors of our prisons and hospitals, guarding them against the visits alike of private benevolence and

official duty. "I have often inquired at the Jailers," says Howard, "whether the Sheriff, Justices, or city Magistrates inspected the jails? Many of the oldest have answered,—'None of these gentlemen ever looked into the dungeons or even the wards of my jail!' Others have said,—'Those gentlemen think that if they came into my jail they should soon be in their graves.' Others said, 'The Justices think the inside of my house too close for them; they satisfy themselves with the view of the outside!'" Of the filth and loathsomeness of the inside of the dwellings of the criminal and lunatic *sixty* years ago, the following graphic account from the pen of Howard himself may suffice:—

"My clothes in my first journey were so offensive, that in a post-chaise I could not bear the windows drawn up, and was therefore obliged to travel commonly on horseback. The leaves of my memorandum book were often so tainted, that I could not use it until after spreading it an hour or two before the fire. Even my antidote, a vial of vinegar, was, after using it in a few prisons, intolerably disagreeable." "I do not wonder," he adds, "that in my journey many fellows made excuses, and did not go with me into the felons' wards."

Thrice did this remarkable man visit Scotland on the errand of purging our jails—in 1779, 1782, and in 1783. His first visit wrought no change. No one in Scotland would spend time or money in reforming prisons. No one could be troubled cleaning and ventilating jails, and redressing the wrongs of prisoners. These Augean stables and pandemoniums remained unswept, repelling inspection and forbidding inquiry, like the present habitations of the poor in our great towns. In 1783 he again visited the jails of twelve Scottish towns and counties, and again found them dark, dirty, and inexpressibly offensive—unvisited by magistrates or ministers, no proper separation of male and female prisoners, and spirituous liquors sold and used in abundance. He was so shocked at the sight of Scottish filth and misery in the heart of our cities, that the good man, observing the strange union of Scottish pride and Scottish dirt, and contrasting the national apathy about the state of their public Institutions with private ambition for architectural finery, then begun in Scotland, is provoked to set down in his Journal the following reflections:—

"I do not think it possible that a nation can attain to improvement in science, to refinement of taste and manners, without at the same time acquiring a refinement in their ideas of justice and feelings of humanity."

A third time he visited Scotland, in 1783, on the same errand, and he then signalizes Glasgow in his Journal on account of its total apathy as to all exposure and to all remonstrance. The magistrates, of course, present the philanthropist with the free-

dom of the city, for, like the ancient Athenians, though they would not practise, they knew to applaud virtue in a Howard. All manner of polite attention he receives during his last visit. There is no failure of courtesy; but neither Glasgow civilities nor Glasgow hospitalities can make him forget the one object for which he had performed thrice the tour of Europe. After the briefest notice in his Journal of Glasgow civilities, he brings back the attention of her magistrates to the object of his visit, and here is his manly and straightforward English dealing with the chief magistrate of Glasgow in 1783:—

“I freely related my remarks to the Lord Provost, that the tolbooth stood in the same improper place, that it had no court, and was not whitewashed, that the jailer had no apartments in the prison, that he was suffered to sell spirituous and other liquors, and to serve the prisoners with their allowance of bread; that his fees were high, and that he had no salary. I added, that in the House of Correction there were forty-seven women in three close rooms, some of them lying sick, that no magistrate ever looked in upon them, and that no clergyman ever attended them, or used any endeavours to reclaim them. He replied, ‘They were so hardened, it would have no effect.’ I differed in opinion from his lordship, and told him, that on seriously conversing a few minutes with several of them, I saw tears in their eyes. I further took the liberty of observing, that the splendid improvements, carrying on in their places of entertainment, streets, squares, bridges, and the like, seemed to occupy all the attention of the gentlemen in office, to the total neglect of this essential branch of the police; for, although, as a private person, I might not expect their regard to the remarks I had made on my repeated visits and publications, yet I hoped they would have paid some deference to the opinion of the Legislature, expressed in the humane and salutary clauses of the Acts of Parliament, which, from the unaltered state of the prisons of this city, they seemed entirely to have disregarded.”

Such were the last words of Howard on his last visit to Glasgow. What have been the fruits of his labours? Amidst the prejudices, ignorance, and apathy of justices and magistrates, he found a Judge Blackstone to advise and encourage him. “Be firm,” said Blackstone, “and keep to your own opinions.” He was firm as a rock: he kept to his opinions with all his characteristic tenacity of purpose. Parliament took up the matter even in his own day. Judges and magistrates awakened to understand and reflect on their duties. New laws and regulations were enacted, and the old were better executed. The oldest jailer in Scotland cannot now remember the jail-fever. Our Scottish jails, if not yet what they ought to be, are no longer what they were in Howard’s day. The Bridewell of Glasgow is held up by Mr. Hill, the Government Inspector of Prisons, as a model of arrange-

ment, cleanliness, and ventilation, fitted equally for the detention and reformation of criminals, and meriting the name the Dutch—in advance of other nations in prison discipline—give to their prisons, of a *Bettering-House*.

Thus, in sixty years patriotism and benevolence have triumphed over ignorance and apathy in our jails, and the horrid secrets of our prisons been exposed and extinguished. The pests of filth and fever have now passed from the abodes of the criminal, the pauper, and the lunatic, to the dwellings of the industrious poor. The physical state of the Scottish population in the large towns is dragging down the intellectual and the moral character of the nation, and the circumstances of home and neighbourhood are visibly more than a match for church and school. So much as the Scottish operative is intellectually superior to the English, he is inferior in physical and social habits; and it is becoming daily more palpable, that it is a blunder in human nature to attempt elevating one part of our nature without the other. This inferiority in physical and social habits is no doubt due in part to that absenteeism of so many of the upper classes which long afflicted Scotland, although in a less degree than Ireland; partly also, it must be admitted, to the more recent development of wealth in Scotland, and to her nobles having their eyes and their affections, since the Union, directed everywhere but to the rising towns and villages on their own properties. Neither can it be concealed, that whatever the clergy of Scotland, Established and Dissenting, have done for the inner man, they have not hitherto felt it to be any part of their duty to stimulate their flocks to those manifold outward improvements on which so much of the happiness and wellbeing of society is ultimately found to depend, and without which the religion, morals, and intelligence of Scotland, are exposed to temptations and influences too much for human nature. Some, no doubt, taking what they deem a higher and more spiritual view of these duties, thought these subjects altogether beneath their attention; others, who had the will, finding themselves unbacked by the wealthy, or in collision with the indolence, pride, and prejudices of the poorer part of their flocks, abandoned the attempt to do good in this direction as hopeless. From whatever cause, the physical training and social habits of the people have been strangely neglected; and there is not that inseparable connexion between cleanliness and godliness which in the south has raised almost into an article of faith the saying, that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Dirt and piety are not so uncommon in the north—*even* as in the southern part of our island; and were the General Assembly of the Established or Free Church to send forth a pastoral, such as John Wesley sixty years ago addressed to

the preachers of his Denomination, enjoining the body's purity next to the soul's, and denouncing filthy Christians as no Christians at all, it would excite some surprise, from the novelty of its doctrine, and be felt to be more plain than pleasant. Even in the noble scheme which the Free Church has devised for the intellectual and religious education of all willing to receive education at its hands, that very education which is visibly most needed amongst the children of the working-classes in Scotland has been deferred to a more convenient season, and forms no part of the outline of a scheme intended not only for its own congregations but for missionary localities in the worst parts of the towns of Scotland. Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, are provided for boys and girls alike; but no provision is yet made for the training of girls in those everyday matters which bring decency, comfort, and happiness, into the poor man's home. What the Free Church, with all its educational zeal, has overlooked or postponed, we rejoice to see the Government has adopted as an integral part of its proposals. Schools of female industry, to teach only domestic and feminine art, are to be the objects of its grants and endowments; and Englishmen have shown their directness and practical good sense by providing for the females of England—what ought ever, next to female piety, to be the first and foremost thing to women—the means of preparing themselves to be efficient housewives and mothers. We have little fear but this mistake will be rapidly corrected, and the noble scheme of the Free Church made comprehensive of all that is needful to the elevation of the fallen population of the towns of Scotland. That rapid amalgamation with England by railways which is now so near, while it may bring into Scotland, if not stoutly resisted, Sabbath desecration, with all its attendant evils, will, we trust, bring also a taste for English habits, and English cleanliness, and English attention to the external circumstances of the poor. We trust the two nations, now about to come into still closer union, will give and take each other's improvements with a rapidity unknown before. Alone, we despair of Scottish capitalists and proprietors doing aught efficient for Scottish towns; but the example and pressure of England will work with the principle and good sense and intelligence of Scotland. The scourge of famine has disclosed the neglect of the Scottish Highlands, and a cottier system of misery and indolence only surpassed by the cottiers of Ireland. Religion has done much for the Highlanders, and taught them to perfection the passive virtues. The active virtues they have yet to learn; but, by the blessing of Him who from "seeming evil still educes good," we do not despair of the Scottish Highlands emerging from the famine, renovated in social character and habits, and the era of the famine become, through

the discipline of misfortune, identified with national progress and prosperity. It may be, the next visit of suffering and calamity will be to the towns and their crowded and neglected population, either in the shape of pestilence or commercial stagnation, or popular discontent, wearied with suffering and stung by some passing event into madness—when city capitalists may be made to feel that they have paid too dear for their rapidly-acquired fortunes, and that when property delays its duties it prepares its own ruin. Sir Walter Scott tells of a kinsman of his own, who on being told that a family vault in the parish church-yard was decaying, and like to fall in, and that £10 would make the repairs, proffered only £5. It would not do. Two years after he proffered the full sum. A report was then made, that the breaches were now so much increased that £20 would scarce serve. He hesitated, hummed, and haw'd for three years more; then offered £20. The wind and rain had not awaited his decision, and less than £50 would not now serve. A year afterwards he sent a cheque for the £50, which was returned by post with the intelligence that the aisle had fallen the preceding week.

May the common Maker of rich and poor avert this spirit of procrastination and apathy from our beloved country. Nought is wanted but the same sense of duty, the same sense of danger, which has already gained so many triumphs of benevolence in this country over selfishness and indifference—which extinguished the slave-trade and slavery—which is putting limits to the hours of factory labour, and rearing legislative bulwarks between property and poverty. The same spirit of self-sacrifice, the same high principle and lofty resolution still lives, with energies only invigorated by past success. If our social evils are not to be left to redress themselves by terrible calamities, we must anticipate and prevent them—disperse ere it is too late those woes that are gathering fast in the skirts of our commercial greatness—and, by raising the fallen, deliver our country from those calamities with which Ireland is now threatened, by the sins of of her improvident and unthinking aristocracy.

ART. IV.—*Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden. From original Sources.* By JOHN HILL BURTON, Advocate, Author of "The Life of David Hume." London, 1847.

WE lately had occasion in this Journal, to consider at some length the more prominent features of the Jacobitism of the last age. Our remarks were confined chiefly to the effects produced by the commotions arising out of the downfall of an ancient dynasty, on the general interests of the country, rather than on the destiny of individuals. The generalities with which, with such an object, we were obliged to deal, compelled us to disregard many of those picturesque details of individual biography, which constitute the most interesting part of this branch of Scottish history; and it is therefore with much gratification, that we are now enabled to fill up blanks that were unavoidable, by a rapid sketch of the story of one of the leading Jacobites, and of one of the few prominent Royalists whose name has descended to us untarnished by incapacity or cruelty.

When we glance over the history of the Jacobites, even in their most fortunate and happy moments, we are amazed to find how little of real ability they displayed; and how, instead of conduct rising with the occasion, they wasted themselves in a fondness of transient applause—courted by vanity, given by flattery, and vanishing in show, like the qualities which acquired it. Such were Mar and all the leaders of the first rebellion; and if there was more self-sacrifice in the Jacobites of the '45, they have little claim to respect on the score of energy in improving victory or remedying defeat. There was one exception to the mediocrity, which would, ere this, have covered them with oblivion, were it not for the heroism of their deaths; and he who organized, and as often betrayed their schemes, who crushed the first rebellion, and was himself overwhelmed in the second; deserves notice as well from the historical importance he has thus obtained, as from the extraordinary exhibition of character he has left us, and the extraordinary adventures of which he was the hero. In Lovat's life will be found a better insight into the social, and therefore real condition of the people of the north of Scotland, in the transition-time in which he lived, than can be found any where out of the Waverley Novels.

He joins together the old age of feudal misrule, and that of settled government—connecting the reigns of the last Stuarts with the era of Hume and Robertson, and the kindred spirits who threw so bright a light on the commencement of our literary

history. His biography has thus a charm in illustrating both epochs by his own example. The feudal tyrant in the wilds of Stratherick—a law unto himself—exercising unbounded power over the lives and fortunes of a numerous vassalage, is found united in the person of the same man who shone as a courtier in the palace of Louis le Grand—who was the correspondent and friend of literary men, and devoted much of his leisure to writing pious letters to the pious. There is too, so much of the bandit in this man's history, that no fictitious narrative of border feud can exceed it in interest. We read it now with far livelier feelings than it would have produced in his own age; for, in proportion to the maturity of our civilization, is our interest in the portraiture of ruder times—the novelty of the descriptions being aided in producing this effect, by a latent contrast in favour of present comforts. Since then—a century has passed away—dynasties have been extinguished;—Europe has been revolutionized, and its social condition has undergone a change, more complete than had been felt in all the previous ages since the Crusades.

Lovat was born in the year 1676, in the reign of Charles the Second. He was the second son of the peer of Lovat, and was early sent to the University of Aberdeen, at which he appears to have been diligent. He acquired there the extensive acquaintance with the precepts of morality, scattered through the ancient classics, and which he applied with much facility and tact in the exigencies of his subsequent career. Is there any man who accuses him of treachery, which at the particular moment it did not suit his purpose to disclose, he cites you from Virgil the picture of a good man, the victim of the world's slander, and the object of divine commiseration;—is he anxious to condole with one whose father or brother he has hurried to his account, he brings from Seneca solemn reflections on mortality; and if he wishes to describe a patriot's death, he applies to himself the language of Horace, as to the beatific rapture consequent on dying for one's country.

After leaving the University, his first act was to induce his cousin, the then Lord Lovat, to endeavour to disinherit his only child, a daughter, and to call to the succession, to the honours and estates, Simon's father and himself, as the nearest male-heirs. The cousin died in the year 1696, and then began a long struggle, which occupied about thirty years, between Lovat on the one hand, and the heiress and her friends on the other, in regard to the succession. Her uncle, the Marquis of Athole, was at that time influential with the Government; and from that influence, and the violence of his opponent, he was enabled to direct against Lovat the whole artillery of the law, with which indeed, the latter had a stand-up fight until the day of his death. Athole first at-

tempted to soothe his ambition or work upon his fears; but the terms offered were either insufficient in value or in security, and they were rejected; and as Lovat is the sole historian of the transaction, they were rejected with the indignation becoming a virtuous man insulted,—

“I do not know what hinders me, knave and coward as you are, from running my sword through your body. You are well known for a poltroon; and if you had one grain of courage,” &c. &c.

These were the brave words put together in the security of after years, when, in a fit of Jacobitism, he composed what he jocosely terms “Memoirs of his life;” and in which all his powers of imagination as to facts are well illustrated. If there was one characteristic of the man, it was the hypocrisy with which he rubbed gently down any victim on whom he had designs—the words of eastern adulation with which he plied his vanity, and the patience with which he suppressed the appearance of his half-robber, half-savage ferocity—covering its outbreaks, by bewailing it always as the indiscreet zeal of an unruly clan.

Being somewhat diffident as to the result of a litigation with the Marquis of Athole, acting for his niece, he devised and executed, far away among his Highland hills, a scheme worthy of his genius, and direct and speedy in its results. In after life, when experience had sharpened his capacity, we find specific foresights and preparations for all contingencies, until success had made him presumptuous, and the relaxation of age had unstrung his vigour; but in his eager pursuit of the inheritance, his caution overleaped itself, and he fell on the other side, into a number of difficulties, for which he was obliged to endure, many a year, a vagabond life of wandering. An unsuccessful attempt to marry the heiress was followed by the next best thing—a successful one to marry her mother. This lady was at the time living at Castle Dounie, the old seat of the Frasers; and without any warning, she one morning received a visit from Lovat, who carried her, screaming for mercy, to an inaccessible retreat used by him in his more recondite schemes.

The old castle is now in ruins. The victors of Culloden, after their labours on the field were ended, devoted themselves to the destruction of the strongholds of the rebel chiefs; and Castle Dounie was among the number. In the vaults of this pile, Lovat kept the victims on whom he meant to operate; but when clamant reasons of expediency demanded it, he furnished to them a more secure retreat from worldly distractions. An island of the name of Aigas, in the midst of the rapid Beaully, which bubbles and rushes past it with resistless violence, formed an excellent natural prison, to which the Dowager-Peeress was immediately conducted.

The account of the marriage has been taken from the records of the judicial proceedings, immediately instituted by her infuriated family.

"The said Captain Simon Fraser takes up the most mad and villainous resolution that ever was heard of; for, all in a sudden, he and his said accomplices make the lady close prisoner under his armed guards, and then come upon her with three or four ruffians in the night time, and having dragged out her maids, he proposes to the lady that she should marry him; and when she fell in lamenting and crying, the great pipe was blown up to drown her cries, and the wicked villains ordered the minister to proceed."

The lady fainted, and bemoaned to the idle winds; "the bagpipe is blown up as formerly, and the foresaid ruffians rent off her clothes, cutting her stays with their dirks, and so thrust her into bed." The succeeding morning displayed her in all the agony of outraged honour, her face swollen, and stupified with grief. "For Christ's sake," she implored one of the witnesses at Lovat's trial, "take me out of this place either dead or alive." The house at the same time was surrounded by armed ruffians, who played up the bagpipe, when returning consciousness enabled the lady to express her sufferings by her screams.

The Scottish privy council, who, in the absence of the Sovereign, conducted the government of Scotland, found the doings of Lovat to come peculiarly within their jurisdiction. They accordingly debarred the lieges from giving him and his father food or lodging, and commission was given to a commander of troops to enter his domains and seize him, dead or alive. The army in Scotland at that period was small enough; but Lovat in his usual grandiloquent style, in his later life, made the most of what he termed "the several regiments of cavalry and dragoons," whom he of course defeated, and whom he laid under the sanction of an oath, when he thought it unnecessary to keep them prisoners:

"They renounced their claims in Jesus Christ, and their hopes of heaven, and delivered themselves to the devil and all the torments of hell, if they ever returned into the territories of Lord Lovat, or occasioned directly or indirectly the smallest mischief to Lord Lovat."

Lovat was tried in the Court of Justiciary, for having assembled in arms, with his followers, and carried off Lord Saltoun, who had gone to the assistance of the heiress. This act, according to the wide sweep of the criminal law of those days, was construed into treason—conviction followed; and his name and honours, with those of his father, were declared for ever extinct, and their lands and possessions forfeited. He was the last man tried in Scotland, where a conviction was obtained, and a sentence pronounced, in the absence of the accused.

In the midst of these difficulties his father died, and he immediately assumed the title. But this increase of rank brought

no cessation to the ceaseless pursuit which followed his conviction. From one fastness to another, from valley to mountain, he was hunted with unrelenting perseverance, deriving from his clan a precarious subsistence. Away in the remote regions of Glenties, Strathfarar and Stratherick, he kept up a band of devoted desperadoes, by whose ready assistance he carried on the war against the flying parties from Fort-William. Over his own people his influence had no limits. He once mildly said, that "the Highland clans to a man, would regard it as their honour and boast, to cut the throat, or blow out the brains of any one, be he who he would, who should dare to disturb the repose of their laird."

The indolence of the Highlanders is proverbial; and they may also be set down as among the dirtiest even of Celts. If it is so in our day, when every motive to exertion exists, in the nearest community of an active population, it was far more so in that of Lovat, when our civilization was young. What the bravoes were in Italy, the retainers of a Highland chief might be considered here—they kept themselves, and paid their rent in the personal services rendered to their Lord. Lovat found in the course of a long life of war upon the world, many occasions for unhesitating service. He made it a point of sacred policy, to keep his vassals in training; and no man of the last age did more to preserve alive the feeling of clanship throughout the half-savage regions of the north—making obedience to the chief be regarded in the light of an honourable duty. If there was some danger in this kind of existence, it had its advantages in its ease and idleness. Their "houseless heads and unfed sides, their looped and windowed raggedness," were matters that their thorough *goût de la vie vagabonde* made endurable; far more so at least, than the monotonous pursuits of peaceful industry.

At last, Lovat found that he was unable to cope with the forces sent against him; and having by skilful flattery of Argyle, at that time the dictator of Scottish affairs, obtained his interest with King William, he hurriedly left Scotland, and presented himself in pursuit of pardon, before that monarch in the Low Countries. He was so far successful, that he received a qualified pardon. It remitted all the crimes for which he had been already tried; leaving the outrage on lady Lovat yet unreprieved.

The former proceedings being thus quashed, he was cited at the instigation of Athole to stand trial on the 17th February, 1701, for the abduction of the Dowager. Here again he made no appearance at the trial—proceeding coolly to manage his estates and to keep up a horde of retainers—to levy rents, and to act with as much vigour, as if he had been the undoubted owner of property handed down to him unchallenged through a long line of ancestors.

He was declared an outlaw, and was again compelled to flee

his country. He sought a refuge from the pursuit in France, leaving his brother John to act as lieutenant in his absence, to exact rents, levy contributions, and keep the whole district of the Aird and Stratherick in commotion. To meet this, the Privy Council, at the instance of the heiress, issued an abundance of orders and proclamations; and, as was their custom with disobedient districts, they hounded out upon the Frasers some neighbouring clans to ravage and desolate.

At this period, Lovat was uncertain whether or not the Stuarts would be restored; and upon this depended the course to be adopted, amid the difficulties by which he was surrounded. Upon the whole, it seemed more probable that they would. Shortly after the commencement of the reign of Anne, her opinions began to glide into the jure-divinity toryism at which they settled. She had no violent antipathies against her brother; and if she had no violent affection to gratify by his restoration, there was at least a greater probability that she would lean to this, than call an obscure German Elector to the throne held for generations by her family. Minds as astute as Lovat's, and nearer the scene, were deceived by such appearances even at a later date, when the quarrel with Marlborough and his Duchess sealed the doom of the Whigs. In the meantime, Lovat, who cared nothing for the person who filled the throne, provided his own interests were not affected, did no disgrace to his sagacity in adhering at that time to the Stuarts.

Prior to the Union indeed, there were circumstances that might have been worked up into a national cause, under which they might have been restored. From the accession of Anne down to the incorporation of the parliaments, causes of dispute between the two countries, productive of exasperation, jealousy and distrust, were hourly occurring. There was first the celebrated Darien scheme, annihilated by William to conciliate the English East India Company; but whose train of disasters were not terminated in the reign of Anne. The massacre of Glencoe, left behind it a deep feeling of insult and of wrong. Then followed the seizure of the English ship Worcester, and the execution (insisted for by the Edinburgh rabble) of Captain Green, and two of his crew—a judicial murder, perpetrated against evidence, against the convictions of the judges, and against the will of Government. Of all the men of note in this matter, the only person who appears to have had moral courage to resist the popular fury was Duncan Forbes, then a young student at college, who, in the debate on the Porteous riots in the House of Commons, referred with honest pride to an incident of his early life, when he had the courage, in the midst of a universal fury, to expose the pusillanimity of the Privy Council, who signed the order for the execu-

rest of the world. The world is a very different place than it was in 1945. The world is a very different place than it was in 1945. The world is a very different place than it was in 1945.

tion. "I was," said the orator, "so struck with the horror of the fact, that I put myself in deep mourning, and with the danger of my life, attended the innocent but unfortunate men to the scaffold, where they died with the most affecting protestations of their innocence. I did not stop here, for I carried the head of Captain Green to the grave; and in a few months after, letters came from the captain for whose murder, and from the very ship for whose capture, the unfortunate men suffered, informing their friends that they were all safe." This execution was resented in England as a national insult, and produced a bitterness scarcely credible at the present day. Then came the vexed subject of the succession to the crown—the fruitful source of national jealousy, followed as it nearly was by actual hostilities. At last the noted Act of Security of the Scottish Parliament was passed.—It was magnified in England into a declaration of absolute independence, and was followed up by an act of the English Parliament, professing to remedy its alleged mischiefs. This last act was effectually a declaration of open war by England against Scotland, unless in a few months the crown should be settled on the German Elector.

Matters had, by these means, come to a crisis at the end of the year 1705. The people in both nations had revived the national hatreds which had slept for many years. Nay, even the very governments of the same Sovereign seemed determined to run counter to one another in all their councils; and every Parliament wished only to outstrip its predecessor, in heaping insult upon the other country, and placing obstructions on its commerce. England laid a new impost upon Scottish cloth; Scotland prohibited all the English woollen manufacture in general, and exported all her own wool to the continent; the sister country thereupon proceeded to prohibit the importation of Scottish cattle, and to interrupt by force our long-established trade with France.

It was unfortunate for the Stuarts, that amid all these conflicting elements of disunion, they had no able head to plan a national conspiracy. There were, indeed, many plots at this period, hatched on their behalf, but they all came to nothing, through the treachery or imprudence of their agents. We shall immediately see the part adopted by Lovat, in regard to one of the most feasible of these, which he himself concocted and destroyed.

On his arrival in France, he proceeded to the country-house where embryo statesmen resolved and re-resolved upon the affairs of Europe. James the II. had carried his single-minded bigotry to the grave, and Mary of Modena became openly, what she had in reality ever been, the source and lifspring of Jacobitical intrigue. To her, Lovat applied himself with his accustomed

dexterity and Highland shrewdness. He appeared before her with protestations of inviolable attachment; and, what was more to the purpose, he made assurances as to the fidelity of the clans. He never, indeed, neglected the great principle of accommodation to his company, *inter lupos ululandum*. A short time, however, had elapsed, when he saw through the whole farce of the do-nothing secretaries, and endeavoured to free himself from the idle kind of life to which he was doomed. It was here he devised the only scheme that was ever practical for the restoration of the Stuarts. England being furiously Protestant, and Lowland Scotland sternly Presbyterian, it was hopeless to look there for a successful rising. Through the Highlands alone—the stronghold of the Stuart family—could an impression be made; and, accordingly, Lovat fixed upon the weak point with a sagacity that experience justified. To give his scheme feasibility, he drew of course largely upon his imagination, in stating himself to be the authorised agent of the clans.

The last days of the glory of old Louis le Grand were approaching; but the prestige of the name that had long awed Europe still survived. The victories of Marlborough at this period of 1702, when Lovat landed in France, had not yet convinced the world that he was no longer the invincible; and Mr. Burton somewhat anticipates the desolation which overtook the French monarchy. With the old monarch, Lovat obtained an interview, and impressed him—a shrewd judge of character—with a high notion of his abilities. He retired from the presence of the king, to consult with his ministers; and while his proposals were cautiously received, he had the satisfaction of being sent back to his own country for farther information, and with an assurance of assistance on any favourable conjuncture. On his arrival in Scotland, he had some interviews with the Highland chiefs, when a new light as to his own interest dawned upon him. He immediately wiped his hands of his mission, and one night entered the presence of the Duke of Queensberry, the commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, with the startling intelligence of the organization of a rebellion. The Duke, overjoyed at being the instrument through whom such important information was procured, “entertained Lovat with some money,” and many promises. The Government, on being informed of the matter, became alarmed, as the account implicated men who had much to lose, and who would, therefore, not rush blindly into rebellion. A message was conveyed to Parliament, and strong resolutions were passed. The Marquis of Athole, one of the parties falsely implicated by Lovat, having got intelligence of the trap laid for him, immediately addressed the Queen, in a memorial, which exposed the character of his assailant, and the

means by which Queensberry had been duped, in crediting all his informant's calumnies. The affair vanished in smoke. No evidence could be found against any of the Jacobites; and the Queensberry plot added another to the hundred-and-one plots of the day, leaving Lovat in the disagreeable position of having fallen between two stools.

Being under sentence of outlawry still, Athole opened the bull-dogs of the law once more upon him in full cry, and once more he was obliged to retire to the continent. Rotterdam was the place he selected as a kind of neutral position, from which he could soothe the roused spirits of the Scottish Jacobites and the Court of St. Germain on the one hand, and also induce the English Government, on the other, to retain him in their pay. With all his invincible humour of lying, it was difficult for him, in telling this portion of his history, to prevent some inkling of the truth. The Jacobites discovered some of his letters; and as there was no destroying the relation of identity between twice two and four, it was impossible to avoid the awkward conclusion to which his Jacobite friends found themselves obliged to come. To some he put his defence for betraying them, upon the ground of anxiety to serve their interest; and nothing can be better than the mode in which the paradox is supported. With regard to others again, who had not so clear evidence against him, he took the easier course of indignant denial:—

"I believe," he writes from Liege to a Scotch Jacobite, "all the devils are got loose to torment me—with you I am abused, ruined, and my reputation torn. Here I suffer by those whom I served, and am treated like a traitor and a villain, and if I had not had good friends here of strangers, I had perished like a dog. I do not yet know what my fate will be; but I have dear bought my conversation with those you call my real friends. You tell me that K (Keith?) betrayed me to A (Athole), and now we hear of his sufferings for me; but none in England could wrong me (*anglice expose him*) but he or you, and if either of you has wronged me, I cannot trust myself, or any flesh and blood; my comfort is, that I neither betrayed my trust or my friends, nor would not for the universe (!!!). For my part I believe the day of judgment is at hand, for I see a great many of the symptoms of it."

After waiting at Rotterdam for some time, he found it expedient to quit it in the disguise of a Dutch officer; and having fled to France, he was very disagreeably astonished, by being immediately seized, and engaged in the Bastille, or in the Castle of Angoulême.

We have followed the history of this strange being, whose moral nature was as rotten as his intellect was acute, aided by the certain light of contemporary documents. He now, however, glides off the public stage, beyond the view of the letter-

writers, and the reach of the legal warrants, which have enabled us hitherto to follow him. For ten years he lived in France, and during part of that time, there can be no doubt he was in prison. He appears, however, to have been liberated, and to have taken holy orders, joined the Jesuits at St. Omer, and, according to some accounts, to have officiated as curé at that city.

During his protracted absence, the heiress of Lovat had married a gentleman of the name of M'Kenzie, who had got hold of the estates, but not of the affections of the clan. They ever regarded Lovat as their chief; and deep was their sorrow, when a report was spread, that "he had rotted in the Bastile." No communication appears to have been allowed between him and his vassals in Scotland; and, as a last resource, they determined to send a special embassy to discover, and if possible relieve him. The person selected was a Major Fraser, who has given an amusing account of the disastrous chances he suffered in his journey. Having discovered his chief among the Jesuits at St. Omer, it was found impossible to obtain the consent of the French authorities to his liberation. The two accordingly concerted an escape, which they effected by means of an open boat, which landed them on the English shore in the year 1714, at the critical moment of the death of Queen Anne. His arrival in London being soon known, his old enemy Athole once more set the officers of the law upon his track, and he only found rest to his weary footsteps, when he arrived among the wide solitudes of his own mountains.

The rebellion of the '15 was raging on his arrival in the North. The indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir proclaimed the weakness of Government, and the danger of energetic action on the part of the Jacobites. It was fortunate, therefore, that so influential and clever a man as Lovat, in the vigour of manhood, and with his abilities sharpened by experience, sided with the Government, and recalled the whole clan of the Frasers who had gone to join the rebels. As soon as they returned, he put himself at their head, and along with Duncan Forbes, reduced the town of Inverness, on the day that the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought. This quieted the North. It prevented many from engaging in the rebellion, and cut off the communication between the rebel army and the source of its supplies. It had the effect, indeed, of extinguishing the rebellion throughout the country; and on its importance Lovat did not fail duly to descant. "This," he said, "was the greatest service that was done in this country to any king."

The first fruit of gratitude, was his unqualified pardon, and the gift of the forfeited estates of M'Kenzie, the heiress' husband, who had joined the rebels. He thus obtained a legal title to the

life interest of the Lovat estates ; and it was lucky for his neighbours, that his attempt to obtain the full property kept him in litigation for many years.

When he went north, he found Duncan Forbes fortifying Culloden House, and immediately struck up a strong attachment for a young lawyer who had the ear of Argyle, and was rising fast to influence and honour. Indeed, there was nothing to which Lovat more devoted his attention, than the securing the support of young men evidently rising in the world, and who would be likely to remember it when themselves great men. It was this which induced him, in a field near Edinburgh, now a street, to entwine his arms in endearing rapture round the neck of Henry Home, and protest how much he was overwhelmed by his beauty. "Haud awa'," said the embryo Lord Kames, "I ken very weel that I am the ugliest and most black-a-vised fellow in a' the Court of Session : you needna think to impose upon me wi' your fair-fashioned speeches.—Hae dune—hae dune!"—"Weel, Harry," said Lovat, "ye're the first man I ever met with wha had the sense to withstand flattery."—"Thank ye, my Lord—very glad to hear ye say it." *Et rem acu tetigerat.*

To secure the grant of the Lovat estates, the legal knowledge of Forbes was put under requisition. "I want a gift of the escheat (forfeited property) to make me easy ; but if it does not do, you must find me some pretence or other, that will give me a title to keep possession." He also implored Forbes to prevent the pardon of his neighbours Glengarry and The Chisholm, and to divert some of their forfeitures his way.

In the midst of the war of litigation, which he found it necessary to set agoing, to secure the estates, he appears to have tried the honesty of his agent to the utmost. The scrupulous Writer to the Signet, was under the necessity of reading a lecture to his master ; and he received, in answer, a detail of those principles which ought to guide a practical man, in his intercourse with mankind.

"I had," said Lovat, "the honour of your fine morale and philosophic letter by this post, and tho it is writ in a very pathetick, smooth way, yet I have read so many good authors on the subject, without being able to reduce their advice to practice, that an epistle from a Scotch lawyer, can have but very little influence on me, that now by long experience knows, that those fine moral reflections are no more but a play of our intellectuals. You may give me as many bonnie words as you please, but words will never gain me the estate of Lovat, nor my peerage, without assiduously acting that part I ought, to get that effectuat ; and though some people charged me with liking some of the Roman Catholic principles, yet I do assure you, that I do

not expect new miracles in my favours, and that I am fully resolved to use all the ordinary means in my power to save my family. I must tell you I alwise observed, since I came to know any thing in the world, that an active man with a small understanding, will finish business, and succeed better in his affairs, than an indolent lazy man of the brightest sense, and of the most solid judgment; so, since I cannot flatter myself to have a title to the last character, I ought to thank God that I am of a very active temper, and I'll be so far from relenting that I'll double my activity if possible."

The dispute relative to the estate, was referred to the arbitration of two lawyers of eminence, who, in deciding in Lovat's favour, fixed upon him a small burden to the persecuted M'Kenzie. "I have," said Lovat, with his Highland emphasis of expression, "been cheated, abused, sold; my papers embezzled, robbed, and given up to my enemies; in short, treacherously, villanously, and ungratefully betrayed and sold." Upon the authors of his wrongs he pours forth at length, consigning them ultimately to the contempt of mankind and the judgment of Heaven.

Litigation operated as a sedative on the corrosions of unabsorbed energy, under which he chafed. But having brought his lawsuits to a triumphant close, he began, as was the manner of Highland lairds, to "birse yont;" and thus by gradual squatting on the grounds of a neighbour, contrived, by the aid of a little confusion as to the principle of property, to appropriate now and then a field, or perhaps a mountain, or a loch. If the neighbour grew troublesome and grumbled at these inroads, he generally received a visit from Lovat's gillies, who were reasonable, if they did no more than hough his cattle, or fire his house about his ears. He never in this way owed any man ill-will; he always made present payment.

Lovat's history is the best illustration of the blessings resulting from the annihilation of the hereditary jurisdictions. The petty chiefs in their own straths, exercised a despotism, which though it had its origin in custom, was not less absolute than that of the sultan over a nation of Turks. In the middle of last century, these personages hanged their vassals according to their pleasure; and when we remember, that, over all the north, these nuclei of mischief existed—that every chief had a quarrel with his neighbour, in which his vassals were always involved, and that the sole education these miserable wretches received, was that of robbery or murder, as exemplified in the conduct of Lovat towards them, it may truly be said, that no single act did more to change the face of Scotland, than the destruction of the source from which these evils flowed. The law administered by a bad government is often hard to bear; but the lion is not such an object

of dismay, as the swarms of little loathsome animals that arise from his dead carcass, each crawling in a way of its own. The connexion between chief and vassal had begun to decline when Lovat was settled in his domains; and he set to work, with all his energy, to create a resurrection of the departed spirit. He discouraged schools, hunted out disaffection, and plied the people with every flattery that would rouse military ardour, or devotion to himself. He knew almost every man in the Highlands, of the slightest note. When he met one having pretensions to be a Duinheuassail, he bombastically praised the clan whose name he bore, and instanced its acts of bravery in former days. Prophecies and dreams, and the language of Holy writ, he was ever ready with, as occasion served; and, when with supernatural agency, he had worked his hearers up to the requisite enthusiasm, he would leave them with a dexterous insinuation as to the downfall of their greatness, unless they rallied round their chief. If he would meet with one, whose circumstances were lower by a fifth or a tenth part, he would ask his name, and his father's, of whom in his latter days he pretended ignorance; but generally said: "I believe I knew your grandfather very well, and a worthy man he was; well did it set him to wear a belted plaid, and a broadsword; there are but few like him now-a-days; you resemble him very much, but not quite so brawny." A sentence or two would then be given, as to the old gentleman's intrepidity on the fields of Cromdale and Killicrankie, or he would trace him up to the days of Montrose—fighting against the Covenanters. The smaller gillies had also their genealogy traced backwards for generations; and an undying devotion kindled in their hearts, by proof tendered by him of their relationship to himself. He could do with them what he pleased. He led them in favour of the Government, in the first rebellion, after recalling them from the service of Mar; he led them against the Government in the '45, and at one blow struck down the fruit of all his policy.

He sometimes issued pious proclamations, in which, with some end to serve, he would ascend through the whole gamut of virtuous emotion—from Christian forgiveness to seraphic love. To heighten the effect, he would tell them he was on his death-bed, as in the following instance, wherein he whips them up to the requisite enthusiasm:—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Since, by all appearances, this is the last time [he had a great number of last times] of my life I shall have occasion to write to you, I being now very ill of a dangerous fever, I do declare to you before God, before whom I must appear, and all of us at the great day of judgment, that I loved you all; I mean you and all the rest of my kindred and family, who are for the standing of

their chief and name ; and as I loved you, so I loved all my faithful commons in general, more than I did my own life, or health, or comfort, or satisfaction. I did design to make my poor commons live at their ease, and have them always well clothed, and well armed after the Highland manner, and not to suffer them to wear low country clothes, but make them live like their forefathers, with the use of their arms, that they might always be in a condition to defend themselves against their enemies, and to do service to their friends, especially to the great Duke of Argyle, and his worthy brother the Earl of Islay. And you may depend upon it, and you and your posterity will see it and find it, that if you do not keep stedfast to your chief, I mean the heir-male of my family, but weakly and falsely, for little private interest and views, abandon your duty to your name, and suffer a pretended heiress and her Mackenzie children, to possess your country, and the true right of the heirs-male, they will certainly in less than an age, chase you all by slight and might, as well gentlemen as commons, out of your native country, which will be possessed by the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds ; and you will be like the miserable unnatural Jews, scattered and vagabonds throughout the unhappy kingdom of Scotland ; and the poor wives and children that remain of the name, without a head or protection, when they are told the traditions of their family, will be cursing from their hearts, the persons and memory of those unnatural, cowardly, knavish men, who sold and abandoned their chief, their name, their birthright and their country."

King, in his *Monumenta Antiqua*, has given us the experiences of James Ferguson the astronomer, as to the nature of life at Castle Dounie, where he resided for some months. Lovat's house, considered according to modern ideas, was comfortless enough. He received his company and kept public table, after the manner of a petty court, in the room where he slept ; and the only place his lady had, was also her bed-room. The servants and retainers had nothing but straw, spread on the four lower apartments in the house. About four hundred persons would often thus be kennelled together ; and Ferguson declares, that of these wretched dependents, he has seen three or four, and sometimes half a dozen, hung up by the heels, for hours, on the trees around the mansion, to expiate offences.

The tables ran along the length of the room, and were carried out at the door to the lawn in front of the house. Near the chief were set the distinguished guests or neighbouring chief, entertained with claret and French cookery ; next in progression were the Duinheussails of the clan, who had beef and mutton and a glass of port ; the "pretty handsome fellows" came next, and were honoured with sheep's head and whisky ; and, lastly, the mass of the useless, old, and maimed, waited on the lawn for such relics as their betters left. Under this system every thing was eaten. But the best part of it all was the discriminating

courtesy with which Lovat noticed his respective guests. "My lord, here is excellent venison—here turbot. Call for any wine you please; there is excellent claret and champagne on the side-board." To the next class it would be,—“Pray now, Dunballoch, or Kinbockie, help yourselves to what is before you; there are port and lisbon, ale and porter excellent.” Then raising his voice for the rabble,—“Pray, red-haired Donald,” or by whatever other name the gillie would be known, “Pray, help yourself and my other cousins, to that fine beef and cabbage; there are whisky-punch and beer for you.”

But life at Castle Dounie began to get dull. A pension from Government and the estates secured, were not enough. His inroads upon his neighbours, too, were not always attended with the desired success, and he bitterly complains of Glengarry, who would “as soon part with his liver or his lungs” as with one acre of his lands. Ease and plenty just gave him a lever for a renewed war with existing things. All the loyalty and obedience called forth, like beautiful frost work, in the season of his exile, dissolved under the warm sun of prosperity.

Tolle periculum

Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.

From the year 1719 down to the '45, he was continually engaged in fomenting rebellion; on the point of being often exposed, and obliged as frequently to take all kinds of oaths, and make all sorts of declarations in favour of Government, always coming to his determinations according to the law of the strongest, which was his gospel, and settling his cases of conscience according to his interest. In the year 1719, he wrote Lord Seaforth that he would be ready to join the ill-concerted Jacobite scheme of Spanish invasion then concocted. His letter was communicated at London; and he posted south to meet his vile calumniators by denouncing them; applying the maxim to the defence of character—that it is the best security of one's own country to carry the war into the enemy's.

His accustomed success attended him; the newspapers of the day announcing that “His Majesty had done the Lord Lovat the honour to be godfather to his child.” Ten years later, in 1729, he was on the point of being again found out, through “the barbarous villany,” as he terms it, of one of his own clan; but being more secure this time in the matter of evidence, he could assume, with considerable firmness, the tone of injured innocence. “I bless God,” this good man meekly said, “I never was, in my life, guilty of a base or villanous action; so I do not fear this wicked calumny.” In an elaborate memorial, which he afterwards sent to Lord Islay, he argues the matter from the acknow-

ledged facts, and next according to the theory of probabilities. It is really very shocking to find such a man, taking the most solemn subjects in his mouth, and protesting, as he "believed in God and a future state," that he was innocent of the crimes he was at the very moment industriously hatching.—"Since the year 1719, I solemnly declare before God, and as I must answer to him at the great day of judgment, I did not write any one single letter beyond seas, or to any man in the Pretender's service or interest." At the time he wrote this, he was in correspondence with the Jacobite court for his patent of a dukedom.

His wavering inclinations took shape in 1737, when he was at the head of all the disaffected parties in the north. On his trial, he said justly, that "for many years I was the life and spirit of the king's (James) affairs in these countries." Inaccessible as were his dominions, news of his proceedings reached the Government, to whom it appeared necessary immediately to remove so dangerous a man from every thing like legal power. One by one, therefore, his offices of Lord-Lieutenant and Sheriff of Inverness, and his command of the independent company raised there, were taken from him. Of course innumerable letters, with outbursts of indignation descriptive of innocence wronged, trampled on, and abused, were written; all the figures of a copious rhetoric, employed during a whole life-time in deploring the success of slanderers, and the unhappy fate of the virtuous, were laid under contribution.—"I bless God," he concludes, "that whatever I suffer, or may suffer, no power can take away the comfort I have, of a clear conscience and an upright heart, that never betrayed a private man nor a public cause." In 1740, he had an interview with Lord Islay, when in the midst of the organization of the rebellion, and hourly expecting his patent. Accused of Jacobitism, "I answered his lordship with a little warmth that these stories were calumnies and lies." To prove this, he entered into a confederacy with the patriot party, who opposed the Government, but equally hated the Jacobites. He immediately set to work to create votes in Inverness-shire, and found among his Jacobite friends some ridiculous scruples, on the ground of being obliged to take the oaths to Government, to obtain the qualification. "Write strongly," he said, "to Glogarry, to persuade him to take the oaths. I know he has no regard for them; so he should not stand to take a cart load of them, as I would do to serve my friends." This is the character of Simon Lord Lovat, summed up by himself, in brief terms.

With the exception of a single Fraser,—*"a poor covetous narrow greedy wretch,"* who had *"renounced his chief and kindred,"* and had *"discovered himself to be an unnatural traitor, an infamous deserter, and an ungrateful wretch to me*

his chief, who had done him such signal service," he appears to have been successful. The fate of this ungrateful slave is hinted at. "Duke Hamilton and several other lords asked me, in a joking way, whether that fellow that has deserted his chief and his clan, is still alive or not? I answered that he was, '*by my precise and express orders*;' and I said but what was true." Lovat thus speaks in the year 1740.

Prince Charles landed; and then began the contest between present competence with safety, and future greatness with the risk of the loss of all. His patent of a Dukedom and his commission of Lieutenant-General of the Highlands had been received; but there stood in front of him the grim spectres he had seen swinging on the scaffolds of the '15, and he had known from experience the long train of confiscation that was sure to follow. Even in the *tourbillon* of his passions, he could estimate the character of parties. In youth he never was an enthusiast; and in old age he was not likely to be led away. He saw, however, but little, presumed a great deal, and so jumped to his conclusion; hastening from the wish conceived to the end contemplated. After Lochiel had declared, and before he himself had taken active measures, he wrote that chieftain a characteristic letter, which much tickled Sir Walter Scott by its shrewd estimate of his countrymen—"My service to the Prince; but I wish he had not come here so empty handed—siller would go far in the Highlands." At the same time he sent off a letter, in the manly style, to the Lord-Advocate, requesting a supply of arms for his clan; for no ill-usage would "alter or diminish my zeal and attachment for his Majesty's person and government." He next commenced a correspondence with Duncan Forbes, then Lord President, in the same strain. He was unable to tell the issue of the conflict, and so kept see-sawing backwards and forwards, making the most solemn protestations of fidelity to both parties, until the battle of Prestonpans, which appeared so decisive that the fiery cross was sent over the whole Fraser country, and 700 men were enrolled for the rebels. That battle, indeed, was magnified throughout the north into the complete annihilation of the Government troops; and one can easily imagine the kind of frantic enthusiasm described in the following letter of Duncan Forbes, then engaged in suppressing the rebellion.

"3d October 1745.

"I have just received the twenty bolls of meal you sent me, for which I shall pay you on demand. The concern I am under, for the folly of some of my neighbours, is very great. The late unexpected successes their friends have met with, at Edinburgh and near it, has blown up their hopes to that degree, that they are apt to look upon the whole affair as over, and to rush upon a danger, which seems to them to be

none at all, but to me appears to be almost certain destruction. They will not believe the London Gazette, which name the Swiss and Dutch regiments that have actually come into the river Thames. They look upon what it says of the embarkation of 10 British battallions at Williamstadt as a fiction; nor will they believe one word of the preparations in the north of England to resist them. Full of their vain hopes, they are flocking together with intention to go southward and share in the expected glory and spoil. But I have still some faint hopes that they will recover their senses ere it is too late; and I shall leave nothing undone, that is in my power, to prevent their folly and stop the contagion.”—*From MSS.*

Cautious to the last, Lovat would not appear openly, and thus trusted that in case of a reverse, he would escape the meshes of the law. On the score of ill health he wrote the Prince, that his son, a young lad of 19, would lead the clan, and at the same time despatched a letter to the Lord President, to the effect that “there was nothing ever out of hell more false,” than that he had anything to do with it. On the contrary, the clan were mad, and his son was mad, and he, an old man, was unable to keep them from rushing into “the villanous, malicious, and ridiculous rebellion.” The correspondence has all the effect of farce. We have, turn about, a letter to Murray of Broughton, the Jacobite secretary, and to Duncan Forbes as the organ of the Government. The encouraging, bombastic, self-glorifying styles come out strongly in the Jacobite letters; the pathetic, indignant, resigned, injured, meekly forgiving styles are the characteristics of those to the President. Had Swift seen his correspondence, he would never have written as he did: “As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.”

Forbes entreated, expostulated, reasoned, until even *his* patience failed him. The Frasers marched—all too late for any good—and then Forbes wrote the well known letter, first given in the Culloden Papers, which for solemnity of warning and earnest reproof, is only exceeded by its thorough appreciation of his correspondent's character; and in which the whole devices of Lovat are as plainly exposed as if he had done it himself.

“I can no longer remain a spectator of your Lordship's conduct, and see the double game you have played for some time past, without betraying the trust reposed in me, and at once risking my reputation and the fidelity I owe to his Majesty as a good subject. Your Lordship's actions now discover evidently your inclinations, and leave us no farther in the dark about what side you are to choose in the present unhappy insurrection. You have now so far pulled off the mask, that we can see the mark you aim at, though on former occasions you have

had the skill and address to disguise your intentions in matters of far less importance; and indeed, methinks, a little more of your Lordship's wonted artifice would not have been amiss. Whatever had been your private sentiments with respect to this unnatural rebellion, you should, my Lord, have duly considered and estimated the advantages that would arise to your Lordship from its success, and balance them with the risks you run if it should happen to miscarry; and above all things, you ought to have consulted your own safety, and allowed *that* the chief place in your system of politics, which I persuade myself would have induced your Lordship to have played the game after quite a different manner, and with a much greater degree of caution and policy. But so far has your Lordship been from acting with your ordinary finesse and circumspection on this occasion, that you sent away your son, and the best part of your clan, to join the Pretender, with as little concern as if no danger had attended such a step. I say, sent them away; for we are not to imagine that they went of themselves, or would have ventured to take arms without your Lordship's concurrence and approbation. This, however, you are pretty sure can't be easily proved, which I believe, indeed, may be true; but I cannot think it will be a difficult matter to make it appear that the whole strain of your Lordship's conversation in every company where you have appeared since the Pretender's arrival, has tended to pervert the minds of His Majesty's subjects, and seduce them from their allegiance."

This was the harbour of refuge into which Lovat thought he could in the day of danger take shelter. By writing strongly to the Government officials in favour of the Government, and conjuring his Jacobite friends to destroy all his letters, he had hoped that however the moral evidence might preponderate, there would not be legal evidence to procure a conviction. How he must have been startled, then, to find from the President that enough was already known to seal his doom!

"Give me leave," continues the President, "to tell you, my Lord, even this falls under the construction of treason, and is no less liable to punishment than open rebellion, as I am afraid your Lordship will find when once this rebellion is crushed, and the Government at leisure to examine into the affair. And I am sorry to tell you, my Lord, that I could sooner undertake to plead the cause of any one of those unhappy gentlemen who are just now actually in arms against His Majesty, and I could say more in defence of their conduct than I could in defence of your Lordship's. What shall I say in favour of you, my Lord?—you, who have flourished under the present happy establishment?—you, who in the beginning of your days forfeited both your life and fortune, and yet by the benignity of the Government were not only indulged the liberty of living at home, but even restored to all you could lay claim to; so that both duty and gratitude ought to have influenced your Lordship's conduct at this critical juncture, and dis-

posed you to have acted a part quite different from what you have done; but there are some men whom no duty can bind, nor no favour can oblige."

This letter produced only an answer in the superlative style of injured innocence. "I see by it (the letter) that for my misfortune in having an obstinate stubborn son, and an ungrateful kindred, my family must go to destruction, and I must lose my life in my old age. Such usage looks rather like a Turkish or Persian government, than like a British. Am I, my Lord, the first father that has had an undutiful and unnatural son?"

The retreat from Derby told the downfall of his hopes. The ragged and miserable Highlanders, after their temporary triumph at Stirling, received their last defeat on the barren moor of Culloden. On that day, Lovat saw Charles for the first and last time; and, amid the panic of disaster, he alone retained the energy of manhood. Each of the unhappy fugitives looked only for a refuge from the pursuing royalists. All community of action or of counsel vanished. In vain Lovat (after the first agony of defeat had passed away) reminded the Chevalier that Bruce had lost eleven battles, and established his country's independence by the twelfth. In vain he proposed to raise a force of 3000 men, to defend the mountain passes, and compel at least an honourable capitulation. The spirit was dead within them; and unrestricted scope was given to the remorseless barbarity that pursued the wrecks of the rebel army.

The fate of Lovat did not remain long undetermined. Upwards of 80 years of age, corpulent and weakened by disease, which rendered him unable to walk, he had not the least chance of escape. He wandered through the barren regions that skirt Inverness and Argyle, tended by his gillies; and was at last apprehended in a hollow tree swathed in flannel. He was conveyed in a litter by easy stages to London, growing most boisterous in his buffoonery, as he saw his destiny fixed; and when placed at the bar of the House of Lords, to be "worried," as Horace Walpole called it, by the ablest lawyers of England, the old battered intriguer often put them off with a laugh, or a happy repartee, or by the exercise of a native humour that never failed him. Murray of Broughton, the king's evidence, who *propter vitam vivendi perdidit causas*, he rebuked in the best moral style of his most eloquent letters; and some compassion was excited by this pitiable appeal against the then barbarous mode of trial for treason in the south—"My Lords, I have not had the use of my limbs these three years; I cannot see, I cannot hear; and I beg, if your Lordships have a mind I should have any chance of my life, that you will allow either my counsel or my solicitor to examine my witnesses, and to cross-examine those

produced on behalf of the Crown, and to take notes." He was unanimously found guilty, and left the bar, bidding their Lordships an everlasting farewell. About a fortnight afterwards he was led out to execution. Without affectation of indifference, or levity unbecoming the solemnity of death, he went through the last scene with a Roman fortitude and with a Horatian sentiment in his mouth. And thus died the most powerful of the Highland chieftains—a man who, with the name of virtue continually on his lips, cared not a rush for all the virtue in the world, though he would have given much to have been able to secure a good character.

WE have now to deal with a man, the opposite of Lovat, in all but intellectual capacity; in reading whose history we become prouder of our country, because it was his. A portrait of Duncan Forbes, with all his fund of overflowing affection, sketched in the way Dickens has drawn fictitious characters, would be a delightful study. Much of him is now lost—it being only from a few letters that we can obtain a faint insight into the character of one, who stood in the foremost rank, if his great abilities be regarded in combination with their useful application, and if his claim on the approbation of the world be united with that on its gratitude. Without the high talents that dazzle and astonish, he had the enduring and sterling virtues which have made immortal Rome's proudest names—her sublimest natures. His country he roused from inaction to industry—saved her by his energy and his courage, improved her by his labours, adorned her by his virtues, and ennobled her by his talents and his fame.

One hundred and twenty pages are devoted to this man's life. The space was scarcely sufficient to give half the interesting relics of him that remain, and the finer impulses of so good a heart are lost for ever, since all his writings refer to the public matters in which, against his own happiness, he was so largely mingled. Like the brilliant spots on the highest mountains, when the sun has withdrawn his beams from the rest of the hills and valleys, we may still perhaps discover, amid the obscure mass of papers on public affairs, a bit here and a bit there, illustrative of the delicacy and loftiness of principle, the gentleness of heart, of one who, though involved in the strife of insurrection and civil war, has been consigned to an envied immortality, in the praises of the men whom his courage subdued.

Duncan Forbes was the second son of a country gentleman, the proprietor of the estate of Culloden in Inverness-shire. He was born in 1685—of a family which had, by the economy of successive

heirs, risen to considerable opulence. They were of high Presbyterian principles, and partook largely of the persecutions to which that national party had been exposed. After the Revolution, the estates of Forbes' father were ravaged by the troops of Cannon and Buchan, as a punishment for his adherence to the usurper. For this he received, as compensation, the right to make whisky at a small duty, on his barony of Ferintosh, unhampered by the excise restrictions as to the nature of the still. Being thus allowed to use the small stills, which give a more highly flavoured material, the name of Ferintosh became famous, and its proprietor was in the fair way to fortune.

Forbes' parents were everything that was amiable and excellent. Their children were children of many a prayer; and his mother especially, even when he had arrived at manhood, preserved the same tender watchfulness over his happiness. His only other near relation was a brother, with whom he lived in terms of the most endearing affection; and indeed it seems to have been impossible, for any one to come within the sphere of Forbes' influence, without being hurried into liking him.

At the age of 19 he was sent to Edinburgh to college, and thereafter he went to Leyden, as was the manner of the Scottish lawyers of his day. He only remained a year abroad, returning in 1707 to commence life by marrying Mary Rose, a daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock, who only survived a short period, leaving her husband an only son, by whom he was succeeded in his estates.

He passed at the Scottish bar in 1708, and soon rose to high distinction as a judicious and eloquent pleader. In that day the patronage of lawyers was, in like manner as of literary men, not the patronage of the public, but of some great man; and Forbes was lucky in securing that of the great Argyle. From the correspondence preserved, this appears to have partaken more of friendship than of the connexion of patron and vassal, though Forbes managed all the Duke's estates, for which however he would never accept payment.

He was actively engaged in the suppression of the Rebellion of the '15, and materially assisted Lovat in the reduction of Inverness. In his military operations equally as in his more comprehensive civil designs, he displayed a judgment that we look for in vain, amid the professed military commanders of his day. He seldom undertook any design which he did not accomplish—and when the rage of strife had passed, he was the first to sympathize with the unhappy vanquished, and his purse was ever ready to relieve them. How noble a trait is this, in civil war, when men forget that they are brethren! The strife in such a case is not ended with a triumph and a treaty. The desolation which fol-

lows the victory, exceeds in intensity all the horrors of ordinary warfare, in which a prudent regard for the morrow, restrains the hands of the victors of to-day. The ferocity of opposition being stimulated by the necessity for after security, the subjugation is not complete unless there is an extinction of the last gleam of hope; and while a foreign country recovers from its disasters, on the retreat of an invading army, the effects of civil war are felt in the long misery of years—the forfeitures of possessions—the trials and the brutalities of executions. It was difficult for any mind, however well balanced, to preserve its tone of justice, under the party fury of the civil wars of the last century; and it certainly is one of the rarest things, to find not only justice, but sympathy and active assistance, given by the conqueror, to the man whose broadsword erewhile had been at his throat.

Forbes was, at the time of the rebellion, a deputy of the Lord-Advocate; and holding that office, it was his duty to appear as the accuser of his countrymen. This, however, was a duty so distasteful to his feelings, that he refused. But he saw, that the mere abstinence on his part, from discharging this duty, would only throw them into hands less merciful. To sustain them, therefore, in their sorrow, and afford them the chance of a fair trial, we have the following instance of his forgetfulness of official duty:

“*Edinburgh, November 16th, 1716.*”

“DEAR BROTHER,—The design of this is to acquaint you, that a contribution is a carrying on, [*which himself set agoing*] for the relief of the poor prisoners at Carlisle, from their necessitous condition. It is certainly Christian, and by no means disloyal, to sustain them in their indigent estate until they are found guilty. The law has brought them to England to be tried by foreign juries; so far it is well. But no law can hinder a Scotchman to wish that his countrymen, not hitherto condemned, should not be a derision to strangers, or perish for want of necessary defence or sustenance, out of their own country. Therefore, if any contribution is carried on for the above purpose with you, it is fit you should give it all the countenance you can by exhortation and example.”

It is said that in after life, he was, at the Court of George II., reproached for this humanity. He replied as became the purity of his motive; and the reply was never remembered to his advantage.

He also published a fierce pamphlet, in which he, a young barrister, presumed to lecture the powerful Sir Robert Walpole, on the impolicy of a war of extermination in the Highlands. He suggested other remedies than the coarse implements of the hangman; condemning in unsparing terms the whole conduct of the Government—their cruel rigour to some, their favouritism

to others—the inequality of punishment when there was equality of crime—the abuses connected with the forfeiture of possessions, and the calamities that must result from the unceasing persecution, of whole masses of the unhappy Highlanders, “punished with want and misery, for the offences of their friends; suffered to wander about the country, sighing out their complaints to heaven, and drawing at once the compassion, and moving the indignation of every human creature.”

Forbes was of a cheerful disposition, which rendered him in his younger days the life of convivial meetings. He sometimes, however, after the manner of the day, drank himself into excesses which affected his health. Lovat refers to an illness thus, in a letter to his brother; “Clarkey, (Dr. Clark,) swears if he keeps to his directions, that in two years he will be as strong and as well, and as fit for drinking as he was twenty years ago.” His experience in this way was useful to him, for by treating the electors, he carried the election of the Inverness Burghs, for which he was returned to Parliament in 1722. It has been unusual for a Scottish advocate practising in Edinburgh, to enter Parliament, unless called there by official duty; but Forbes was a man never at rest, unless engaged in some public schemes, which he could only enforce on the public arena of Parliamentary debate. He found no scope for his ambition in the limited routine of professional duty in a provincial town; and, though at the head of his profession, he went to Parliament, at great pecuniary sacrifice. In London he became acquainted with men who have bound their names to the English language. He is stated in the *Scots Magazine*, in a contemporary sketch, to have been on intimate terms with Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot and Gay. He was certainly very intimate with Walpole, Lords Lyttleton and Hardwicke; and he addressed Lord Mansfield, as “Dear Will,”—being often a coadjutor with him in the appeals from Scotland to the House of Lords, in which he was almost always one of the counsel.

Of his appearances in the House of Commons, we can find as little trace as of other contemporary orators. Reporters were not then in being, to marry the orator’s burning words to immortal print. He does not appear to have been a frequent speaker; but we rather think that Mr. Burton underrates the quality of his oratory, for in a contemporary memoir, the mode in which he was regarded in the House of Commons is thus stated: “The uprightness and integrity of his heart, with his pathetic and learned discourses, were soon taken notice of in the House of Commons. What flows of eloquence proceeded from his tongue let the learned say.” After he became Lord-Advocate, his attendance upon Parliament was of the most unremitting descrip-

tion; for in 1734, when his brother was dying, he wrote the whipper-in of Government an excuse from Edinburgh in the following terms:—

“You can recollect, that since first I had the honour to serve the Crown, *I never was one day absent from Parliament*. I attended the first and the last, and every intermediate day of every session, whatever calls I had from my private affairs to be here; while at the same time, my friend the Solicitor-General, was permitted to stay out the whole term in this place; the attendance of one of us upon the courts, in term time, being thought necessary for his Majesty’s service.”

In a letter which he wrote long afterwards, when occupying the office of President of the Court of Session, he refers incidentally to the difficulty he had in inducing English statesmen to attend to Scottish affairs. After informing his correspondent, Lord Mansfield, then Solicitor-General, of the Bills he had drawn up, and which the Lord-Advocate had carried with him to London, he thus proceeds:—

“Now, dear Sir, what brings you this trouble is an apprehension that my Lord-Advocate may stand in need of assistance to rouse the attention of the men of business, who take the lead in parliament, to what may concern this remote country, unless the evil to be obviated is very mischievous to, and sensibly felt in England. What degree of acquaintance or familiarity my Lord-Advocate stands in with the leaders in Parliament, I cannot tell; but as I, who in my day had the good fortune to stand pretty well with our Government, found it extremely difficult to bring them with any great degree of attention or concern to think of Scotch matters, I greatly doubt he may find it at least as much so, at a season when their thoughts are employed in subjects rather more interesting; and therefore my earnest request to you is, that you will undertake the management of it in full conviction that the fate of Scotland, at least for this generation, depends on it.”
—*MSS.*

The Lord-Advocate appears to have been overawed by the great men of the South; and Forbes, whose disposition was as unbending as iron, when there was anything at stake affecting his country’s interests, immediately denounced this complying disposition, on the ground that “nothing can be more dangerous to this country than that turn in a man of your Lordship’s character and abilities, when the laws or constitution of it is in question.”—*MSS.*

In the year 1725, Dundas of Arniston—Forbes’ rival at the bar, and his successor as President of the Court—resigned the office of Lord-Advocate, in consequence of one of those changes in the politics of Scotland, the object and nature of which are now unworthy of resuscitation. Forbes was appointed his suc-

cessor, and from the vantage ground of official position, he commenced his operations on behalf of his "Poor Country," as he affectionately called it. It is beyond our limits, to give even a catalogue of the measures relative to the commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and laws of Scotland, which this most energetic man prepared, and in a great measure carried through. One remarkable circumstance in his history at this period, was the crusade which he made against the use of Tea—an article which may be said to have revolutionized the social habits of mankind. In room of this, he wished to substitute ale, which afforded a lucrative tax. His letters on the subject cover scores of pages; and he persecuted every man of any influence, until he effected somewhat by means of importunity, what he might not have obtained as the consequences of argument. Cobbett himself could not more forcibly bewail the miseries consequent on the disuse of malt. After giving a gloomy description of what might be expected, if the malt-tax should not be productive, he bitterly puts it down, that "the cause of the mischief we complain of is, evidently, the excessive use of tea, which is now become so common, that the meanest families even of labouring people, make their morning's meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale, which heretofore was their accustomed drink; and the same drug supplies all the labouring women with their afternoon's entertainment, to the exclusion of the two-penny." In letters to Lord Hardwicke, he often enforced the same views: "If England," he said, "is not as yet so sensible of the mischief, as to be willing to submit to the necessary cure, I can answer for this poor country, that they will readily submit to any prohibition, however severe, that shall deliver them from the insufferable use of those drugs."—*MSS.* To encourage them in this, he set to work to put down smuggling by the arm of the law and the powers of argument; and, what must have been agreeable to himself, he succeeded with the latter. "The President," said his friend Dr. Murdoch in a letter to his son, dated in 1744, "was very well a few weeks ago, and has been roaring so loud against smuggling, in a very honest vehement pamphlet he printed, that most of the smuggling counties, gentry as well as commonalty, have entered into combinations for its extirpation."—*MSS.* The Justice-Clerk, (Lord Grange,) when he was a young man, only showed him "a grim sort of civility," because he was "so plaguey stubborn," and this character he maintained throughout his whole life, in regard to any measure he ever undertook. The harmless tea found in him an unrelenting enemy, when almost every person had adopted it. "A philosopher," said Pangloss,

spitting out his last tooth with his expiring breath, "should never change his opinions."

He managed the affairs of Scotland in such a way that the Government, in the year 1725, abolished the office of Secretary for Scotland; and although it was revived in 1731, and continued in existence till 1746, yet Forbes, till the day he died, was the real administrator of Scottish affairs, civil and military. The generals, the revenue officers, and the officers of justice, received his instructions and obeyed them. His mode of carrying his purposes into effect, came with the almost invincible recommendation of being urged with temper—by his always cautiously feeling his way, in case his measure should rub against some favourite prejudice, or affect some personal interest. The spirit thus infused into his conduct formed a universal language, understood by all men, and was listened to with pleasure even by those whom it did not convince.

The most comprehensive statement we can make, loses all its effect in the generalities to which our space confines us. In his memorials, instructions, and letters, upon all subjects—as they are contained in the Culloden Papers, in the Life by Mr. Burton, and in a mass of MSS. which has been communicated to us, and of which we have made considerable use—there is a racy vigour, of which we find ourselves able to exhibit but a few specimens. A reference to these books will illustrate not merely the personal character of Forbes, but afford also considerable insight into the comparatively obscure civil history of Scotland at that day. It was an era in our history, when Scotland had obtained repose from the almost ceaseless revolutions and tumults of two hundred years. The Union had swept away innumerable sources of dispute and national jealousy. The people, left to direct their energies to the pursuits of industry, fell into regular subordination, shook off the remains of barbarism, and grew wise from the past experience of their dissensions and their ignorance. If Forbes did not see all the remote relations and indirect tendencies of the change—if he was often too desponding in the view he took of the future destinies of his "poor country,"—he has the entire merit of having invigorated her by his example and his counsels; and—sending her shooting a-head of the richer land which had taught her the lesson—he left a country affording equal exercise for memory and for hope.

As a specimen of the spirit with which he watched over the Scottish manufactures, when he was President of the Court of Session, the following may be taken from a letter to Lord Tweeddale, the Secretary for Scotland in 1743 :—

"I spent, by your Lordship's direction, some time this summer, harvest, and winter, with my Lord-Advocate on this subject. He

promised to me he would leave nothing undone. I well know that, without powerful intercession, he will not be listened to; and it is upon your Lordship this poor country depends for that intercession. It is of some consequence for me to know whether anything is in this session to be effectually done; because if it is, I for my part, will cheerfully go on, and drudge, as heretofore; but if nothing is likely to be done, I shall choose to be quiet, and not give myself unnecessary trouble."—*MSS.*

On the same day he wrote on the same subject to Sir Andrew Mitchell, who was afterwards minister at Brussels,—

"I verily believe that you have left nothing undone to forward a design so essential to the being of this miserable country; and I must suspect that the reason why I have heard nothing from you is, that you have had nothing comfortable to say. My Lord-Advocate has been now a month in London, and as he carried along with him the product of our joint labours, I should think by this time it should have settled the point, whether anything is to be done for us in this session of Parliament or not. If nothing is to be done, there is an end to very flattering hopes; and those manufactures, from which alone I looked for a sort of resurrection to this dead country, must infallibly die."—*MSS.*

In 1734 his brother died, and he succeeded to the estates of Culloden. About this time, too, a marked change came over his religious opinions, which deepened in intensity, and he was thus induced to commence the study of Hebrew, for the purpose of acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the Scriptures. He is said to have become a proficient in the Oriental languages; and he clothed in print some views upon religious subjects, in two works, being "A Letter to a Bishop," and "Thoughts concerning Religion, natural and revealed,"—works which Warburton, in a letter to Hurd pronounced to be "little jewels." He defended in these books, with much acuteness, the Hutchinsonian theology—a system which professed to find in the Hebrew scriptures, when interpreted according to the radical import of the Hebrew expressions, a complete system of Natural Philosophy as well as of religious truth.

Another incident deserves mention, as illustrative of his uncompromising independence. The Porteous Mob has been rendered immortal by the genius of Scott. It was one of those daring acts that we would look for only in lawless times. A band of conspirators, regularly organized, broke the city jail, and dragged to the gallows, where they hanged him, a criminal whom the Queen, as Regent during the sovereign's absence, had pardoned. Never was there a storm more furious raised in London. The ministry took up the matter with a heat equal to the Queen's,

and introduced into Parliament a Bill which degraded and imprisoned the chief magistrate of Edinburgh, abolished the city guard, and inflicted other acts of degradation. It was a vindictive measure, introduced by men in the furor of passion, and when of course they were all the more unreasonable and impatient of opposition. The person who ought to have introduced this measure, was the Lord-Advocate of Scotland; but the man who was most persevering in his opposition, was that important officer. The Attorney and Solicitor-General of England took the place which he had deserted; and to the amazement of the whole country, a Lord-Advocate opposing the wishes of Government and of the Queen, in a matter where their feelings were so keen, was exhibited by Forbes, at a time when the chief law office of his country had become vacant. His opposition, and that of Argyle in the Upper House, was so far successful, that the Bill was shorn of much of its offensive matter before it passed into a law.

The Government perhaps saw, that they could not avoid offering the Presidency of the Court of Session to the first lawyer and most eloquent advocate of his day. Perhaps, they had also virtue enough to admire his independence; at all events, he took his seat as Lord President, in June 1737; and there he effected a revolution, greater even than in any department he had hitherto intermeddled with.

The Court of Session, at the beginning and near the end of the last century, was one of the most inefficient in existence. Fifteen judges sat at once upon the Bench; and of course the necessary consequence of such a crowd was a continual bickering among themselves, and the use of epithets towards each other, which supplied in vigour, what they wanted in courtesy and decorum. Their number freed them from responsibility; and their votes were given as much from caprice, or friendship, or enmity to party or counsel, as from any regard to law or justice. No reports have survived, except on the faint breath of tradition, of the stormy scenes that sometimes disgraced the Court; but enough remains to tell us that the Bench, when Forbes took the chair, was in its lowest state, and that before he left it, he brought it to a condition that it has perhaps never equalled since. Mr. Burton has forcibly shown this, by calling attention to the fact that it was while Forbes was President the greater number of those "leading cases," preserved by Kilkerran, which have guided our subsequent jurisprudence, were pronounced. Let a decision be cited from that era, and it is beyond attack. A more remarkable proof of the talents of Forbes, as a lawyer, could not be advanced. While much before him, and much that followed,

in the decisions of our Courts, has fallen before the learning and investigation of later times, the decisions of his time have stood unassailable. The change was perceptibly felt even in his own day, since Hardwicke even is found writing him thus:—"I conceive great pleasure in the different degree of weight and credit with which your decisions come before the House, from what they did a few years ago, an alteration which I presaged would happen, and do most sincerely congratulate your Lordship on the event."

To effect all this, he had much to contend with in the obstinacy of his colleagues. But his firm spirit, his established fame, his great talents, and the general superiority of the man, silenced opposition, and ultimately procured, if not sympathy, at least acquiescence. He could not prevent their voting according to their interests or their passions, but he was there to administer a rebuke, which he was not the man to omit, if it served his purpose. He got rules of Court passed for the expediting business, and carried them into effect with a pertinacity that no *vis inertia* of his colleagues could resist. Three years after his advancement to the Bench, he could make the boast to Lord Hardwicke, that, at the expense of "several hundred hours' extra labour, no cause ripe for judgment remained undetermined, a circumstance which has not happened in any man's memory, and of which the mob are very fond." Like Lord Kenyon, too, he was ever a friend to the poor suitor, if he saw him oppressed. Nay, he was at his old practices, in getting up subscriptions among the judges themselves, for the relief of the unhappy, in the consideration of whose fortunes judges have so much to do. His compassion was always of this description,—“I pity him five shillings; how much do you?” His contemporary biographer, describing him as a judge, says, that “he was so mild and affable in discourse that none could resist his persuasion; he encouraged the Lords to do justice, and if he observed any bias in them, proceeding from the face of a great man, he would say, By God's grace I shall give my thoughts sincerely, and your Lordships will judge in this matter as you will be answerable to God. When he spoke there was a profound silence,—the lawyers and Lords put themselves in a listening posture.”—A profound silence in the old Court of Session!

The Rebellion of '45 found Forbes engaged in the active duties of his own profession, in the concoction of new schemes for the promotion of manufactures, and in endeavouring to get adopted a policy towards the Scottish Highlanders, which, if adopted, would have saved them from the calamities that afterwards overtook them. He proposed that regiments on behalf of Government, should be raised out of the disaffected clans, and commis-

sions granted to their chiefs. But the Government refused to adopt the scheme, notwithstanding the obvious disaffection in the North. Forbes, who knew the Highlanders well, saw the insecure foundation on which public tranquillity was based, and he continued his entreaties, in the hope that some happy accident might have fallen out, some lucid interval, some convenient crisis of circumstances, or juncture of inclination, before it should be too late. Aware of the strength of Government, and of the folly of an insurrection, he took all means to prevent the evils, which he well knew the Government would avenge.

News arrived that the Prince had landed, and Forbes immediately hastened to the North. As soon as he arrived, the old man sat down to the labour of entreaty, of anxious prayer to the Jacobites whom he wished to save. No man was too low to be overlooked. He detailed in innumerable letters the powers of a Government established, their own insufficient resources, the desperate chance of success, and, above all, the calamities of defeat. He implored them, as they loved their country, their ancient name, the value of peace and security, not to be hurried away by the enthusiasm of the hour. He prevailed. The influence of his character, the strength of his arguments, the terror which his threats inspired, had the success he wished. Ten thousand men never joined the Chevalier, that might otherwise have enabled him to carry a victorious army into London. This was not all. When, in spite of remonstrances, Lovat and Lochiel, and the rest of them, rushed upon their destiny, the President was as energetic in his military operations. In fact, what with incompetent commanders, and the incompetency of the ministry, he was left alone, unaided by either money or instructions. A few companies of soldiers were in the North, but totally unable in point of numbers to meet the enemy. Not a penny was sent him by the Government, to defray the large expenditure consequent on insurrection. Lord Tweeddale wrote him, however, that of whatever sums he advanced he would get repayment. In vain he protested against this official inanity. In vain he told them that unless they sent ammunition and money all his exertions would be useless. "Such," he said, "is the state of this country, from the confusion of the times, and the stop of communication, that all coin is locked up, and none can be commanded. I cannot command a shilling that is owing to me; and even bank bills are of no currency. I do as well as I can in respect to small expenses, but sums of any value cannot be compassed." His great wish was "to keep out of the rebellion a greater body of men than those who are hitherto engaged in it," by making an

early demonstration of military force. But the only supplies he received did not arrive till after the retreat of the rebels from England; and as to the mode in which these were sent, he thus writes Lord Tweeddale:—

“The too late arrival of the sloop with arms and money, which I had long solicited, was the cause why the rebellion gathered fresh strength in this country, after the rebels’ flight from Stirling. Had those arms come in time, to have been put into the hands of men, who were ready prepared to receive them, the rebels durst hardly have shown themselves on this side the mountains; but as those did not arrive in our road, till the very day that the rebels made themselves master of the barrack in Ruthven of Badenoch, within twenty-six miles of us, it was too late to assemble the men we had prepared; and in place of making use of the arms, we were obliged to keep them as well as the money on shipboard, for our security.”—*MSS.*

As Government thus withheld the supplies, he had been obliged to appropriate for the public service all his own funds, and then resort to borrowing. It is delightful to see, in all those harassing vexations, the equanimity of his temper. He never let fall one word of asperity against the rebels, for whom he could find no harsher name than “the poor gentlemen in arms.” His voice never loses its melody, nor his entreaties their sweetness; and in looking forward to the day of reckoning, he put, in all his letters, a saving clause—not to make his advice novel when the day arrived—that retribution should “be done gently.” The finer and sterner elements of our nature were indeed joined in delightful matrimony in this true-hearted old man, who is, moreover, another example of the truth, that coldness of temperament is not a necessary requisite to soundness of judgment.

To the value of his services, all his contemporaries bear witness; and even the Jacobites spoke with genuine affection of his catholic humanity. Being driven northwards by the rebels, he was not present at the battle of Culloden; and, fortunately for himself, he arrived when the greater part of the butcheries were ended. What he did see, however, roused him to the spirit of his best days. He reminded the Duke of Cumberland, *quem et præsens et postera respuat ætas*, that victory did not sanction cruelties unpractised in the wars of civilized Europe, and that a prisoner had still the protection of the law. Of the first, the Duke mentioned it to his officers, as a saying “of the old woman who talked to me about humanity,” and “as to the laws of the country, my Lord, I’ll make a brigade give laws, by God.”

This was brutal; the rest was in order. As the Government

began with fatal errors, they finished by atrocious crimes. A feeble vacillation was succeeded by a rigid application of the *ultima ratio regum*. In one of his unprinted letters, Forbes mentions that he had been dismissed,—“The Duke judges it unnecessary I should follow him any farther.” Nay, he had to endure something utterly disgraceful to the character of the Government which sanctioned it. They allowed him to be dunned and persecuted by creditors, for the money he had borrowed to support the troops !!!

“About nine months ago,” he wrote the Secretary of the Treasury, “my zeal led me into this country (the Highlands) to quench a very furious rebellion, without arms, without money, and without credit. I was forced to supply the necessary expense, after employing what money of my own I could come at in this country, by borrowing upon my proper notes such small sums as I could hear of. The rebellion is now happily over; and the persons who lent me this money at a pinch, are now justly demanding payment; and I, who cannot coin, and who never hitherto was dunned, find myself uneasy.”

The money, we believe, was never repaid him or his descendants; and the estate of Culloden is now of half the extent it was when Forbes acquired it.

In regard to the measures introduced into Parliament to prevent the recurrence of like commotions, it appears that he never was consulted; nay, that the men in power, as the best justification of themselves, threw ridicule on him, traduced his character, and neglected his recommendations. He spoke of this in the same dignified strain, as of the other insults that clouded his latter days. In a letter to his friend, Sir Andrew Mitchell, which he never imagined the world would hear of, we obtain a better view of this part of his life, than from almost anything we now possess. We give it entire, as it has not hitherto been printed:—

“EDIN. 15th July 1746.

“Mrs. M'Laurin sent me yours of the 5th. I am sensible of the concern you take in what affects me, and very thankful for it. It was no small misfortune to the public, as well as it was abundantly mortifying to me, that the want of harmony in the Ministers, prevented the furnishing the supplies called for, which, had they arrived in due time, would have put an end long ago to the calamities that attended an actual rebellion. I do not at all wonder, that my conduct was ridiculed by those to whom the steadiness of it was some reproach. But I am a little surprized that they found any body to listen to them. These things, however, are now over, and I trouble my head with them no more.

I did what my conscience told me was my duty. I acted, I believe, to the conviction of all the King's enemies, like a man : my conscience acquits me ; and I don't care twopence what those, who are so silly as to be my enemies without provocation, may think or say. My knight-errantry is now at an end, —I hope for ever. I have been sweating for these six weeks past at my regular drudgery, without meddling with any other business ; but under very great concern, I must confess, for this unhappy country, which is like to suffer for crimes it is not guilty of, and seems in its distress to have no eye to pity it, nor hand ready to interpose for its relief.

“ Upon the rebellion receiving its finishing stroke from the Duke, it was my opinion that our Ministers would conclude the settling the peace of this unhappy country. And the forming a system for preventing proceedings so dangerous and destructive for the future, required the most mature deliberation. I must confess I had vanity enough to imagine, that I should have been called upon for my sentiments on that subject, as my zeal ought to have been unsuspected, and as the consideration of it was delicate, and to my thinking, of very great consequence. If I had not known more than most people of the complexion of the country, I could not have performed half the service that such of our leaders as are in tolerable good humour with me, affect to tell me, they believe I did. But to my great convenience, tho' not much to the satisfaction of my mind, the undertakers for quieting and for keeping quiet this part of the Island, have not given me the trouble of answering them any question ; neither have they dropt the least signification, that my attendance is wanted, where those things are to be consulted about. This, dear Andrew, is my present situation ; and as the duty of my office required my attendance in this place, (unless it had, under the Royal sign-manual, been dispensed with,) you would not at all wonder at my being where I now am. What may happen when the term is over, and when my duty no longer requires my attendance in this place, I cannot exactly say. I know how little likely advice obtruded is to prevail ; and yet I am not certain that the same sort of zeal, flowing from the same principles that led me northwards after the last summer session, may not lead southwards after this. I am sensible the opposition I may now meet with is more formidable, and less likely to be got the better of by my puny influence, than that of the Highlanders appeared to me to be last year. But if, upon summing up all considerations, when I have some more leisure than I possess at present, it shall appear to me to be my duty to move towards you, I certainly shall march.”

He did not long survive this. His death took place in December 1747, at the comparatively early age of 57. A few weeks before he died, he wrote his son, advising him "to go to London, where I believe I may have some friends yet. They will tell the King that his faithful servant Duncan Forbes has left you a very poor man. Farewell." His son hurried to his bedside, and preserved a memorandum of his last hours.

"My father entered into the everlasting life of God, trusting, hoping, and believing through the blood of Christ, eternal life and happiness. When I first saw my father on the bed of death, his blessing and prayer to me was—'My dear John, you have just come in time to see your poor father die. May the great God of heaven and earth ever bless and preserve you! You have come to a very poor fortune, partly through my own extravagance, and the oppression of power. I am sure you will forgive me, because what I did was with a good intention. I know you to be an honest-hearted lad—Andrew Mitchell loves you affectionately—my heart bleeds for poor John Steel—I recommend him to you. There is but one thing I repent me of in my whole life—not to have taken better care of you. May the great God of heaven and earth bless and preserve you. I trust in the blood of Christ. Be always religious; fear and love God. You may go; you can be of no service to me here.'"

And thus he died, according to the universal opinion, of a broken heart. A deep melancholy laid him prostrate; he was unable to endure the outrages which he had no influence to prevent. His was not one of those minds which sink in self-estimation, to the level to which the world has reduced them, and accommodate themselves with equanimity to their fortune. Too liberal for his own interest, and too sensitive for his own happiness, he became the victim of an exquisite sensibility, under the calumnies of malice and the judgments of ignorance; and the struggle ended, as in kindred natures it has often done, in entire dereliction of himself and despondency at last.

It is difficult to speak of such a man as Forbes, without ascending to extravagance and hyperbole. If he was not one of the flaming constellations which has shot to its station in the heavens, he was, at least, one of the few of the departed great, that will live in Scottish history. Of such, we have only four or five in all; and in ranking the patriot of the 18th, with the two great Reformers of the 16th centuries, and with the heroes of the war of independence, we do no injustice to their glorious memory. He has the same claim, in his patriotic labours, to our gratitude and applause. There was no apathy with him, dead to all feeling but what was personal; and while, like all men, he

could bear another's misfortunes very much like a Christian, he differed from most men in this, that he never rested till he had relieved them; nor, under the mask of sentiment, did he allow interest or vanity to speak. Though loving retirement, he did not court it at the expense of duty; and as soon as he had taken and comprehended the dimensions of his country's wants, he urged forward with an energy that never slackened till the day he died, that country's regeneration.

Like the Reformers of the 16th century, we find him always practical—never lost among dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations; but, under the guidance of a shrewd experienced sagacity, he unquestionably did more for the land of his birth, than all the Scotsmen, of every rank, in the whole century in which he lived. The eulogy of Thomson, who knew him well, has consecrated the name of one, who with talents to conduct, to persuade, and to command, never forgot his high mission as an apostle of humanity.

“Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind;
Thee truly generous and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd,
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.”

Or take the better delineation by the great master of character:—

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this was a man.”

In his most prosperous days, when he was the correspondent of the great statesmen and lawyers of the South, and swaying the whole influence of Government in Scotland, he was as natural and true-hearted as when a young lad on his father's hills. To the baser passions he was a stranger—without servility as without avarice; and even the ambition of fame he little cared for. It was not for that he laboured. We question if he once thought of self, in the long life of self-sacrifice he lived. It would be unjust to say less than this; it would be difficult to inflict more praise than he deserved, or to express the extent of our obligation in language too eulogistic. Vigorous measures, promptitude of decision and of action, a determined will and clear perspicacity, he united to a nature gentle and loveable, considerate with regard to human frailty, and generous in its estimate of human motive. The finest hair casts a shadow, and he had his failings, like all men; but his generous aspirations, and his labours of a lifetime,

will excuse errors arising from too profound sensibility, warmth of heart, and passionate enthusiasm for what promised prosperity to his country.

Such is the man of whom it may be said, that antiquity can offer nothing more touching than his death, or modern times more honourable than his life. Nothing more illustrates the in-born loftiness of his character, than the magnanimity with which he was inspired, amid his own fallen fortunes and ruined hopes, at the long train of proscriptions, beneath which he despaired of any resurrection of his country's prosperity and independence. It would have saved him at least one pang, had he lived a few years longer, to behold how, out of the arbitrary doings of a ruthless soldiery, liberty arose—how prosperity sprang from conquest, and a nation was saved even in being subdued.

Yet, after all, how dim is the reputation of this lawyer-statesman even in the country which his virtues adorned. His fame yields to that of the poor poets whom he cherished. His friend Thomson, and even Allan Ramsay, can boast a wider celebrity. It has thus ever been the case with those whose labours are spent upon contemporaries. How obscure, for example, is the fame of Pitt, or Fox, or Mansfield, or Thurlow, when compared with that of the contemporary writers who have left enduring memorials of their genius—Gibbon, Hume, Goldsmith, or Burke. Any book, therefore, to preserve such men “against the tooth of time and rasure of oblivion,” would be a service to mankind. Even as it was, the knowledge of Forbes' history was becoming known to others than a few readers of the *Scots Magazine*, or a few black letter lawyers. The passing traveller now pays a visit to Culloden Moor, for other purposes than to get melancholy on its reminiscences; and what the Roman orator has eloquently said, as to the localities of Athenian patriotism, is coming true of one, of whom even the rugged Warburton could thus speak—“I knew and venerated the man; one of the greatest that ever Scotland bred, as a judge, a patriot, and a Christian.”

With regard to the work which has suggested the preceding observations, we have no hesitation whatever in saying, that it is, out of all sight, the best book on Jacobite history that has been written. We had recently occasion to review a few works on this subject, and stretched a point, to speak as favourably as possible of a good intention and respectable industry. Nothing was said of many blemishes, and among others, of the absolute maze of words and deluge of sentiment, which had only the one advantage, of hiding somewhat the penury of thought and loose-

ness of reasoning. Mr. Burton's book is exactly of the opposite character. Every sentence is supported by reference to authority, and every idea is conveyed in language brief, manly, and vigorous, which perhaps has sometimes the blemish of descending to a homeliness that is disagreeable. We are never, however, bored by the abominable manufactured Jacobitism and maudlin ululations, that every other writer thinks it necessary to print; and only they who have come from a recent perusal of their empty mouthings, can appreciate the comfort of being allowed to read the story, without wading through scores and scores of pages of sentiment "three times skimmed sky-blue"—every one sentence being, in addition, rounded off with the loftiest superlatives, by a clinch or antithesis. Mr. Burton does not, moreover, adopt either of the two usual courses. He does not enter with a halter about his neck, submitting himself to his reader's mercy, whether he shall be hanged or no; or in a defying mood, appear with the halter in his hand, threatening to hang his reader, if he do not praise him. He gives, without any self-glorification, authorities which show an extent of research, among printed and unprinted materials, for which, in a small volume of this kind, we were not prepared, and which could not reasonably have been expected; but the value of his labours can only be acknowledged by those who, by having studied this portion of our history, can estimate the skill with which he has compressed so much into so small a compass. There are, however, several awkward blunders, evidently mere slips of the pen in the hurry of composition, which will be corrected in a second edition; and when that edition appears, we hope also for a more careful correction of the press—that duty being at present, about as badly done, as such a thing can be.

- ART. V.—1. *Punch, or the London Charivari*. Parts 67 and 68. London, 1847.
2. *The Commissioner; or, De Lunatico Inquirendo*. Dublin, 1842.
3. *Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son*. By CHARLES DICKENS. London, 1846-7.
4. *Adventures of Christopher Tadpole*. By ALBERT SMITH. London, 1846-7.
5. *Vanity Fair*. By W. M. THACKERAY. London, 1847.
6. *The Knight of Gwynne*. By CHARLES LEVER. London, 1846-7.
7. *The Battle of Life*. By CHARLES DICKENS. London, 1846.
8. *Mrs. Perkins' Ball*. By W. M. THACKERAY. 2d Edition. London, 1847.
9. *The Comic History of England*. By G. A. A'BECKET. London, 1846-7.
10. *Chambers' Miscellany of Entertaining Tracts*. 15 vols. Edinburgh, 1844-7.
11. *Knight's Weekly and Monthly Volumes for all Readers*. London, 1845-7.
12. *The Christian's Penny Magazine*. 16 Nos. London, 1846-7.
13. *The Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine*. 10 Nos. London, 1846-7.

IF our bill of fare seem somewhat miscellaneous, it must be remembered that we are not the purveyors. Our office is not to cater for our readers' taste, but simply, as a faithful physician, to analyze the viands presented to our sovereign, the Reading Public, and wave the inexorable wand of office over each unwholesome dainty. And truly there is no lack of cooks in the royal kitchen. Each with his own idea of his art and science, his own favourite spices and rich condiments—one brisk and bustling, another grave and artistic—but all so busy in their work, that in one hand or other every conceivable material takes a presentable shape, till the banqueting table groans beneath its burden, and the task of discrimination becomes all but hopeless. Still, we will not quit our post. What seemed possible, we have attempted; to select samples of nearly all sorts, arranged as best we might, keeping far apart those which looked least congenial; for we could not but fear that if the strong spices of *Punch* were to be mixed up with the savoury morsels of the *Churchman's Monthly Magazine*, it might be hard to say to which class of guests the combination would prove the more unpalatable.

Yet, various as are the materials of our cuisine, a sound mental constitution may make a hearty meal upon them all, and find its health unimpaired. We trust, indeed, that our readers have sufficient confidence in us to believe, that so far as our skill in chemical analysis will serve, we admit no poison to their table. If, in the works before us, there be any thing which would necessarily injure the moral tone of the mind; which tends to unsettle its feelings, or relax the firmness of its principles; we are bound, by our regard to the health of our liege lord, to interpose our official sentence of warning. Thus far, we will not yield the palm of stern fidelity, even to the state-physician of the immortal Governor of Barataria. Unlike him, however, we prefer discharging the duty of condemnation, wherever it is possible, behind the scenes; and, far as we are from presuming to liken the Reading Public, in *any* respect, to Sancho Panza, we should least of all choose to repeat with them the experiments made upon his patience. We fear they would prove less submissive. We might indeed spread a feast *intended* to be a feast of Tantalus; but our power is unfortunately limited. Our pen is no magic wand to spirit away from the circulating library every work included in our Index Expurgatorius; nay, we fear it is too true in these desperate days, that the louder the condemning note of the critical trumpet, the more eagerly would the Public seek acquaintance with the contents of the forbidden page. Whatever, then, seems absolutely deleterious, is intercepted at the kitchen-door, not placed on the table, to tempt the curiosity and vitiate the taste of our guests. The most delicate may accept our invitation without scruple or reserve. To the best of our poor ability we will serve up to them none but wholesome food.

We retract, then, in part, (or more correctly, we “rise to explain”) the admission of the uncongenial character of the first and last works on our list. In plan and purpose, they have indeed little in common, and still less, perhaps, in subjects, principles, or tone. The conductors of each have probably but scanty sympathy with the views and objects of the other: many readers of the Magazine may shrink from the whimsicalities of Punch, as frivolous and unprofitable; while Punch would, we fear, reject as fanatical the deep-toned Christianity of the Magazine. We may lose caste with both parties by confessing the catholicity of our tastes; but so it is—be it our merit, our fault, or our misfortune, we know not—we are at home with either; not grave enough to frown away the humourist, nor yet so merry that we scorn the preacher.

But, in truth, our list is made up on a principle quite independent of our individual likings or dislikings. These works are taken as specimens of an immense and increasing body of publi-

cations, in many respects peculiar to our own times. They are of course mere samples, and samples of the better class. From these, however, we may form an estimate of the tendencies of the whole, and catch, ere they pass by, the features of the literary world. For, indeed, there is no room for delay. The expression of the public countenance changes rapidly; the artist must not now wait for formal sittings, but fixing it for a moment in the strong light of criticism, apply the Daguerreotype, and strike off a photographic likeness. As with the first daguerreotypes, it may be cold and colourless; it will at least be faithful to the features of the original. If the vivacity of expression be lost, or the sparkle of the laughing eye be dimmed, it may yet preserve the smile of the speaking lips, and the outline of the thoughtful brow.

Under these figurative expressions, it is not perhaps quite so plain as it might be, that we are endeavouring to justify an anomaly in our list—the selection of several works, the publication of which is still only in progress. The waters of literature are, especially at the present moment, running waters; change following change, as in all literary movements, not like a series of lakes, but in the unbroken flow of a running stream. He, then, who should stand on the bank, to wait for their efflux, would indeed be a clown more stolid than any of whom Horace could have dreamed. We wish to view their course, to mark the tendencies of the age, rather than the abilities of this or that author. And, for such a purpose, it seems all but indispensable to waive the conventional etiquette of criticism, and pass under review the current Numbers of the more popular serial works, without waiting till their course is over. For, alas! the ocean to which most of them are tending is not that of immortality—but of oblivion. Their authors tell their tales under a sentence like that of Scheherazade: when they have no more to tell, they must die. To wait, therefore, till the story is finished, is to wait till it has ceased to influence the public mind. With the last page of the closing Number, the reader will lay down his interest in the various personages; and long before a decent time of mourning for the departed has elapsed, the fickle Public will have yielded to a new flame, and then again in due time another, and another, and another—lightly found and lightly lost.

Very considerable allowance must of course be made for exceptions. Few readers of “*The Old Curiosity Shop*,” have even yet forgotten Little Nell. But, on the whole, it is surely true, that in passing from the old novel to the modern serial work, we have exchanged a deep interest, founded on admiration, for a slight excitement of the surface-feelings—a gentle dallying with the passions of hope, fear, joy, sorrow, love, or hatred,—which gives us no very great concern, but serves, while it lasts, as a

pleasing stimulant, and leaves us when it goes, heart-whole and well at ease, with no fear of having our slumbers broken by night visions of the ghosts of our departed favourites.

Should any hold it to be clear gain to have escaped the undue excitement of the days of Scott or Richardson, we will not stay for discussion, but must be content to enter a simple protest. Whatever literature undertakes, it is worth while to do thoroughly; and if the novel as a species of poetry is to be, according to Aristotle's definition, a *κάθαρσις τῶν παθημάτων*—to do good by exciting the healthy sensibility of the mind—then the deeper the interest, so long as the truth of nature is preserved, the more wholesome the mental exercise.

But we shall be better understood by example than by abstract disquisition. Nor could a more favourable form be desired in which to lay the case before our readers, than by presenting to them "*The Knight of Gwynne*;" or rather its author, Mr. Lever, better known and more likely to be remembered by the soubriquet taken from his first and cleverest work, Harry Lorrequer. We say, to the author, rather than the tale; for we cannot fairly judge the school to which he belongs, without taking into account his earlier and fresher productions. We are most at home with "*Charles O'Malley*;" and though "*The Knight of Gwynne*" stands on our list, as the latest representative of his class, we have chiefly in our mind the adventures of the dashing dragoon. The work was admirable of its class; as a tale published in monthly numbers, to be read piecemeal, we are not sure that it has ever been surpassed. From first to last, the excitement never flagged; from Galway steeple-chasing to the pranks of T. C. D., and from these again to Peninsular campaigning, the reader has no cause to complain of his conductor; high spirits and rollicking mirth always bear him company—the jest, the revel, and the song, are unfailing—stories good, bad, and indifferent—witticisms more piquant than polished—description animated at least, if not of absolute military accuracy;—if the reader's heart is not satisfied, it is very plain that he "is not the man for Galway." We say nothing of the characters; they do not leave a very strong impression. For ourselves, of all the ladies, we prefer Miss Baby Blake, the Irish hoyden. Nor need we speak of incidents; as to probability, Mr. Lever is, (or was in those days) quite above it. Description is his forte, and description of mere animal excitement. Whatever stirs the blood of high-spirited youth, whatever exercises the bodily powers, finds an honourable place in his pages. But mind, or intellect, or deep feeling, is an encumbrance to him. It is out of his line, and he scarcely knows how to manage it. So that when, as in the "*Knight of Gwynne*, A Tale of the Time of the Union,"

he seems to intend a higher flight, he becomes tame by way of being philosophical ;—we lose the best part of the old boisterous mirth, and find very little to console us for our loss.

But space is precious ;—" paullo majora canamus." Let us come to Mr. Dickens and "*The Battle of Life*." First, of the author ; then, by a great descent, of his latest completed book. It will be impossible for any future age to speak slightly of the powers of the author of "*The Pickwick Papers*." Apart altogether from the artistic merits of any of his works, he will stand forth to the eye of posterity, as the leader of a great literary revolution. Like other leaders, he has perhaps followed as much as determined the direction of the national mind. Still, the fact remains, that from the publication of the *Pickwick Papers* dates the real commencement of the new phases of Fiction. A host of copyists have followed in his wake ; and—a yet surer sign of original genius—others who are no copyists have not disdained to borrow the form which he had introduced. Nor is it a mere form, a simple accidental circumstance connected with the mode of publication. Forms in such matters affect the substance, and he who creates a new form of literature, is the founder of a school. Minds of all varying casts may adopt it ; but under the individual differences there will be traced the family likeness, sufficient to entitle the founder to claim the honours of paternity.

Such honours a future generation will not be slow to award to Mr. Dickens. Though seeing, as we begin to see, that when he struck into this new path, the public was already crowding towards the gateway ; though feeling, as we begin to feel, that its direction was truly downwards, despite the many beauties of this lower region ; though free, as the present generation can never be, from the prestige of his earlier successes ;—they will yet acknowledge that it could be no common man to whose lot it fell to guide a movement so prolific of results. For they whom nations choose to follow, bear upon them the stamp of mental royalty. Here, there can be no usurpation : to be obeyed, is the guarantee for a legitimate title.

Unlike other crowns, however, Mr. Dickens' diadem has allowed his head to lie too easily in the lap of Fortune. Piquancy and quaintness have too much subsided into fixed mannerisms ; " the charm dissolves apace ;" from *Pickwick* we have descended to *Martin Chuzzlewit* ; the series which began with *The Christmas Carol* is closed for the present by the "*Battle of Life*."

" *The Battle of Life* !" It was a noble title ; suggestive of high thoughts. We looked for a picture of some lofty nature sorely tried—placed struggling between temptation and duty, between passion and principle, between the promptings of selfishness and the whispers of self-sacrificing love ; and we longed to see a bat-

tle such as this fought out in the glowing page, as many such are fought and won, unrecorded, in daily life. Instead of this, what have we? Our pen refuses the task of analysis. We have first a description of a *real* field of battle—very prettily drawn, indeed; then enter a father and two daughters—then the affianced lover of the younger—a parting—mysterious inuendoes—at last, on the day of his return, she elopes with a stranger—misery—mystery—her betrothed marries her sister—finally, she re-appears, *not* lost nor dishonoured; and, lo! it was no elopement at all; but thinking in her wisdom that her sister loved him, she had vanished to break his tie to her, that that sister might fill her place! And this is "The Battle of Life!" This is "A Love Story!" Were ever noble titles worse profaned? Did ever book issue from an eminent writer's pen, more fatal to his claims to the character of a master in his art?

For, be it observed, in reviewing such a plot, improbability is our lightest charge. That such "battles" are not fought in the "Life" of man, we are thankful. That "Love" is not apt to choose such modes of showing itself, we are thankful. But there is a kind of improbability which does no discredit to the poet or the novelist. Shakspeare's Miranda is as unearthly a form as even his Caliban or his Ariel. No island ever saw so bright a gem. But she, or any other imaginative creation, is unlike real life, simply because more true than nature to nature's principles. The harmony of the character is true; every element in keeping: only analyzed by severer tests than real life affords. As, then, chemical analysis introduces no new principle, but only discovers more plainly those which lay concealed; so the poet, placing a human heart in a new light, unveils some beauty—makes his fictitious character more beautiful perhaps than any real personage—but leaves it to the last in perfect unison with the feelings of our everyday nature. Has Mr. Dickens so dealt with his Marion? Indignant Nature answers, No! Her love is not the love of woman; her battle not the battle appointed for human life. Were it possible for any one so to act, to wring the affections of father, sister, lover, for a mere fancy of her own—we should judge that some fearful malady had befallen her;—the loss, not of reason, but of something higher, the magnet of a woman's heart, true to the pole of love. If the author really meant to portray a type of high-toned self-devotion, most wofully has he missed his mark. His Marion comes forth from his easel, not like one of Scott's heroines, the beautified likeness of

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;"

nor yet, like a Miranda, *superhuman* in the angel-like brightness

of her woman's form, but rather like a soft and delicate female Frankenstein, whom—labour as we will—we cannot admit either to admiration or to sympathy.

We were about to ask, whence came this feebleness of touch, and had dipped our pen in critical gall for the reply. But a fair vision crossed our path, and the soft voice of little Paul pleaded for a milder sentence. We cannot resist the appeal. We might indeed, were we so minded, find some flaws in the beautiful sentimentalism of Paul's death-bed scene; some affectations of style, some little mawkishness of feeling, more than a little want of a healthy spirit in contemplating death. We might object to the whole description, its too close resemblance, in touch and colouring, and light and tone, to the well-remembered chapters which told the death of Little Nell. We might say, it is not the sign of strength to reproduce old creations. But we forbear. After all our criticism, the spell of beauty and pathos would remain, and we ourselves, the surly critics, must bow with others to its power.

Mr. Dickens seems, however, like another Antaeus, to renew his strength on touching familiar ground. Nowhere has he painted with a more vivid pencil, than in drawing the picture, in the 6th Number, of poor forsaken Florence. If some might say that Paul was like a dream of fairy-land, Florence at least is a true child of earth. We know the look of her dreary chamber, we share her solitary watch, mark her patient endurance of her aunt's pedantry of comfort, her timid visits down stairs, her harsh repulse—all is as lifelike as if we had seen and talked with her in her grief. Diogenes himself seems no stranger to us. And, most of all, we are attracted by the brave spirit which would not be crushed—which would not like to feel as if the house was avoided, though "the recognition of some spot or object very tenderly associated with him made the miserable house, at first, a place of agony;" the spirit which drove her to watch the children opposite, though every mark of their father's affection sent a pang to her breast: this, indeed, shows a master's touch, and, for the sake of this exquisite portrait, we can forgive "*Dombey and Son*" the tameness of its earlier Numbers. It has revived our flagging interest in the story; and we now wait with no small anxiety, to see how the author will deal with this child of his fancy. On such a point it is unfair to speculate; should the completed picture realize the promise of the first outline, it will be in many respects Mr. Dickens' proudest achievement; deeper in philosophy, and richer in poetry, than any of his previous performances. If it be said that here and there the author seems to forget that he is painting a child, not a woman, he is still true to nature, and to something above nature, which

tells us, that there is no school in which the moral and intellectual faculties are so quickly matured as the school of deep affliction.

We cannot restrain our pen from following out the thought, though it leads us into ground which we had meant for the present to reserve. Were the picture of the bereaved girl less beautiful than it is, we should pass by its defects of principle unnoticed, because unfelt. But now, it is the very triumph of the artist's skill, that we grieve over his Florence, as if we saw a real sufferer, wounded as deeply as she, and yet so ignorant of the healing balm. The gloomy sky that overhangs the scene is not merely the cloud of affliction; it is the darkness of a miserable pantheism, wilfully shutting out the light of truth. Poor Florence!—"Oh, how alone!" praying only that "one angel might love her and remember her!" What is this but a highly-coloured view of *heathen* feeling—of what man's griefs *might have been*, if the Gospel had not been sent into the world? This cannot be an accidental omission. For the mere beauty's sake, as was well known to a greater than he—Sir Walter Scott—it was well worth the author's while to avail himself of the effect of a religious colouring. Mr. Dickens, we fear, is either blind even to the poetry of the Gospel, or else so bitterly opposed to its scheme of doctrine, that he will rather injure a masterpiece than be indebted to Christianity for an embellishment. Be this as it may, the public taste is equally in danger. Nor can we pass on without reminding his admirers, that poetry and sentiment are not religion, and most miserable substitutes for it. Nor can it be said that light literature is not the field on which religious topics can be most profitably introduced; for when light literature deals with the deepest feelings and bitterest trials of the heart, the excuse is unavailing. Either religion is false, or if such chapters of the history of life are to be written according to truth, religion must find a place there. He, then, who writes as if the Gospel had never spoken of Him "who is touched by the feeling of our infirmities" is no neutral, but an enemy cruising under a neutral flag. As belonging to the squadron of observation, we have now given the signal; it is for the public to take the warning. We may proceed on our voyage through, we trust, less stormy waters.

"Christopher Tadpole" is a remarkable work—a very singular work indeed. The author is certainly "one of the most remarkable men of our country." When we first took it up, we were inclined to think slightly of his powers, from the very strong tendency of his writing to ape the style and mannerism of Dickens. It looked like a man, without the ability to strike out a new path for himself, who was contented to follow with slavish

fidelity the footsteps of a successful leader. As we advanced, however, we hit upon a theory of the work, for which we hope Mr. Albert Smith will be duly grateful to us. It must have been designed as a trial of skill—perhaps on a wager—perhaps only a wager with the public; but the author must have said to himself, "The world talks a great deal of the powers of Dickens—his descriptions of town scenery, town vagabonds, and so on; now, really, I don't see any thing so very wonderful about them. I could do all that myself as well as he:" and forthwith he sat down to try, and the result is "Christopher Tadpole." But the strangest part of the matter is, that for a great part of the earliest Numbers the copy is more than a mere imitation—it is an absolute reproduction of the original. "Old clothes" seems to be the author's cry; a little the worse for wear, but warranted to last a month. What answered so well for Mr. Dickens a year or two ago, may surely do for Albert Smith today. And so, here we have *Oliver Twist*, *alias* Christopher Tadpole; with a host of characters curiously dressed in borrowed feathers—descriptions manufactured after the most approved Dickens receipt—a haunt of thieves from *Oliver Twist*, a diluted edition of Kit and Barbara's courtship, from the Old Curiosity Shop, a mid-night drive in a thunder-storm with runaway horses, from *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and to season this concoction of stale materials, not one spark of original thought, or one single character whom he may boast of as his own!

Now, here is a singular phenomenon. Not that it is a new thing for a popular writer to have a host of imitators, seeking to divide with him the laurels and the harvest. Who forgets, for example, how completely Scott revolutionized the world of fictitious authorship, and was the innocent cause of a very deluge of "historical romances?" But then, his followers affected at least some little originality: they sought out new materials, traversed new walks of history, and though working after Scott's models, and in his workshop, yet did, after a fashion, produce figures properly their own, *imitations* of their master rather than copies. Though satellites still of the great luminary, their light was as the reflected light of the moon—not the mimic rays of a theatrical sun. But in "Christopher Tadpole" the effort seems to be, to be as like Dickens as if Dickens himself had written it. And in mere sketching of localities, and still more, perhaps, in copying the peculiarities of style, phraseology, and cast of sentiment, the imitation is singularly happy—here and there almost worthy to rank with the inimitable parodies of the Rejected Addresses. When the author attempts any thing on his own account we soon perceive the difference between the clever mimic and the original artist. He has got his crew together, and a very Dickens-like

crew they are; the rigging and accoutrements are of the approved kind—but there is no breath of genius to fill the sails. The story hangs heavy on his hands:—

“As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

It might do Mr. Dickens good to study “Christopher Tadpole.” It would serve as an admirable mirror, in which he might “see himself as others see him.” He would there find a second Dromio, “his glass, and not his brother;” and though, no doubt, he might say, “I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth,” he might also learn some wholesome lessons from this faithful image of his faults. He would see that minute description of familiar objects, however piquant at first, soon becomes wearisome; he would feel, among a crowd of commonplace characters, strained into originality by exaggerating some one idea, how the mind longs for natural interest and repose; he might perhaps begin to doubt whether his surface-sketching at its best—and be it again observed, “Christopher Tadpole” is no caricature—be indeed healthy exercise for a superior mind, or wholesome food for an indiscriminating public.

Very different in many respects is “Vanity Fair.” Michael Angelo Titmarsh, as it pleases Mr. Thackeray to style himself, is, first of all, a gentleman; and, secondly, a man of far too much ability to descend to wholesale imitation. His vein is emphatically his own; and if we were to characterize it by any one word, that one word should be Quietness. Whether handling pen or pencil, though full of quaint conceits, and dealing with personages of most eccentric habits of mind, he yet generally keeps on the safe side of caricature. Nay, so quiet and easy is the *manner* of his writing, that it sometimes covers not a little improbability of incident. We feel so thoroughly at home, that though certainly introduced to very odd people, our only remark is that they *are* very odd, but still we are most happy to make their acquaintance, in the company of our amiable, sly, satirical, gentlemanly friend, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. We cannot afford to be prodigal in extracts, but must find room for one, to let Michael Angelo, in his proper person, explain the object and intent of his work.

“But my kind reader will please to remember that these histories, in their gaudy yellow covers, have ‘Vanity Fair’ for a title; and that Vanity Fair is a very vain, wicked, foolish place, full of all sorts of humbugs and falsenesses and pretensions. And while the moralist, who is holding forth on the cover, (an accurate portrait of your humble servant,) professes to wear neither gown nor bands, but only the very same long-eared livery in which his congregation is

arrayed—yet, look you, one is bound to speak the truth as far as one knows it, whether one mounts a cap and bells or a shovel-hat; and a deal of disagreeable matter must come out in the course of such an undertaking.

“I warn my ‘kind friends,’ then, that I am going to tell a story of harrowing villany, and complicated, but, as I trust, intensely interesting—crime. My rascals are no milk-and-water rascals, I promise you. When we come to the proper places, we won’t spare fine language.—No, no! But when we are going over the quiet country we must perforce be calm. A tempest in a slop-basin is absurd. We will reserve that sort of thing for the mighty ocean and lonely midnight. The present Number will be very mild. *Others*—but we will not anticipate *those*.”

After the announcement contained in the second of these paragraphs, it may perhaps seem unfair to treat the three first Numbers of “*Vanity Fair*” as samples of the character of these Pen and Pencil sketches; but we must honestly confess that we regard the promise of the “intensely interesting story” as of about the same degree of credibility with the assurance of the accuracy of the author’s portrait on the cover. Till better informed, we shall remain of opinion that M. A. Titmarsh will not expatiate very widely beyond the limits of his present path. We are sure it is not to be desired that he should. Incapable, probably, of any approach to Mr. Dickens’ power in delineating deep feelings, he is a far better representative of the serial writers of the day, because writing in a far purer style both of thought and expression, and governed in both by a far severer taste. Besides, he is a contributor to “*Punch*,” and as we have a few words to say to that many-headed personage, may fitly stand as his representative.

To Mr. Thackeray, then, we should be inclined to say: Mr. Titmarsh, we admire exceedingly your Pen and Pencil Sketches of Modern Society; but we do think that the tone of our literature is, on the whole, singularly tame and unromantic. Once upon a time, no work of fiction had a chance without some real villains, and some thrilling interest. What would Mrs. Radcliffe have said to your milk-and-water rascals? And even in the days of Scott we felt ourselves lifted above this dull prosaic world, when we took a seat in his chariot of romance. If the scene was sometimes laid in common life, it was usually invested with the colouring of antiquity, and the chequered rays of a declining sun gave richness to the homeliest object. Then again, we always had a story—not unexceptionable, perhaps, if tried by Aristotle and the unities—but a true story of human passions, deep enough to engage a hearty interest, and coherent enough to sustain it throughout the progress of the plot. But now, you and your company are teaching us to gaze complacently on life-like

portraits of our noble selves. Life-like, we mean, in respect of the accessories of the narrative—the scene, time, occupations, and so on ; all studiously divested of romantic colouring, and made as like to real everyday life as the genius of caricature will allow. You will perhaps reply, that this is no new thing, and point to the example of Miss Austin, Miss Ferrier, and many other successful novelists of the domestic school ; or, granting it to be an innovation, you may say it is a gain rather than a loss, if men can be brought to inspect closely likenesses of their own moral natures. A very pretty theory, my good friend, but not sustained by the facts of the case. Miss Austin's writings do indeed afford the model of what your class of publications ought to be, as tales. But mark the difference ; the very charm and power of her novels lies in her being able, out of materials which lay ready to any one's hand, to construct real stories of commanding interest. Quiet and simple as are her heroes and heroines, she never wrote "a novel without a hero," as you profess to be doing. Her plots are artistically constructed, and her characters as strikingly individualized as any within the range of our literature, while genuine good taste sits paramount throughout, and the spirit of exaggeration never enters. Now, here lies the weak point of your fraternity. You do not weave *stories* out of common things, but you leave common things as you find them, and, for effect, sketch clever pictures of the oddities of life. These are all very amusing and very spirited ; but we need stronger meat for the public's intellectual food. Simple nature need not be commonplace ; but, speaking in confidence, you will hardly deny that most of you are afraid of trusting to simplicity : you make your characters eccentric, as the safe mode of escaping from dulness. Contrast yourselves for a moment with Fielding, to whose school you have in some respects brought us back. Not to touch the grave moral objections to "*Tom Jones*," only consider how perfect it is as a work of art as well as of genius. An epic plot, with dramatic exhibition of character, every part complete, every incident true to the manners of the day, and yet the mere sketches with pen alone fully more graphic than even the efforts of your own admirable "pen and pencil."

Or, come with me a little farther back into history. Let us go to Athens in its palmy days, and take our seats in the theatre. You see that old fellow on the stage ; you hear his description of the sensual pleasures when he comes home from the courts. This is the Athenian Charivari. That vivid picture of the old reprobate is drawn by a master-hand—by the true forerunner of *Punch*—Aristophanes. Coarser and grosser in his satire, to suit the depraved appetite of a heathen mob ; but then, on the other hand, observe how much higher is the intellectual standard presupposed

before he can be relished. Nowhere in Grecian literature is there more glorious poetry than some of his; nowhere, again, more pungent political satire, or more effective reasoning in a dramatic form. The mind that was to follow Aristophanes must be strung to the highest pitch: the people to whose amusement he ministered lived on no "milk-and-water" diet. Their intellects at least he would expand and strengthen, while holding up the mirror to his times, and laughing down the follies and vices of his day.

Yet even he failed; and satire must always fail as the preacher of truth. The preacher's own mind becomes warped by the habit of exaggeration. Distorted and one-sided views destroy his influence; while the Public, meanwhile, are enjoying the luxury of intellectual indolence, and beginning to think that "all the world's a stage" indeed, but not for Tragedy—a stage on which broad farce and sentimental comedy may be presented in endless alternation.

One word, Mr. Titmarsh, before we part. Will you have the kindness to introduce our readers to your friend G. A. A'Becket, the author of the *Comic History of England*?

From *Punch* to the *Comic History* was an easy step. When once the present comes to be constantly viewed as food for satire, it were wonderful if the past were treated with more reverence. If our deep interest in things that are permits us to speak even serious thoughts with laughing lips, it were too much to expect that the mystic halo of antiquity should act as a more powerful restraint. And so, all our old associations are disturbed—we are no longer permitted to think of there having been "giants in those days;" all is to be levelled by the hand of Satire, and the majesty of by-gone heroes, stripped of its externals, is to become a jest.

An antiquarian friend at our elbow urges us to visit with con-dign chastisement this invasion of the sanctity of our heroic ages. For this task, however, we have neither the inclination, nor at present either time or space. It seems to us vastly more delicate than the worshippers of feudal times are at all ready to allow. But the question thus opened may possibly furnish us at some future time with materials for separate review. One reference only, by way of illustration, to the inimitable print of the surrender of the keys of Calais to Edward III. We have been used to see Philippa drawn as a tragedy-queen, kneeling in a striking attitude, with six Roman-looking personages, with an expression worthy of M. Curtius, representing the burghers of Calais. All is changed in the *Comic History*. The burghers are burghers—not heroes, but sturdy citizens, with an admirably individualized character marked on their faces—with much

of the courage, but little of the meekness or dignity of martyrs. As to Philippa, she knows better than to spend her time in posture-making. Nestling in Edward's breast, she pleads as the wife, not the queen; and for the first time we feel, that stern as the king looks, he *cannot help yielding at last*. On the other hand, however, it may fairly be asked, whether vividness has not been attained at the expense of healthy feeling, when a noble act of self-devotion is exhibited in the light of Satire? Accuracy of fact is indeed secured; but there is an end to fervent admiration, when ridicule becomes the glass of truth.

On Knight's Weekly and Monthly Volumes, and Chambers' Miscellany of Tracts, we can also bestow only a passing word. No contrast could well be greater than that between the Comic History and the historical portions of either of these admirable series. It is hard to award a preference, where each is so perfect of its kind. The sober narratives of Chambers being fragments of history, properly so called, within the reach of all; history, not in the parti-coloured garments in which Mr. A'Becket has clothed her, but in her own everyday dress, as a grave matron teaching by example. In the Weekly Volumes—we refer to the historical tales—she is arrayed in robes of state, and the muses, as of old, bear her company. Facts are most scrupulously observed; but the halo of romance is thrown round them, in "Old England Novelets" rather than historical sketches. Take, for comparison, "The Camp of Refuge," and "The Norman Conquest," in the 15th volume of Chambers. It strikingly illustrates their different aims, to observe how the episode, on which Mr. M'Farlane's graphic picture of the times is made to hang, the prolonged defence against the Normans of the Fen counties of Cambridge and Lincoln, is altogether omitted in Chambers' outline of the general narrative. The one tells us briefly how all things went on; the other tells us at full length all about the Isle of Ely, and leaves us with a scantier stock of facts, but a very vivid conception of the tone and temper of the times. When to these is added the account of the same period in the "Comic History," we have fair samples before us of the three styles in which past events may be recorded. Satire, Poetry, or Common Sense:—to which of the three shall we award the palm, as the most faithful expounder of the text? Again, we feel that the question is not one which can be summarily decided. We must be content, for the present, to mark the encouraging sign of the times, that along with the tendency to popularize historical literature, there has arisen the spirit of earnest seeking for truth of fact; so that, whether satire, or poetry, or common sense be the teacher blind prejudice and prescriptive falsehood are equally banished from the page.

A comparison of very much the same kind may be drawn between the lighter tales of Knight and Chambers, and the serial works of which we have spoken at large. Satire, poetry, common sense are still the presiding powers, save only, that the pages of Chambers are enriched by many beautiful morceaux by Mrs. Hall, in which practical wisdom is embellished by the unrivalled pathos of her true Irish pen. With this exception, the rule is still the same. In Knight's tales, as for example "Feats on the Fiord," by Miss Martineau, the colouring throughout is romantic, and the moral of the story, if it can be said to have one, is kept subordinate to the descriptions of men, manners, and scenery. In Chambers each story is an illustration of a principle. There is some lesson to be learnt from every anecdote, and even the longer tales are very frequently little more than anecdotes prolonged in the telling. In both, a high standard is maintained of taste, and tone, and feeling. Great as their success has been—in Chambers' case, at least, it may be styled triumphant—it has been fairly achieved by merit, without stooping to humour the weaknesses of their readers, or pamper any unhealthy appetite. It is true, as confessed in a recent Number of Chambers' Journal, and it makes their abstinence the more honourable, that all their efforts have not yet reached the class of readers whom they were principally intended to serve. Low as they have descended in the scale of society, there is a lower depth; there is a large class, outnumbering prodigiously the aggregate of their readers, who are supplied with matter more congenial, by coarser and less scrupulous writers. Thus, then, stands the case: it is the glory of our age to have brought science and sound literature within the reach of the humblest citizen; and while we cannot altogether be free from regret, when we see a satirical colouring thrown over the whole of our fictitious literature, it is a fact to be set against it, in judging the signs of the times, that so much sound and solid information should count its readers by hundreds of thousands. But still, the secret remains undiscovered, how to supply the masses of our citizens with acceptable, yet not unwholesome, food. Our present literature, in its most popular form, has confessedly failed; where is the secret way?

An extract from Coleridge will guide us to our reply. Speaking of Prudence, he enumerates the four following distinct species of that virtue:—

"1. It may be," he says, "a prudence, that stands in opposition to a higher moral life, and tends to preclude it, and to prevent the soul from ever arriving at the hatred of sin for its exceeding sinfulness (Rom. vii. 13): and this is an EVIL PRUDENCE.

"2. Or it may be a *neutral* prudence, not incompatible with spiritual growth; and to this we may, with especial propriety, apply the

words of our Lord, 'What is not *against* us is for us.' It is therefore an innocent, and (being such) a proper, and COMMENDABLE PRUDENCE.

"3. Or it may lead and be subservient to a higher principle than itself. The mind and conscience of the individual may be reconciled to it, in the foreknowledge of the higher principle, and with a yearning towards it that implies a foretaste of future freedom. The enfeebled convalescent is reconciled to his crutches, and thankfully makes use of them, not only because they are necessary for his immediate support, but likewise, because they are the means and conditions of EXERCISE; and by exercise, of establishing, *gradatim paulatim*, that strength, flexibility, and almost spontaneous obedience of the muscles, which the idea and cheering presentiment of health hold out to him. He finds their *value* in their present necessity, and their *worth* as they are the instruments of finally superseding it. This is a faithful, a WISE PRUDENCE, having, indeed, its birthplace in the world, and the *wisdom of this world* for its father; but naturalized in a better land, and having the wisdom from above for its Sponsor and Spiritual Parent. To steal a dropt feather from the spicy nest of the Phoenix, (the fond humour, I mean, of the mystic divines and allegorizers of Holy Writ,) it is the *son of Terah from Ur of the Chaldees*, who gives a tithe of all to the King of Righteousness, without father, without mother, without descent, (*Nóμος αἰρονόμος*,) and receives a blessing on the remainder.

"4. Lastly, There is a prudence that co-exists with morality, as morality co-exists with the spiritual life; a prudence that is the organ of both, as the understanding is to the reason and the will, or as the lungs are to the heart and brain. This is a HOLY PRUDENCE, the steward faithful and discreet (*οἰκονόμος πιστός και φρόνιμος*, Luke xii. 42), the 'eldest servant' in the family of faith, *born in the house*, and 'made the ruler over his lord's household.'"

Now, Prudence is Chambers' favourite theme and darling virtue; and it would not be difficult to show that, in one form or other, it is the aim of all his moral instruction, whether conveyed in precept or in anecdote. Adopting Coleridge's distinctions, then, we may venture to say, that rarely if ever does it rise above his Second Form—a Commendable Prudence—rarely if ever does it become that Wise Prudence, which "leads and is subservient to, a higher principle than itself." We never feel that the author is reserving his strength, and implying, by his manner of treating common subjects, more sacred motives than he chooses to put directly forward. Right feeling, correct ethics, and "enlightened self-love," (to use a phrase of Butler's in a lower sense,) are not only the highest principles to which he appeals—for this there might be found reasons—but seem to be so appealed to as to leave no room for reference to a higher standard. We should wish, then, to elevate the moral tone of our lightest literature up to the present mark of Chambers, and raise our popular

didaactics, in turn, to the level of the Wise Prudence which prepares the way for spiritual wisdom. Our lowest point would then be neutrality, "not incompatible with spiritual growth," while professed instruction would be always pointing upward, creating a "yearning that implies a foretaste of future freedom." That the first object is not unattainable, we will prove, by reference to a work on our list, hitherto unnoticed.

We have reserved "The Commissioner" to this point, because we wish emphatically to record our very high admiration of a work, which, from whatever causes, never seemed to attain the popularity it deserved. With many faults of execution, especially an exuberance of humorous description occasionally running into the broadest farce, it yet realizes, as perfectly as theories ever are realized, our conception of the proper tone of popular literature. The original design was to describe the travels of a "Commissioner" from "his Imperial Majesty, whom the people of Europe profanely call the Man in the Moon," sent down to our planet "to claim and send back all deserters from the lunar sphere." Like most authors of serial works, however, the writer very soon forgets the professed plan on which he set out, and, to say the truth, it is greatly to be hoped that John de Lunatico had no enemies at the Imperial Court; for a very strong case might be made out against him of having used his peculiar powers for his own amusement, forgetting, except by fits and starts, the objects of his embassy. The book thus resolves itself into a series of sketches of society, like those of his numerous rivals, each of whom he can meet on his own ground, without fear of suffering eclipse. With Lever, indeed, it is impossible to *compare* him, we are forced to *contrast*; for when the Commissioner approaches a scene of mere animal excitement, the spirit of irony is always uppermost; and where Harry Lorrequer would have revelled in enthusiasm, his brother Irishman looks on with a cynical sneer. For example, a fox-hunt viewed by a philosopher:—

"The chevalier turned round to look for his newly acquired valet, but Joey had given up the display of grace in repose, for the purpose of exhibiting grace in action; and such use had he made of the locomotive machinery with which nature had provided him, that all the chevalier could perceive of his dear departed friend was a pair of legs going rapidly round a turn in the lane, about a hundred yards in advance. Being thus left to his own resources, Mr. de Lunatico walked deliberately forward, determined to take his chance of what might occur, and to leave to our good friend, Fate, the task of settling his lodging for the night. The sounds that followed were now increasing in intensity every minute; but Mr. de Lunatico presently thought that he heard the tongues of dogs as well as men joining in the outcry; and in a moment or two after, down from the top of the bank shot a large

male fox, which darted on along the road, and ensconced itself quietly in a large hole under the hedge near the spot where Joey Pike had disappeared. Scarcely had reynard thus entrenched himself, when a number of black and white ill-looking dogs, with hanging ears and open mouths, poured down from above, some tumbling head-over-heels in their eagerness, some treading the precipitous descent as delicately as if they had been taught to dance the tight-rope. The chevalier paused, doubting much whether he was not about to be eaten up alive. But the hounds, smelling something that they liked better, rushed forward full-cry upon the track of their long-backed prey. A more real danger, however, threatened the chevalier the moment after; for scarcely had the hounds chosen their own course when a gentleman in a red coat, mounted on a splendid black horse, appeared suddenly on the top of the bank, made a violent effort to pull in his beast, and came down head-over-heels into the lane below. He was just jumping up when a second appeared above, and, without being warned by his companion's fate, dashed on to the very edge, where the earth giving way, the horse slipped, rolled over, jammed its rider between its body and the earth, and striking full against the stump of an old tree as it descended, broke its back, and lay kicking convulsively upon the ground. Another followed, but with more skill, though not with less rashness, he leaped his horse over a small bush, threw himself back with an easy rein, then gave him a lift of the head as they came down, and hunter and huntsman descended safely on the turf at the bottom of the bank; the only little accident that occurred being that the horse kicked one of the gentlemen who had fallen as he descended, and broke his leg. At the same moment a number of similar scenes were going on in various parts of the lane; and with not much care for the killed or wounded, the red-coated gentry rode on after the hounds, till a loud cry of 'gone to earth, gone to earth,' and 'dig him out, dig him out,' brought their sport for a time to a conclusion.

"The chevalier put his hand into his breeches-pocket, and advanced quietly into the midst of the group which had by this time assembled around the hole to which reynard had betaken himself. He bowed courteously to the different gentlemen he passed, and was greeted universally with a benignant smile, which certainly no native of this lower sphere would have received from the sportsmen at that moment.

"'I beg your pardon,' he said to one of the most prominent of the huntsmen, 'but I am a stranger, and you will permit me to ask, what is all this about?'

"'About?' replied the other, 'why, it is a fox-hunt, man.'

"'And do you mean to say,' asked the chevalier, 'that all these men, and these horses, and all these dogs, have been running after the little beast I saw go into that hole?'

"'To be sure,' answered his companion. 'It is the most glorious sport in the world.'

"'And are such accidents as these of frequent occurrence?' demanded the chevalier.

"‘Oh, continually,’ replied the other; ‘seldom a day passes without something of the kind. I myself have twice broken my collar-bone, once my arm, once my leg, and have been once trepanned.’

"‘And do you really pretend to say you like it?’ said the chevalier.

"‘Why, as to liking it, you know,’ replied the other, ‘one gets accustomed to it; it is very exciting, you know, and all that.’

"‘What a nice thing a fox must be,’ said the chevalier. ‘I should like to eat a bit very much.’

"‘Eat a bit of a fox!’ cried the huntsman, ‘the nasty stinking carrion. Why, man, you are mad!’

"‘I beg your pardon,’ said the chevalier, with a low bow, ‘I think it is you. However, I am much obliged to you for your politeness, and shall be very happy to see you all in my country when you come there, which you will be obliged to do within six months, according to the tenor of these presents;’ and taking out a whole handful of billets he distributed them amongst the members of the hunt, much to their surprise.

"The chevalier then made his bow and retired, leaving them to unearth the fox at their leisure; and taking his way quietly onward towards the village, determined to wait in peace the consequences of the late duel."

London by moonlight:—

"It was dark when they entered London, and the dearly beloved reader may perhaps suppose, that such was not the moment the chevalier should have chosen for taking his first view of the British capital; but in this point the reader is mistaken; for one of the most characteristic times of London, if I may make use of such an expression, is in the spring time, about an hour after dame night has let the train of her black petticoat fall down upon the floor of the earth.

"All the varied objects of that scene rushed upon the keen eyes of the chevalier, one by one, as he looked out from the window of the vehicle in which he was whirled along. The multitude of gas lamps, the blazing shop windows, shawls, stockings, macintoshes, shoes, silver, gold, jewels, plate glass, books, newspapers, medicines, doctors' bottles, toys, prints, furniture, guns, pistols, swords, epaulets, breeches, stays, petticoats, bustles, bonnets, caps, handkerchiefs, gloves, vegetables, meat, fish, poultry, game, all came dashing upon his visual organs with a rapidity that might have blinded any other unaccustomed eyes but those of the Chevalier de Lunatico. It seemed as if he was being pelted with every thing eatable, drinkable, wearable, usable, readable, feelable, hearable, smellable, thinkable, that the world ever produced. But this was not one-half of the affair, for these were all objects fixed and immovable: it was he that was whirled past them—they, in reality, did not make the assault upon him. But, in addition to this, there were all the moving sights of the place; there were hackney coaches carrying ladies of one rank out to tea-parties; there were gentlemen's carriages carrying persons of another class out to dinner-parties.

There were cabriols, and their harnessed lightning, whirling Members of Parliament down to St. Stephen's with the view of governing or misgoverning the nation. ; There were police-vans, like the carts of a vagabond menagerie, transporting their gaol birds (that were likely soon to be retransported) from the torture-house of the police office to the torture-house of the prison. There were wagons rolling the riches of the world in and out of London; there were carts carrying the goods and chattels of the citizens from one part of the city to the other; there were coster-mongers, dwindling down from the pony, through the ass, to the dog, whirling about their lesser vehicles, and their retail wares. There was the omnibus, the voracious omnibus, the Leviathan of the great city, with a dozen Jonahs in its belly, and likewise the locomotive solitude of the hack cab with the driver perched upon his wandering observatory behind, and then there were all the thousands of asses, and horses, and dogs, drawing their vehicles upon their destined course. But, besides all these, there were the two-legged things that kept the pavement, merchants, tradesmen, shopmen, mechanics, labourers, swindlers, pickpockets, thieves, gentlemen and blackguards with cigars in their mouths. Then there were ladies, shopwomen, marketwomen, tradesmen's wives, personages of a sadly distinct profession, and young ladies carrying bandboxes, as if they were taking home bonnets; and there were multitudes of little children engaged in every sort of laudable occupation, staring, chattering, hooting, crying, screaming, wondering; learning how to become thieves, engaged in picking pockets, or occupied in being run over. It was a wonderful sight, and all by lamplight; but the reader may wish to know, before we convey the chevalier to the inn, at which he was destined to stop, what impression all this made upon him. What he thought of it in short.

The answer may be very soon given. Why, he thought it very like the capital of the moon, indeed; and, had he not inadvertently packed up all his billets in his portmanteau, he would certainly have showered forth whole handfulls out of the window, summoning the mixed multitude to appear at St. Luke's. He did in truth put his hands in his pockets, as Worrel asked him, if it did not seem like bedlam broke loose. But, finding no tickets there, he merely replied, 'Very,' and in a few minutes after, the coach made a rush at the Golden Cross, Charing-cross, which may well be considered as the centre of every thing, except gravity, and, at which, consequently, the worthy commissioner from the moon determined to put up."

Duelling:—

"For a couple of miles they were very silent, but at length the chevalier, always having the end of his perquisitions in view, thought fit to address a few questions to his companion; inquiring, in the first place, in a quiet, easy tone, whether he went upon this affair with the most comfortable feelings in the world.

"'Not exactly,' answered Harry Worrel, with that peculiar sort of candour which the chevalier engendered in all with whom he was

brought in contact. 'In the first place, my dear chevalier, I look upon duelling as criminal, as foolish, and as blackguard. I wouldn't tell any body but you for the world that such are my opinions, and I shall certainly take care on all occasions to make every body believe that I go to fight my man as quietly as I sit down to eat my dinner; and that I look upon the practice as absolutely necessary to society, for the purpose of giving every man, who is injured or insulted, a sort of *ultima ratio* to which there is no reply. In the next place, I don't like the idea of being killed at all; and, do what I will to prevent it, the thought of a nasty hard bullet coming and sticking into me like a piece of hot iron, will present itself to my imagination. Nevertheless, as I have tolerably good nerves, not very easily shaken, that will never prevent me from going out with an unpleasant friend. The thing that is most disagreeable to me, is, I confess, the thought of killing a fellow creature in cold blood. I know and feel, and am perfectly aware, that I am just as much committing a murder as if I cut a man's throat in his bed, and ought to be hanged for it too; only, thank God, we have plenty of jurymen in England, who are quite ready to perjure themselves, whenever a gentleman thinks fit to shoot another through the head, and to find him not guilty; though, if a poor man had done it, driven by starvation, they would hang him as high as Haman. Thus I am sure of immunity in this world; and, as to the next, Macbeth says:—

' If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With this surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time.—
We'd jump the life to come.'

Besides, this sort of murder, unlike all others, is punished by the world, if we do not commit it, and not if we do. So now, my dear chevalier, having told you all I think upon this subject, let us change the topic; for on my life it isn't a pleasant one, and I would rather think of something else."

Our specimens are, we fear, too grave to give a fair representation of the book; but the truth is, that when the author is in a jocular vein, the fun is so exuberant as to defy all endeavours to select a manageable extract. For fun alone, quality and quantity, he stands, to our thinking, above all his compeers. Analysis of the story is in the same way impracticable, from the variety and complication of incidents. But the plot is good, and well worked out; Harry Worrel one of the best of heroes, and Laura the prettiest and most spirited of heroines; while, not to mention minor characters, Lord Outrun, Jerry Tripe, Mr. Longshanks, and Joey Pike, are each a very gem of clever sketching. Joey is confessedly an extravaganza; we recommend him strongly for

a *piazza*, as he would call it, in the good graces of our readers. But it is to Lord Outrun himself that we wish more particularly to advert.

Had the story stopped short of its finale, the character of the jolly Viscount would have been worthy of all admiration for the cleverness of the performance, but certainly liable to the charge of making sin far too attractive. The laughter-loving *bon vivant*, with abundance of natural ability, and no moral principles of any kind, creates a sort of kindly interest, in spite of all the coarseness of his mirth; and, whether addressing the magistrates in the water-tank, "like St. Anthony preaching to the fishes," or announcing his intended reformation to his "friends, magistrates, constables, boys and girls," he makes us feel that good-humoured vice, with a dash of cleverness, may after all be a very pleasant thing. Here most of our popular authors would have stopped. The terrible tragedy which closes *The Commissioner* teaches a far sounder moral. From the midst of the broadest farce, we are hurried in a moment to see Lord Outrun's only son overtaken by retribution for an old unrepented sin. He is killed on his wedding-day, at his father's table, by the maniac father of a girl whom he had formerly seduced. Here is the picture:—

"Mr. Fitzurse ran back into the dining-room; but the madman, brandishing an iron bar of one of the doors which he held in his hand, darted after him, the company rising and scattering before him in dismay. It was at the bridegroom alone, however, that the maniac aimed. His eyes were fixed upon him, with wild unnatural fire flashing from them, and he had chased the deceiver of his child half round the table, when, at the very same moment poor Jane cast herself before him and clasped his knees, Mr. Fitzurse stumbled over the misplaced chair of Darius, and the arm of the madman descended, striking the head of the unfortunate fugitive with the iron bar that loaded it. There was a crash like that of a broken fence, the blood gushed from his mouth, ears, and nostrils, and down he fell prone upon his face, with his limbs quivering, and his feet beating the ground."

" 'I have killed him—I have killed him!' cried the madman, with a loud laugh of exultation. 'That's done, and I'm satisfied. I should like to have some of his blood—let me have some of his blood!'"

" 'This is a sad and terrible thing,' said Tom Hamilton.

" 'It is indeed,' said Mr. Longshanks. 'Let it be as the voice of heaven to all that see it, warning them to repent while time is yet allowed them.'

" 'Be comforted,' said Harry Worrel, coming to the side of his uncle, and taking his hand with more tenderness than any thing but such misfortunes could have induced him to show towards one who had so cruelly treated his mother. 'Be comforted.'

" 'Oh, Harry Worrel, Harry Worrel !' said the old man, 'had he been the best son, the best friend, the best man the world ever produced, I could be comforted. Doubtless, you think it is no great loss ; but it is bitterer to me to see him lie there, and to know that he was what he was, than if I had lost all that could make a father's heart proud. Talk not to me of comfort. I have nothing before me, but as heretofore, to drown care, to forget sorrow, to stifle remorse. It is all in vain—it is all in vain. Give me a tumbler-full of wine, Jerry Tripe ! This shall not get the better of me.' "

" 'Do you know, my lord,' said Mr. Hamilton, who thought the viscount was certainly drinking too much and too fast—'Do you know, my lord, I think it would be better for you to go to bed, and try to sleep. There are a great many sad things to be done, which I can do for you ; and if you endeavour to get a good night's rest you may wake to-morrow with a mind less oppressed, and more equal to the discussion of business.' "

" 'Well, I will, Tom—I will,' replied Lord Outrun. 'It is the best thing I can do—I will trust to you to manage matters for me—but I must have a glass of Madeira before I go. By jingo ! I must. I always wind up with Madeira, you know, Tom.—Ring for Jerry Tripe, and I will go ;' and at the same time the peer filled a tumbler three parts full of Madeira, and drank it off at a draught.

"The mind of man is a curious thing, and it is scarcely possible to tell, at times, what are the secret springs from which certain emotions arise. The words 'By jingo !' so common in Lord Outrun's mouth, now struck Tom Hamilton more painfully, more horribly, than many things perhaps of greater consequence would have done. There was a levity in them which was altogether discordant with the grave feelings of his own heart, and with the profound grief which even the speaker endured, that made them harsh and irritating to his ear ; and ringing the bell quickly, Jerry Tripe appeared in a moment.

" 'Bring me a light, Jerry,' said his lord ; 'I am going to bed—come up and help me. Good night, Tom,' and he held out his hand to his son's old friend.

"There was scarcely a difference in the tone from that which he was accustomed to employ upon all ordinary occasions. The shock was evidently passing away, and Tom Hamilton mused for several minutes after he was gone, not without a moral effect.

" 'Pon my honour,' he said to himself, 'the sort of life which this old peer has been leading for so many years seems not only to wear away all principles, but even to deprive the natural affections of tone and strength. Nothing on earth appears to make any impression upon him for more than half an hour, or an hour at the farthest ; and I have seen the same with many vicious old men.—It's worth while thinking of ; for one wouldn't like to get into such a state one'self.' "

"While he was thus thinking, Lord Outrun walked soberly up stairs, with Jerry Tripe lighting him, his step being somewhat slow

and feeble, but with no other indication of any change. At the top of the first landing he stopped and said :

“ ‘ Is it lightning, Jerry ?’ ”

“ ‘ No, my lord,’ replied the butler, ‘ it’s quite a clear night.’ ”

“ ‘ I thought I saw a flash,’ said the peer. And he looked up the gallery towards the door of that room which was to have been his son’s bridal chamber.

“ His heart was not altogether hard, though its sensibilities were worn out, and never had been very deep.

“ ‘ I hope they have taken care of the poor girl,’ he said : ‘ mind she’s taken care of, Jerry.’ ”

“ As he spoke, his eye rested on his sister’s picture—the often-mentioned picture—taken in her masquerade costume. The memory of that sad dark night came upon him, and the angry passions of the past, and the horrors of the present became suddenly linked together by the magic of association. That the son of her whom he had struck and abused, whose heart he had trampled upon, whose life had withered away under his unkindness, should inherit all, and his own child, brought up in indulgence and vice, should receive death as the punishment of his evil course, in the midst of rejoicing on his wedding-day, seemed a strange and a terrible thing, and he felt the hand of wrath upon him.

“ ‘ Come, Jerry,’ he cried, ‘ I shall go to bed—the sooner I’m asleep the better.’ ”

“ He soon changed his mind, however ; for, after Jerry had taken off his coat and waistcoat, and given him his dressing-gown and red night-cap, he said,—

“ ‘ I don’t like going to bed either, Jerry.—There, give me down ‘ Rochester’s Poems’ from the shelf.—Light the rushlight, and put down the candle here.’ ”

“ ‘ You had better go to bed, my lord,’ said Jerry.

“ ‘ No, I won’t, by jingo!’ said the peer. ‘ There, that’ll do.—Hang my night-shirt over the back of the chair near me.’ ”

“ Jerry did as he was bid, and then took his departure.

“ After he was gone, Lord Outrun sat for about half an hour in his arm-chair, reading the evil book he had chosen. At the end of that time he laid it down, put his hand to his head and said :—

“ ‘ How devilish giddy I am—I am sick at the stomach, too.—I’ll ring, and have some brandy and water.’ ”

“ He rose for that purpose, but before he could reach the bell, he reeled for a moment, his knees gave way under him, and he sunk down—slowly at first, but then with a heavy fall—and lay prone and senseless on the floor, with a loud and unnatural snoring issuing from his nostrils. As he fell, his head struck the shade of the rushlight slightly, but sufficiently to knock it over, and it fell against the foot of the chair on which his night-shirt was hanging. The next minute there came a little smoke, and then a sudden flame caught the cloth, gave a flash, and went out again, caught it once more, and played flickering and uncertain upon the edge, then crept slowly up, devouring as it went

—the image of vice creeping over the human mind—slow, silent, flickering, destructive, and in the end consuming all.”

Is there anything in this which is unsuitable to a work of fiction? Is it not rather a very high specimen of artistical skill? Yet, where can we find a finer commentary on the texts—“God gave them over to a reprobate mind;” “Quench not the Spirit?”

And so, we take our leave of “The Commissioner,” with the hope that our readers will not form their opinion from our extracts, as if they could fairly represent the merits of the work. If they feel that our critical dictum is hardly sustained by the evidence adduced, let them examine and judge for themselves; and we think we may venture to predict that they will not find our eulogium too high. It is not possible to do it justice by any mere specimens; but, at least, we have rather more than proved our statement, that it is possible, in the lightest composition, to preserve the standard of Coleridge’s “Commendable Prudence,” sanctioning no principle which the Word of God condemns. How far the portraying of vice is in itself admissible, we cannot now pause to discuss. It seems to us, however, that if treated on sound views of the moral nature of man, grave and serious as are the objections that might be raised, they are not sufficient to justify a wholesale prohibition. It is sin clothed in attractive colours against which we are called to strive: let us see its attractions by all means, only let us see them in the light of truth, and let our last impression be “There is no peace to the wicked.”

In the very lightest periodical, however—even in *Punch*—we have a full right to object to such a paragraph as the following. Speaking of the Rev. Mr. McNeile’s petition to the Queen for a General Fast, on account of the famine and pestilence with which her dominions have lately been visited, and especially Ireland—called down, as Mr. McNeile believes, by the transgressions of a guilty people—*Punch* writes as follows:—

“What—we ask it—have been the transgressions of the wronged and wretched peasantry? They have been ground to the dust by oppression, and they have never murmured. But—we think we discover the meaning of the preacher—they have been smitten for the patience with which they have endured long-suffering. Doubtless, thinks Mr. McNeile, there is a point at which resignation becomes pusillanimity. If he do not mean this, we can see nothing in the words of the petitionmonger—nothing save religion turned inside out.”

Without inquiring what are the national sins which have provoked God’s judgments upon us—on which point we should probably have some little difference with Mr. McNeile—we would ask our facetious but not very profound contemporary,

does he believe that God sent a pestilence upon the kingdom of Israel *because* David had numbered the people? If so, where is the "absurdity and audacity" of Mr. M'Neile's expressions, even if they imply that the sins of the rulers are being visited on the people? Specific applications, we grant, are dangerous; but to deny the general principle that national calamities are to be viewed as national judgments, is not too strongly characterized as "practical infidelity." The day of national humiliation, which will be over long before these remarks appear, will, we trust, find us in a sounder and a wiser frame of mind.

Much more, then, have we a right to expect that professedly didactic works should exhibit systematically the "Wise Prudence" of Coleridge. Let them aim at a higher standard of principle; if not distinctly religious, tending towards religion and kept in harmony with it; and we should have a fairer hope of reaching and moving the lowest of our people.

For then, the whole of our respectable literature would be in keeping. The lower grades would be stepping-stones towards the highest, represented on our list by the two Monthly Penny Magazines. We wish them both the utmost possible success; for their joint success will be very much the measure of the number of serious educated persons among the lower ranks of the English people. Only we should like to see them lay aside their sectarian polemics—the weakest part of the writing of either. Their office is to cultivate that "Holy Prudence," which deals with deeper things than Churchmanship or Dissent. Under their teaching, men ought to come to measure everything by one standard; so that the public taste, reformed, should demand a healthy literature, in which there shall be nothing in opposition to the higher moral life. We are yet far off this point, but it cannot be unattainable. The design of the present article is served, if it gives a more thoughtful direction to the reader's mind, in his judgment of our fugitive publications.

Yet let us part on good terms with all our guests, and accept as a peace-offering the very beautiful and right-toned verses in "Punch," entitled "The Old Year and the New:"—

1846—(SPEAKS.)

I FAINT upon December's lap of snow,
I watch my lees of life drop one by one;
Young forty-seven is on the watch below,
To fill my shoes, almost ere breath be gone.
But listen, greedy heir, tho' faint and old,
My heart is big with work, not work'd in vain;
This hand, now palsied, forced Protection's hold,
And loosed the giant Commerce from his chain.

And all this night, the last night of my life,
 Ere I go hence to join the ghosts of Time,
 I have had glorious visions :—War and Strife
 Lay dead, and by them Hunger, Hate, and Crime.

And Peace and Plenty, Knowledge, Hope, and Love,
 Shone round my bed like angels, and bowed down
 To my dim eyes ; and then there came a dove,
 That placed on my fore hair an olive crown.

Who will crown thee, young upstart? What remains
 Of glory such as mine beneath the stars?
 The year that shook from industry her chains,
 The year that spoke the doom of human wars!

1847—(ANSWERS.)

Scowl not in death, old sire, nor think my hand
 Would break one leaf from off thy crown :—In thee
 I bow to a great year ; but through the land
 Achievement large enough is left for me.

Thy boon is incomplete ; what thou hast given,
 Material blessing to material man,—
 Who waits what I must do, ere he have striven
 Up to the compass of his human span.

Thou gavest wealth,—I'll teach him how to use it ;
 Thou gavest peace,—its arts I must bestow ;
 War, thanks to thee, is such, that they who choose it,
 Choose isolation, beggary, and wo.

But Ignorance is left, and where that is,
 Is war 'twixt light and darkness ; be it mine
 To chase that darkness back to the abyss,
 To lift that light, wide as age, sex, or clime.

What schools must I not build ? What prisons purge ?
 What self-contented foulness clear away ?—
 Oh, there is work for me—and in my dirge
 Deeds may be told, great as in thine, to-day !

- ART. VI.—1. *Madagascar, Past and Present. With considerations as to the political and commercial interests of Great Britain and France; and as to the progress of Christian Civilization.* By a Resident. London, 1847.
2. *A Narrative of the Persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar.* By J. J. FREEMAN and D. JOHNS, formerly Missionaries in the Island. 6th Thousand. London, 1840.
3. *Madeira; or, the Spirit of Anti-Christ in 1846, as exhibited in a series of outrages perpetrated in August last, on British subjects and Portuguese Protestant Christians.* By J. RODDAM TATE, Royal Navy. London, 1847.
4. *Tahiti. A Review of the Origin, Character and Progress of French Roman Catholic Efforts for the Destruction of English Protestant Missions in the South Seas.* Translated from the French of Mark Wilkes. London, 1844.
5. *Brief Statement of the Aggression of the French in the Island of Tahiti, &c.* By the Directors of the London Missionary Society. London, 1843.

Madagascar, Madeira, and Tahiti! Why group together islands so remote from one another, so different in climate, productions, race, institutions, and history? What connexion is there between them? Recent events have invested them with a common interest. Persecution has made their names familiar words at our firesides. The Christian Missionary has appeared in their valleys and mountains, publishing salvation; and in each he has been encountered by fierce opposition. In each the Gospel has its faithful witnesses, its all-enduring confessors, its bleeding martyrs. Comparatively insignificant in themselves, suffering Truth has imparted to them an immortal interest. They have been consecrated by the blood of martyrdom. The Spirit of God has made them holy ground. ✓

But there is one consideration of peculiar interest which has induced us to draw the attention of our readers to these islands, as exhibited in the same light and regarded from the same point of view. Here Barbarism and Civilization are brought into juxtaposition. Each acts its part according to its own nature. Both are confronted with a free and pure Christianity, engaged in its mission of mercy, its beneficent work of deliverance and renovation for enslaved and brutified humanity. How do they treat this heavenly power? Are we called upon to admire the

transcendency of civilization in respecting the rights of man, in sustaining truth and justice and freedom, or at least in recognising and blessing its own favourite work of industrial and intellectual education—of social amelioration, and the planting of those institutions and habits without which society, if it exist at all, can make no progress? Or, if the spirituality of the Gospel excite its antagonism, will it not, at least, subject that antagonism to the control of truth, equity, honour, and refinement—contrasting beautifully with the cunning, the rapacity, and destructive brutality of savages? Surely there will be all that is dignified and polished in its opposition, all that is chivalrous in its war, all that is benign and magnanimous in the exercise of its victorious power. It will defend property and protect life; it will shield the sanctity of home where that word is fraught with new and hallowed meaning, and surrounded with virtuous associations: and it will shelter the still feeble plants of civilization.

Madagascar, "the Great Britain of Africa," has been represented as larger than the United Kingdom, containing 150,000,000 acres of land and a population of between four and five millions. The people are "industrious, intelligent, and semi-civilized. They are all of a dark complexion, some races being much more swarthy than others. They are evidently of varied origin. Some possess Malay features; others resemble Arabs; and a few approximate to the negro type, but without the woolly hair. The land is everywhere low in the neighbourhood of the sea, and the interior is mountainous. The highest elevation in the country probably does not exceed 8000 feet. Iron, slate, and limestone are abundant. It is said that coal and silver exist in the island. Sugar, cotton, hemp, silk, indigo, tobacco, gum-elastic, gum-copal, ebony, wax, &c. are already produced, some on a large scale, and capable of an indefinite increase. But the principal articles of exportation at present are cattle and rice, which are taken to Mauritius and Bourbon. The Malagasy have no shipping whatever of their own. In marine architecture they have not advanced a step beyond the rudest and simplest canoe. They have nothing in boat-building to compete with the New Zealander and South Sea Islander."*

This may be accounted for, perhaps, from the fact that the negro race chiefly occupy the coast, while the reverse is the fact in the other islands of the Indian Archipelago. These

"Bask in the glare or stem the tepid wave,
And thank the gods for all the good they gave."

* FREEMAN and JOHNS, pp. 8, 9.

And this is all they do. The sea yields not up its treasures, and the land is not cultivated. In the interior the Malays, who are the ruling race, have fixed the seat of their power at a place called Tananarivo, distant from Tamatane, the principal port, about 300 miles. These people are called the Hovas. They occupy the most salubrious part of the island, and possess over the other tribes the same sort of pre-eminence enjoyed by the Athenians and Spartans in ancient Greece. For their superior energy they are indebted partly to the bracing properties of the air in the elevated region they inhabit, which is free from brush-wood and entirely exempt from the jungle fever. This malady fatally infects the low, wooded, marshy, and maritime districts. At a place about 50 miles north of the capital the atmosphere is so laden with death, that few survive who are doomed to breathe it even for a short time. This insalubrity of the climate, however, can be greatly abated, if not wholly removed, by clearing, draining, and cultivation.

The form of government, if such it may be called, which is established in Madagascar, arose in much the same way as in other infant societies similarly circumstanced. Small communities or tribes seem to have yielded a sort of servitude to the individual most prominent among them for the combination of experience, talent, energy, decision of character, and physical strength. It is the nature of power, when once acquired, to fortify itself on every side, to extend its dominion and generate the ambition of conquest. Among the arts used for these purposes are imposing ceremonies and high-sounding titles. The "head-man" becomes a chief, a ruler, a king. He is the judicial referee, the fountain of justice, and honour, and favour. It is the interest of all to conciliate his good-will, by servility and bribery. By these means the throne of despotism is established. Custom begets prestige;—and thence by degrees grows "a divine right," to sport at will with the rights and liberties of the tyrant's "subjects." The "Malagasy," (so foreigners designate the people,) do not call their country Madagascar. Indeed, their idea of country does not extend so far. The nationality and patriotism of the tribes is confined to their respective districts. They are scarcely sufficiently civilized to comprehend centralization, though their recent history has been such as to make them understand it. The present sovereign and her two predecessors have been *conquerors*, after the ancient classical fashion. They have slaughtered in order to civilize, and copiously watered their newly planted institutions with blood.

The natives of Madagascar are not in a state of barbarism, in the gross sense of that word.

"They appear to have acquired from time immemorial, by their

intercourse with Arabs and Malays, and subsequently with Europeans, many of the arts and habits of civilized life. They possess large flocks of cattle, cultivate and artificially irrigate extensive tracts of soil, are familiar with the value of property, and live in large communities, with considerable regularity of municipal government. They have no native coin. The only native metal worked is iron. The people have long known the manufacture of various articles in that metal, as well as in horn, wood, silk, and cotton. They excel also in the manufacture of silver chain from dollars, imported in the sale of their produce. Many of their houses are large and substantially built of wood, and their towns, which usually occupy the summits of hills, are well defended by large moats. The people are industrious in their habits and peaceable in their dispositions; they are hospitable to strangers, and respectful and courteous in their demeanour to each other. Under a government less oppressive and rapacious, the country would soon assume an appearance of great fertility and comfort, and by the fostering care of liberal and enlightened rulers, the people would rapidly rise in the scale of intelligence, wealth, and power. There are materials to render the Malagasy a noble and powerful nation, whose friendship and resources would be well worthy of commercial relations with Europe and India, and whose mind and energy would qualify them to act as benefactors on the eastern coast of Africa.”*

The people of Madagascar, however, are sunk in the most malignant idolatry. The island may be said to be consecrated to sanguinary superstition, whose customs lead to horrid cruelty, doing as much to depopulate the land as war itself. According to Ellis, (whose excellent History of Madagascar is the best authority on all subjects connected with it,) all of the clans hold some “one day in the week as more sacred, favoured of the gods, or more lucky than the rest;—some, however, regard Friday as that day, others Saturday, and others Sunday. Every child which is born on an unlucky day or hour, (and the number of these is quite at the will of the astrologer,) is destroyed upon the spot; whilst the same fate awaits others, who may be ordered to be sacrificed, merely in consequence of a single malignant symptom frowning upon their birth-day. All practise trial by ordeal, but the ordeal itself, and the mode of its administration, differ. All employ the ‘*sikidy*,’ or divination, but have different modes of working it. The passion for infanticide, so strangely overcoming the parental instinct in heathen nations, is very remarkable. Those who have read Williams’ Missionary Enterprise, will recollect the affecting instances he gives of it in the South Sea Islands. Dr. M’William, in his recent account of the Government expedition

* FREEMAN and JOHNS, pp. 4, 5.

up the Niger, informs us that at Ilen, a settlement within the delta of that river, human beings are occasionally offered up in sacrifice; whilst *twins* are, in all cases, put to death, and the children who cut their upper jaw teeth first are instantly destroyed!

"The contrivances resorted to for the destruction of infants (in Madagascar) when once doomed by the astrologers, are not the least atrocious features distinguishing this dark page in the history of the people under our notice. Thus, a common *modus operandi* for attaining this end, is that of exposing the unconscious babe in a narrow passage, through which a herd of cattle is furiously driven, and by the feet of which it is scarcely possible to avoid being mangled and tortured by a gradual death. At other times it is suspended by the heels, while its face is held in a pan of water till suffocation ensues; or, still more horrible to relate, it is sometimes buried alive with its head downwards in a pit. And this atrocious murder is in regular order, commanded under the queen's authority, to be perpetrated by the father, or nearest relative of the infant!"

An incident very characteristic of the taste of the Malagasy for cruelty, is mentioned by Ellis in the second volume of his History. "One of King Radama's sisters being ill, her four female attendants were subjected to trial by ordeal, for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent the poor helpless wretches had been accessory to her sickness. Three were adjudged to instant death. The supposed criminals were taken to a rock on the south side of the capital, and having their fingers, toes, arms, legs, noses, and ears cut off, were precipitated from the rock, the children from the surrounding crowd amusing themselves for nearly an hour, with throwing stones upon their mangled bodies! Not one anxious or sympathizing countenance was seen among the spectators, many of whom were females!"

How terribly true is it that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty! The present sovereign of Madagascar, a drunken woman of brutal propensities, is entirely in the hands of the astrologers. Through their assistance she managed to mount the throne at the death of her husband, Radama, the gods having pronounced decidedly in her favour, to the prejudice and destruction of the rightful heir. During the public meeting ("Rabary,") which the usurper convened to ratify her accession, and proclaim it to the nation, the proper officers declared that "the idols had named Ranavalona as successor to Radama." Four individuals protested that they could not, whatever might be the consequence, conceal the fact, that the king had named his own daughter as the party to succeed him. They had scarcely spoken when twenty or thirty spears were

plunged into them by the bystanders, and they perished on the spot. This decided the whole question.*

The condition of the people under the savage sway of this woman, is deplorable in the extreme. All of both sexes who have learned any handicraft in the missionary schools, or elsewhere, are obliged to work for her without payment. She claims them all as her serfs, and recognises no property but her own. Girls are drafted from the schools to make clothes for the army. Hundreds of smiths are engaged on the public works, and still larger numbers of wood-fellers are compelled to cut down timber in the forests, and carry it to the capital. They are suffered to find the means of sustenance as best they can, at such moments as they can furtively employ themselves out of the view of their inhuman task-masters. See now the results of misgovernment on the morals of a people, and on their national character. First, there is want in its most hideous forms, with all its debasement of the feelings. Theft, and rapine, and falsehood, are almost necessary consequences, and hence a general disorganization of society. Ellis tells us, that, unable to meet these cruel demands on their personal services and their property, multitudes fled from the towns and villages to the forests, formed themselves into banditti, and sought a precarious subsistence by seizing upon the cattle that might graze in the adjacent country, or plundering the travellers that passed near their places of retreat. Nearly 200 of these were taken and executed. Mr. Ellis says, that "lying has, in some cases, been enforced upon the natives, it having been required of every Hova when speaking with foreigners on political matters, to state the exact opposite to the truth on pain of punishment. So far has this been carried, that it was once a serious and public complaint against Christianity, that it taught the people to scruple at telling lies, even to deceive their country's enemies."

There are no public temples in honour of any divinity, nor any order of men exclusively devoted to the priesthood. The houses in which the principal idols are kept are considered in some way sacred. The keeper of the idol receives the offerings and sacrifices, and gives the responses. The people are believers in fate or destiny. They worship usually at the tombs of their ancestors, which are held very sacred. As to the soul, sometimes they speak of it like materialists. Yet they believe in some sort of existence after death, and are exceedingly afraid of ghosts. In their astrology the moon holds the chief place, but receives no worship. Neither is fire worshipped in any part of the island. They practise circumcision, and they observe the weekly division of time. The new-year is ushered in with

* FREEMAN and JOHNS, p. 11.

numerous ceremonies, which bear a strong resemblance to those of the Jewish passover. Abstinence from swine's flesh is almost universal. Caste does not prevail, but clanship does. Divination and trial by ordeal prevail to a frightful extent, and lead to unutterable cruelties. The sovereign is regarded as a divinity. Accession to the throne is a sort of apotheosis. Yet the people are not naturally savage or inhuman, nor are their morals worse than those of other heathens.

" Their worst propensities as a people have been generated by the importance attached to some fell superstitions among them, and still more by the demoralizing and brutalizing influence of the wars in which they have recently engaged. They have become dreadfully familiar with blood, and shed it with less scruple than they ever did. Falsehood, chicanery, avarice, and deceit, extensively prevail. The common vices of sensuality, excepting intoxication, are also extremely prevalent: but various crimes, not always reprobated among some of the refined nations of antiquity, are utterly unknown in Madagascar, or are followed with immediate death on discovery. They possess also not a few redeeming qualities. Parents generally are devotedly fond of their offspring, and children are respectful to their parents to old age. There is much genuine hospitality in the country, and warm and steady friendships exist. They are a people prepared for improvement, and whose rapid advancement, under favourable circumstances, would amply repay the anxieties, toil, and sacrifices, that might be expended in their service."*

European intercourse has not had a beneficial influence on Madagascar. It has even gone far to neutralize the exertions of the missionaries, who have had to encounter deep national distrust. For many generations prior to this intercourse it would appear that Madagascar had been a common mart to Arab, Indian, and other eastern traders. But the first distinct notice of it that has reached our own time was that of the Portuguese navigator Marco Paulo, who published his account as long ago as the close of the 13th century. Three centuries passed by from this time before it attracted the attention of Europeans, when the Portuguese established a settlement on its coast. About the middle of the next century it appears to have become an object of cupidity to the French. In 1642, a "patent was granted by Cardinal Richelieu to Captain Rivault, for the exclusive right of sending ships and forces to Madagascar and the neighbouring islands, in order to establish a colony or plantation, for the promotion of commerce."—*Ellis*, vol. ii. p. 6.

The French do not appear to have been opposed by the natives; but their gross injustice and refined cruelty generated a deep feeling of animosity to foreigners in the minds of the Malagasy.

* FREEMAN AND JOHNS, ch. iii.

The religion which they and the Portuguese forced upon the natives, by fire and sword, had inspired them with insuperable dread and dislike, feelings which were very naturally extended to Europeans of all nations and Christians of all Churches. Hence, no doubt, the general massacre of a Dutch settlement. In the middle of the 17th century, as already mentioned, the French formed their East India Company, which took possession of some portions of the island of Madagascar. The French settlement was governed a few years by one Pronis, who left a worthy precedent for his countrymen in the South Seas. "When Captain Pronis was governor, (says Copland, p. 37,) he treacherously sold a great number of the natives, who had unsuspectingly engaged themselves in the service of the colony, to Vander Meister, the Dutch governor of the Mauritius. Ellis informs us, that "the unfortunate victims of his reckless cupidity were shipped off in so crowded a state that the greater part of them died on the passage; and the remaining few, upon arriving at the Mauritius, fled immediately into the woods, where they subsisted ever afterwards in a wild state, eluding all attempts to recapture them."—Vol. ii. p. 10.

Lescallier, a Frenchman, was sent to Madagascar in 1792 for the purpose of ascertaining if it were practicable once more to attempt the establishment of a colony in that country. He thus expresses himself in a memoir in the "National Institutes":—

"The French government have at long intervals formed, or rather attempted to form, establishments among these people; but the agents in these enterprises attended exclusively to the interests and emoluments of the Europeans, and particularly their own profits; while the interests and wellbeing of the natives have been entirely forgotten. Some of these ministerial delegates have been dishonest adventurers, and have committed a thousand atrocities. It cannot, therefore, excite surprise, that sometimes they have experienced marks of the resentment of the Malagasses."

Alas! how generally has this been the conduct of Europeans in their intercourse with barbarous nations. Treacherous, rapacious, cruel, licentious, they have produced against Christianity and its missionaries, in many cases, almost unconquerable prejudices; in some, the most rancorous animosity. It was thus at Madagascar, when our missionaries arrived there during the reign of the late monarch. They entered upon their work under what seemed the most favourable auspices.

"The sovereign was their immediate patron, and the English representative, (Mr. Hastie) the active organ of forwarding their interests with the government. All opposition was borne down by the King; the people had but one course before them, which was to furnish their quota of children required from the respective villages, to

the government schools, which were ultimately to comprise upwards of 60 villages, and not less than 5000 scholars in daily attendance. In all this the King was seeking merely and exclusively that knowledge which is most directly power, but with scarcely the remotest idea of its adverse bearing on the superstition of his ancestors.”*

The missionaries pursued their work with great vigour. During fifteen years, namely, from 1820 to 1835—

“The whole of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were translated, corrected, and printed in the native language, at the capital, aided by very liberal grants from the British and Foreign Bible Society; not fewer than 25,000 tracts, aided by the prompt and generous encouragement afforded by the Religious Tract Society, were printed; Russell’s Catechism was translated, and an edition of 1000 copies generously given by Mr. Cameron, a member of the mission. Nearly all these publications were put into circulation. The number of schools increased till they amounted to nearly 100, containing nominally about 4000 scholars, to whom were imparted the elements of instruction and of religious truth. Probably some 10,000 to 15,000 altogether, passed through the mission schools in the period under review. Elementary books were provided for the use of these, and probably as many more were distributed among those who voluntarily acquired the art of reading without attendance on the mission schools.”†

We will now follow the *Narrative* in its instructive and interesting account of the measures taken by the Government to suppress the mission; and certainly, with all the severity of those measures towards the natives, if we take into account the despotic and feudal character of the Government, as well as the nature of the established religion, we shall be, perhaps, surprised at their moderation, and at the solicitude manifested to conduct them with due regard to what was right and just according to the standard of rectitude in that part of the world. Our own country was guilty of more savage persecution 300 years ago, and at the present moment several of the European nations would, in similar circumstances, perpetrate outrages quite as shocking to the feelings of Christian freemen. In fact, we shall be obliged to exhibit specimens as bad on the part of France and Portugal before we conclude this article. We have often wondered at the tolerance with which such things are regarded when they occur on the continent of Europe, or when they are the acts of Europeans in their colonies. Surely those who know their Master’s will and yet shamefully violate it, must be held far more culpable than those who sin in ignorance.

Radama, the late king, on acceding to the terms of a treaty for the suppression of the slave traffic in his country, and grant-

* *A Resident*, p. 38.

† FREEMAN and JOHNS.

ing to the agents of the London Missionary Society access to his dominions, *stipulated* that his people should be taught various branches of the arts and sciences. Several artizans were therefore appointed to accompany the mission, and remained in the country a long time. Their instructions, though not strictly of a religious character, could not but effect a powerful movement in the native mind.

"Habits of thought, attention, industry, and application were formed, new ideas were communicated, and new associations were generated; a spirit of inquiry was fostered, intelligence was conveyed from one to another, and all the materials of improvement and civilization were placed in requisition. The government assumed to itself the control of the labours of the artizans, a measure obviously attended with both advantages and disadvantages. Many intelligent youths were placed under instruction, amounting probably to not less than from 1000 to 2000 altogether, including smiths, carpenters, builders, tanners, curriers, saddlers, boot and shoemakers, spinners, weavers, soapmakers," &c.

The female members of the mission contributed an important share in effecting the work of Christian civilization among their own sex, and with the happiest results. In the moral change thus effected the members of the Government did not at all sympathize. They regarded it from the beginning with jealousy and fear. They could not tell whereunto it might grow. Such a revolution in the religious sentiments and moral habits of the people, wrought by a mere handful of European teachers, alarmed the rulers, who, not anticipating such a movement, and not having capacity to manage it, yielded to the self-preserving instinct of despotism, and determined to crush the mission. For a while, however, the Queen, who succeeded Radama, her husband, manifested rather a friendly disposition. But evil counsels prevailed, and she was resolved to rule the souls as well as the bodies of her subjects. The meaning of her laws, edicts, and messages on the subject (and she took great trouble to explain and vindicate her course both to the missionaries and her own subjects,) is simply this:—

"I am determined that the ancient and established customs and habits of the country shall remain unaltered. Arts and manufactures, if under the exclusive surveillance of my own government, and strictly limited to my advantage, I shall not object to. The inculcation of obedience to the laws I approve of. But to relinquish divination and idolatry, is an offence which I will punish with death. The arts of civilized life may come to my country, but the people are not to cultivate them for themselves. I will direct who shall be taught; none else are permitted to learn; and the abilities which they then acquire are to be wholly employed in the service of the government."

Other causes, as well as the efforts of the missionaries, contributed to the dangerous development of the popular mind—causes, too, whose operation can never be arrested. Among these may be reckoned the enlargement of the Queen's territories by conquest.

“To maintain this extension of newly acquired country, various military posts have been formed in different parts of the island; new scenes have been visited, a new kind of life instituted, new ranks and orders in society established, and, in a word, a new physical aspect given to the condition of society. . . . Rude and unwieldy masses have been brought under European discipline. A standing army of twenty or thirty thousand men have been instructed in European military tactics, with an active and enterprising body of young officers, encouraged to associate with Europeans, so as to acquire all the varied information they could impart. . . . An extensive intercourse has been held with foreigners in different parts of the island, many of whom had resided sufficiently long to become acquainted with the language, and, therefore, able to communicate intelligence to the native mind. To these causes may be added, the fact of natives visiting England for education, and then returning to their own country; of several youths being apprenticed to different trades in Mauritius, and of others spending a few years on board British men-of-war, most of whom are now residing in Madagascar, and diffusing intelligence among their countrymen.”

Mortified national pride, and an extreme jealousy of foreigners, were not wanting in arguments calculated to prejudice the Queen's mind against the missionaries. They were accused of political designs. Their very kindness and liberality to the people were considered sufficient proofs against them. Was it possible for white men to give away their time and property, without having some sinister and selfish end in view? One of the first indications of hostility to the missionaries consisted in a notice sent abruptly to the Rev. D. Griffith to leave the country, on the alleged ground of the expiration of the period allowed him by Radama for remaining in Madagascar. At his request, *five* months were allowed him to prepare his packages. Subsequently he obtained permission to remain *a year* longer, and afterwards, by dint of persevering efforts, to remain for an *indefinite period*, with the understanding that he was to leave when the Queen desired it. Now, there was nothing very violent in this. What amount of effort could have obtained such indulgence for Dr. Kalley from the civilized authorities of Madeira, with a British consul and many British families residing on the island?

In the latter end of the year 1831, the permission which had been given to administer to the natives the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper was recalled. The persons connect-

ed with the army were first forbidden to receive them, and then the missionaries got orders not to administer them to *any* of the parties, on *any* account whatever. In the latter end of the next year, the *slaves* were strictly prohibited from learning to read and write. A law equally barbarous is in force in civilized and Protestant America, with this difference in favour of Madagascar, that, whereas the design in America is to keep down the slave population in their state of brutal degradation, the law of the heathen government had something in it of justice and humanity; for many people were in the habit of "purchasing slave children to place them in the schools instead of their own!" The reason for this strange proceeding is thus given in the *Narrative*:—

"Certain towns and villages were required by law to provide a given number of children for the schools, *as a part of their service due to government*; and the parents, to avoid placing their children where they might so soon be drawn off to the army and perish, were attempting to evade the law, by placing *slave* children in the schools, which would have enabled them to return the numbers required without risking the welfare of their own families."—P. 90.

This strength of parental affection, we may observe, in passing, is remarkable in connexion with the prevalence of infanticide. But this results from the horrible system of idolatry, which perverts their natural feelings. The general conduct of the Madagascar judges contrasts most favourably with those of Madeira. A charge was laid against a young man for neglecting the national worship and despising the idols. The chief judge listened gravely to the accusation, and replied, that he did not see much to condemn in the young man, for there was no proof that he had intentionally violated the prohibitions of the idol, or that he had collected the people under any evil design of exciting rebellion; and that, as to praying, it was a good thing in itself, and it might be well if all prayed rather more than they did. "However," said he, "as you desire me, I shall convey the message to the Queen." The accused was ordered by her Majesty to submit to the ordeal of *tungena*, to see whether he possessed any witchcraft. The result happened to be favourable. The native Christians were overjoyed. As usual, on such occasions, they marched with him into the capital in solemn procession. The numbers were unusually large, and the crowds were gaily dressed in their white lambas or robes. The Queen saw the procession from a distance, and looked on with astonishment. Her officers suggested, that it was an insolent triumph of the Christians over her authority, and that of the gods, who had placed her on the throne. "I am surprised," said she, "to see such things in my country. Was it not I that ordered him to take the ordeal, and why do they now make such

an exhibition, as if they had overcome an enemy? All this is intended for me, I suppose." One of her officers now resolved, while she was in this mood, to bring an accusation against the whole body of the Christians. He went and listened to a Christian slave addressing an assembly, and heard him urging the people to leave off idolatry, to forsake the gods which their fathers had served, and to serve Jehovah and Jesus Christ. The officer returned home, and thought he had sufficient materials for his indictment. "Jehovah," said he, whether ignorantly or intentionally is scarcely known,—"Jehovah was the first king of the English, Jesus Christ the second, and the Andriamanitra (gods) whom their ancestors had served on the other side of the flood, mean the Queen and her predecessors." Hence the slave was represented as raising assemblies in the night, making Kabarys (speeches) that nobody replied to, and all this to urge the people of Madagascar to serve the *English*, and renounce their allegiance to the Queen. Having listened to the account of these matters, Ranavalona burst into tears, and cried a long time. She then swore in the name of Andrianimpoina, that she would put a stop to these things, and that with the shedding of blood. Soon afterwards the judges received orders to summon all the people, even to a child of a cubit high, to a Kabary, to be held in the capital on Sunday the 1st of March. On the previous Sunday, she scornfully said to her "sewing-women," assembled in the court-yard, "you had better go and ask permission of the Europeans to allow you to come and sew for me on Alahady (or Sabbath)! You observe the day, like the English; I do not; you had better go and ask their permission." The same evening, as she was returning from bull-shooting, she overheard singing in Mr. Griffith's chapel, and said,—"These people will not leave off until some of their heads are taken from their shoulders."

The result of the great national assembly was, a resolution to put an instant stop to the operations of the mission among the natives. A deputation of officers was appointed to wait on the missionaries, and to read to them "a message from the throne," of which the following is the substance:—

"TO ALL THE EUROPEANS, ENGLISH AND FRENCH:

"Antananarivo, 26th February, 1835.

"I inform you, my friends and relations, with regard to the disposition you have manifested towards my country, in teaching the good disposition and knowledge, I thank you for that; it is highly acceptable to me, for I have observed the disposition manifested by you to Radama, and also to me, that you have not changed.

"And I also inform all you Europeans, that whilst you reside here in my country, you may, among yourselves, observe all the customs

(religious observances,) of your ancestors and your own customs ; and do not entertain any fears, for I do not change the customs of your ancestors, or your customs, for the disposition that you have manifested to my country is good : however, though I state that, if the law of my country be violated, the party is guilty, whoever he may be ; nor is that done in this country only, but throughout the world, wherever the law of the country is violated, the party is guilty. . . .

“ And hence, then, with regard to religious worship, whether on the Sunday or not, and the practice of baptism, and the existence of a society, (or societies,) those things cannot be done by my subjects, in my country ; but with regard to yourselves, as Europeans, do that which accords with the customs of your ancestors and your own customs. But if there be knowledge of the arts and sciences, that will be beneficial to my subjects in the country, teach that, for it is good ; therefore I tell you of this, my friends and relations, that you may hear it.

“ Saith Ranavalomanjaka.”

The missionaries sent a suitable answer, which was replied to on the part of the Queen in a tone of determination which showed that remonstrance was vain, and that as they could do nothing they might as well quietly leave the country, which they ultimately did. Death was denounced against all native Christians who did not come in and confess themselves guilty in one month. This term was subsequently limited to a week. In the meantime, there were the most formidable demonstrations of military force, and everything was done to overawe the population. The people hastened to make their confession of having attended worship, kept the sabbath, and received the sacraments. The twelve senior teachers sent an address to the Queen couched in language of most humiliating oriental servility. Four hundred officers of the army were reduced in rank for their attendance on Christian worship. They, too, sent an address, in which they say—

“ It is our duty to express our unfeigned gratitude to you, Ranavalomanjaka. It is pleasing to us, it is delightful to us, may you reach to old age without suffering affliction, may you equal in length of days the human race, for you have not delivered up a single person to be put to death for this great violation of your laws—you have not reduced to slavery our wives and children, and our property has not been confiscated. We again beg of you to take courage, Ranavalomanjaka, for our flesh is not consumed, our bones are not broken, the life is still here, and although reduced in rank, yet rank is not the boundary of service we owe, but life itself ; take courage, therefore, Ranavalomanjaka, for as long as life is here, we shall not relax in your service ; for to whom did Andrianimpoina and Radama leave the kingdom but to you alone ? And if we do these things again, for

which we have been now reduced in rank, kill us, Madam, for we must be hogs and not men, for men dare not venture to challenge the sun."

The schools were now completely broken up, for the missionaries did not feel themselves warranted in devoting their time to the giving of secular instruction when they were debarred from teaching the saving truths of the Gospel. Orders were sent to all the outposts to collect the books, which had found their way to most parts of the island, especially through the military stations, some to a distance of 300 miles from the capital. There is reason to believe that many of the people concealed their literary treasures. An *expurgatorial* commission was then appointed to examine the books, in order to ascertain whether any of them might be safely left in the hands of her majesty's subjects. The Bible came first. One word in the first chapter of Genesis doomed it to the *Index*. The word "*darkness*" was fatal; for the Queen does not like *darkness*, or anything being said about it. A hymn-book shared the same fate, because it contained the word "*Jehovah*." They wanted to have nothing to do with "*an English King*." Books in other languages as well as the Malagasy were in like manner scrutinized. What was done with all these "*heretical*" books?—were they served like Tyndale's Bible in the days of Henry VIII., or like Dr. Kalley's library in the better days of Victoria I.? To what infamous treatment did these semi-barbarous idolaters expose the Christian books, previous to their being consumed in the flames? Let Catholic civilization blush at what follows!—"The whole of these books were some time afterwards *sent back to the missionaries*, and the Government kept none of them, treating them as European property rather than their own." Not only that, but the most anxious care was taken of them while in durance, lest they should suffer any injury. This is proved by a very ludicrous fact. The house in which they had been collected was large, unoccupied, and overrun with rats. To prevent the property from being injured by these animals, the Government directed the soldiers to provide cats and keep them on the spot, and *an allowance per week was made from the Royal treasury* to purchase meat for these four-footed guards!—P. 143.

Many of the natives continued to worship Christ in secret in private houses, and on the mountains, where they could lift their voices in praise without being heard by the spies and informers who now haunted their steps. The Proto-martyr of Madagascar was a woman named Rasaloma, who was speared to death, and bore as noble a testimony for Christ as any of the primitive Christians. The Government was by no means precipitate in inflicting this punishment, but many Christians were

sold into slavery; and the fell superstition of the tangena, or ordeal, carried off many more;—for the Christians were accused of witchcraft and of being able to work malignant spells against the Queen. From this they were obliged to purge themselves in the usual way by swallowing three pieces of the skin of a fowl, and then taking means to have the stomach discharged, when, if the three pieces of skin came up all was well, the party was innocent; but if a different state of the stomach prevented this result, they were speared to death or buried alive, or cast down a precipice. In the course of these shocking proceedings the ordeal was administered to 600 persons, and 500 of them perished!

Let it be borne in mind, that the atrocities we have described occurred in a barbarous country, held in a state of cruel bondage by a drunken woman and her cunning sanguinary astrologers, whose craft the missionaries endangered;—that the established idolatry is of that diabolical kind which turns the heart of humanity into stone;—that the people had suffered the most grievous wrongs from professing Christians, who, to adopt the words of a French author, “have hardly ever visited this island but to ill-treat the natives, and to exact forced services from them; to excite and foment quarrels amongst them, for the purpose of purchasing the *slaves* that were taken on both sides in the consequent wars: in a word, they have left no other marks of their being there but the effects of their cupidity.” Christian missions in Madagacar, too, have been associated in the minds of its rulers with insidious attempts to destroy its independence, and attach it to the crown of France or England; while the poor people believed that their children were educated only to be inveigled into slavery, and that the missionaries were only so many hypocritical kidnappers. These apprehensions enlisted the most powerful as well as the most blameless passions in the deadly work of persecution.

But when we come to *Madeira* we find the picture completely reversed. This island belongs to an ancient kingdom which has enjoyed a millennium of civilization, over which the “holy Catholic and apostolic Church” has reigned with absolute sway, fashioning the minds of the people after its own heart, and imbuing all the national institutions with its spirit. Portugal had suffered no wrongs from England, but, on the contrary, had clung to her as a faithful ally and powerful protector during the trying and protracted periods of European wars. Madeira, in particular, has derived great benefit from the residence there of many respectable English families who resort to it annually for the benefit of their health:—and it must be confessed that, till the recent persecutions, the treaty which guarantees the security

of their persons, property, and homes, had remained inviolate. But no barriers, however sacred, can restrain the fury of bigotry, when once an intolerant priesthood has influenced the multitude with its own rancour against truth and freedom. It is painful to reflect that human nature, under a vaunted civilization and a nominal Christianity, should be found acting a part as base and cruel as under the worst forms of barbarism and idolatry. It is by comparisons such as these that we learn what real progress mankind has made—not in the hollow ceremonials, false refinements and tinsel embellishments of life, but in those solid virtues which live in the heart of society, developing themselves more and more in outward ameliorations, and giving us daily assurances of perpetual renovation. We also learn whether “the Church” which prevails in any country is the genuine spouse of Christ—or that mystic woman described in prophecy, whose favourite beverage has been the blood of the saints, and who has rivalled in her cruel abominations the most degraded Paganism.

It is unnecessary to detain our readers with any account of the early labours of Dr. Kalley in Madeira. With these most of them are familiar. We shall confine our attention to the events recorded in the pamphlet of Captain Tate, just published, events which happened in August last. Rarely has fiction presented a story more picturesque, or one invested with more romantic interest. And yet it is a simple narrative of unquestionable facts, related with a pardonable warmth of feeling.

When Dr. Kalley arrived in Madeira in 1838, he found the mass of the people in a state of the most lamentable ignorance. The Bible, indeed, had been translated into the native language by a Roman priest, and had received the sanction of the Queen and the archbishop, and a few volumes had reached Madeira for the use of the priests. But to the people it was a sealed book. Many were unaware of its existence, and were totally ignorant of the gospel history. Through the labours of Dr. Kalley, however, schools were established, and hundreds became intelligent readers of the Bible. This roused the enmity of the priests, and the law became the ready instrument of their vengeance.

The constitutional charter of Portugal expressly declares, that “no one shall be prosecuted on account of his religion, provided he respect that of the state.” But notwithstanding the charter, Dr. Kalley (when illegally imprisoned in 1843,) was denied bail, on the plea that the offence laid to his charge, abetting heresy and apostasy, was punishable with death. And Maria Joaquina was actually condemned to death for blasphemy, heresy, and apostasy, on the 2d of May, 1844. The inferior court at Lisbon commuted the sentence to three months’ imprison-

ment; but, while it did so, it confirmed the judgment of the lower court, and left it to be inferred that if she had been found guilty of "heresy and apostasy," as well as of *blasphemy*, which was the crime proved against her, she would have been subject to death by the law. This faithful woman suffered 23 months' imprisonment altogether, for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation.

Here is a scene worthy of Madagascar:—

"The judge and public prosecutor, with a notary and about 60 soldiers proceeded at night to the Lombo das Fayas. The houses of the scholars, chiefly Bible readers, were broken open—30 men and women were taken prisoners—most of them were bound—many of them were beaten, and some of them very severely—and their houses were given up to be sacked by the soldiers, who committed the most horrible atrocities. With scarcely any clothes on (for they had been roused from their beds by the soldiers) 22 of them were conveyed to Funchal in a Portuguese frigate and there committed to prison. In prison they were denied the liberty to read the word of God; and the mass had not been performed in it for years; it was now found useful as a means of persecution, and they were driven to mass at the point of the bayonet." . . . After twenty months' confinement, during which they were supported by English generosity, they were honourably acquitted of *every charge*. Still they were remanded to prison till they could pay the gaol fees. Their liberation excited the fury of the mob, who committed great violence on Protestants while attending a procession of the Host. One man, the father of five or six children, was quietly going home when he was cruelly attacked and knocked down. "His arm was broken by the first blow—four wounds on the head laid bare the bone—his nose was nearly knocked off, and the *very women bit him* as he lay on the ground; one of them all but tearing a piece from his cheek with her teeth!"—*Tate*, pp. 4, 5, 6.

Some of the English merchants had lately taken to farming, and had purchased large tracts of land in the mountains, which they cultivated, and on which they built beautiful villas. This excited the envy of the Portuguese gentry, and their selfish passions and interests chimed in with sacerdotal bigotry. The result was a conspiracy to get as many of the English as possible from the island, beginning with Dr. Kalley and his most prominent friends. Conego Telles, a dignitary of the Church of Rome, and a Jesuit educated in England, was the first to excite the mob to actual violence.

"This he did on the 2d of August 1846, on the occasion of Miss Rutherford giving permission to a Portuguese gentleman to meet a few friends in the Quinta das Angustias, which she was occupying with her sisters as a summer residence. The object of the meeting was prayer, reading the Scriptures, and the perusal of a letter from a common friend in England. On Senhor Arsenio reaching the outer

gate of the grounds, he met Conego Telles and a younger priest in canonicals, with a mob of people. The canon stood in his way, and thrust an image in his face, bidding him to 'kiss it,' and 'adore his God.' They then called him 'heretic, apostate, renegade,' and knocked off his hat, by gestures and actions urging on the mob to violence. That night Miss Rutherford's house was besieged by a drunken mob. They entered the grounds, and on admission being refused, began to smash the doors. The besieged party, (Portuguese who came for religious instruction,) consisted almost exclusively of women, quiet and inoffensive. Miss Rutherford mildly remonstrated with the Catholics while they were breaking her windows. One of the mob cried aloud, 'you had better retire, or I'll kill you.' Miss Rutherford sprang back, and a huge stone fell upon the spot which she had occupied but the moment before. Each crash seemed like an electric shock, pervading every nerve. Meantime the natives in the house were concealed as carefully as possible. At last the door gave way; but the cowardly ruffians were afraid to enter in the dark; they compelled little boys to carry lights in their front. They found their victims, and were beginning to kill them, when the police entered. Two of the ringleaders were arrested in the very act of intended murder; but in twelve or fourteen hours they were set at liberty by the authorities, who connived at these outrages, if they did not plan them. These acts terminated not on the 2d of August, but continued from day to day. Two British residents' houses were broken open, and one of them plundered. One British family was driven from the island at a moment's notice. Another British subject's house was openly attacked. The British consul was insulted in the public streets, and the very consulate invaded by a crowd of ruffians. Three British families were obliged to seek personal safety on board a British ship. One British lady, having sought refuge afloat, died in the bay, hurried through their violence to the grave, and others were brought to the very verge of dissolution. Hundreds of Portuguese Protestants were driven from their homes, their houses broken into and plundered, and themselves hunted down, each as David of old, like a partridge on the mountains. One, at last, was barbarously murdered, while act succeeded act of such outrageous cruelty, as would make the ears of English Christians to tingle. Such, I may add, were some of the consequences, directly arising from the breach of the peace by a canon of the Cathedral Church of Funchal, Carlos Telles de Menezes, a dignitary of the Church of Rome."*

Why, the very thought of such barbarous outrages would have shocked the idol-keepers of Madagascar!—We do not read of their heading mobs, and exciting them to breaches of the peace; and it is certain that not a single offence of the kind was committed against the Europeans in that island when the storm of persecution raged most fiercely. A conspiracy was got up

* Condensed from *Tate*, pp. 13, 21.

with the connivance of the authorities, if that may be called a conspiracy in which there is little or no attempt at concealment, to expel Dr. Kalley forcibly from the island. The day and hour were appointed, and a signal agreed on when the attack should be made on his house. The authorities were informed of this, and protection was demanded. An insufficient and treacherous force, discovered to be in league with the mob, was placed about the residence. The Doctor wisely deemed it unsafe to trust them; he, therefore, "disguised himself as hurriedly as possible, in the country dress of a peasant, and stealthily and silently withdrew. . . . What a spectacle was here presented!—he, the best and kindest friend that ever visited Madeira, he that had spent eight long years in active exertions to benefit her people, who had been by night and by day ministering to their wants, at the bedside of their sick and their dying, and had been the means, under Providence, of restoring thousands of them to health and strength, he was now, at dead of night, leaving his home and fleeing for his life! The stars were shining in beauty above, the mountains rising in noble grandeur on his right, rich vineyards lay before him, and on his left appeared, over the city, the calm, placid, silvery ocean. The winds were hushed. It was the Lord's day-morning. "No sound broke the sacred stillness of that hour." What a contrast with the tempest which the demons of superstition and persecution had raised in the hearts of some of that deluded people!

With difficulty Dr. Kalley escaped to a place of safety, where his friends anxiously awaited his arrival, and where he could see what was done at his residence. We shall let our author tell the rest; only, for brevity sake, we shall omit unnecessary words.

"It was a glorious Sabbath morning. The sun had risen, and was shining in a blaze of golden light; the sky was cloudless, the earth lovely, every vineyard around us being clustered with grapes scattered by a heavenly friend. But furious men were gathering from these vineyards to perpetrate, in the name of that God, outrage, cruelty, and, it might be, murder! The only subject of conversation in the streets seemed to be the intended proceedings of the day; and Mrs. Kalley, when escaping in disguise, overheard persons say,—'Those who are in that house would to-day be sure of salvation!'"

Eleven o'clock struck. Then was heard a rocket hissing through the air. A little pause, and a second followed, and then began a hum of human voices, which soon rose into wild bursts, like ocean's billows in their angriest mood. It sounded nearer and nearer. Another moment and a dense mass of human beings emerged from among the trees, and were seen surrounding the house. There was one wild roar, and then silence. They re-

treated, and a faint hope arose that the soldiers would do their duty. But no; the silence was again broken, the people were not mistaken, the approval of the authorities was indeed real, and the work of the instigator of the riots, who had himself enjoyed the charitable advice and the medicines of Dr. Kalley, was commenced in earnest. Sledge-hammers and clubs were soon in requisition; the ruffians worked hard, and the door was forced. A tremendous yell arose; then disappointment and confusion. They had expected that the Doctor would be dragged out to satiate their infuriated passions. But he was not found! During all this time the Governor and the Police Magistrate were present, with a guard of soldiers; and there they remained, more as a guard to see the work *well done* than anything else. Guns, indeed, were heard in the distance, but it was at the festival of "Our Lady."

Let the following be compared with the treatment of the missionary books by the *barbarous, idolatrous* Malagasy :—

"Disappointed of human sacrifices, the ruffians seized upon the Doctor's valuable library, manuscripts, and other papers, and those which were not reserved for their priestly employers, (the *private journal* of Dr. Kalley was afterwards found in the possession of the canon Telles!) were, amidst fiendish yells of delight, cast into the road in front of the house, thrashed with clubs, and afterwards burnt. The Sacred Scriptures were the objects of especial hatred, and were all consigned, without reserve, to the clubs and to the flames. The wine cellar was entered and the bungs of the casks started. They did as they pleased, unrestrained, in the very presence of the Governor, Police Magistrate, British Consul, and a guard of soldiers."—*Tate*, pp. 49, 51.

There being no authority in Madeira able or willing to protect Dr. Kalley's life, he was obliged to consult his safety by quitting the island in disguise. The incidents of this escape are quite romantic; indeed, a romance writer could scarcely imagine them, for he would be guided by the maxim of the poet—

"Lest men suspect your tale untrue, keep *probability* in view."

It was resolved that the Doctor should be disguised in *female attire*, put into a hammock, and covered with a linen sheet, as invalid ladies are when being carried in Madeira. The difficulty now was to procure *bearers* for the hammock. Not one could be found for a considerable time; all were afraid, or had joined the crowd. This difficulty overcome, was succeeded by another. Not a soul could be persuaded to let Captain Tate a horse, his own not being available at the time. Each one dreaded that the heretical Englishman should be seen on an animal of his. At length the Doctor was fairly in his hammock,

and borne on very reluctant shoulders. The bearers suspiciously muttered, "it was no *lady*, they were carrying." But his faithful companion, the author of this narrative, handed into the hammock a bottle of eau-de-cologne, "which he carried in his hand, to dispel suspicion."

"Three several times," says Captain Tate, (who can say of these affairs *quorum magna pars fui*) "three several times did they lay down, and as often were they induced to resume their burden, each time pressing earnestly to know whither they were going. This was a question that could be answered only at the risk of our lives. We were now fairly in the heart of the town, and expressions were more than once heard, '*It is he.*' We passed the convent of Santa Clara, and the Consul's servant declared he could not go a step farther, *and would not.* From the steps of St. Peter's another bearer was procured, but the cry had just been raised—'there's the Consul's servant; it must be Dr. Kalley!' We hurried past the Franciscan chapel and onward to the beach, while the cry of '*Kalley, Kalley,*' was carried from street to street, till it reached the British Consulate. Three loud, fiendish cheers, and the living mass swept impetuously towards the pier, diverted from the siege of the Consulate to the far more exciting search for the Doctor's person. At length we reached the pier, the boat was in readiness, the hammock put on board, and we were launched upon the ocean. I turned round, and the whole beach teemed with living beings. What a change had a moment produced! But a moment earlier—(later?)—and we had surely been sacrificed to the fury of the mob. We were now out of danger—we were beyond the murderers' grasp."—*Tate*, pp. 54, 55.

To the shame of the chivalry of the 19th century be it spoken—if there be any chivalry in the 19th century—that from the date of the outrage on the 2d, to their embarkation in the ship William, on the 11th of August, not a single Portuguese or *British* authority, either in his public or private capacity, visited the Misses Rutherford, or the premises so disgracefully outraged. It seems there were Protestants, so called, who acted a very unworthy part on this occasion—Protestants "who supplied the Virgin Mary with her festal clothes, whose barrels of oil illumined the temples of idolatry." *They* said to one who was on his way to succour the persecuted ladies, "let the ladies take care of themselves." *They* told the captain of a British ship that he was not bound to receive the refugees on board, at a time when their lives were threatened on shore. But one of them received from the captain the stern reproof,—“But, sir, I am an Englishman.”

The conduct of the British Consul, a Mr. Stoddart, was the most extraordinary of all. He was appealed to again and again for protection, by British subjects, but in vain. Miss Rutherford, Dr. Kalley, Mr. Tate, pointed out to him their danger;

showed him how a word from him, the least show of firmness and decision, would have prevented all the outrages. But their remonstrances might as well have been addressed to the waves. He "hoped," and "trusted," and "felt assured" that the authorities would do their duty; and when the outrages had been committed, when British property was consumed in the flames, British residences entered and plundered in violation of treaty, and British subjects were obliged to fly to the sea for their lives, still the British Consul, their appointed protector, "hoped," and "trusted," and "felt assured" that the authorities would punish the offenders. The Consul was forewarned of the intended attack on Dr. Kalley's house, and immediately on receiving notice of it, he set off for his country house, that he might be away from the scene of outrage! His pusillanimity encouraged the mob to besiege the consulate, threatening to burn it to the ground. They were prevented by Captain Chapman, whose presence effected what that of any resolute determined man in uniform, and this in apparent authority, would have done before.

"The British Consul, throughout the day, appeared in a *sailor's round jacket*! The Consular uniform did not suffer the indignities to which the person of the Consul was exposed at the hands of the people. The flag, too, of England, instead of flying triumphant over the heads of the English, lay furled in the lockers of the Consulate! While insults were thus accumulating, the Consul returned from Santa Luzia, and, addressing the people, assured them that Dr. Kalley had embarked in the steamer. *But this was not believed.* Further indignities must be borne by the English. The representative of the crown of Great Britain must accompany the ringleaders to the ship, and gratify the rabble by ocular demonstration. *And he did so.* Dr. Kalley, in order to save those dearest to him from being burned alive in the Consulate, consented to this indignity. The Doctor showed himself, and the Consul returned."—*Tate*, p. 56.

No wonder our author should indignantly exclaim—"Englishmen must blush for the honour of their country, when they see the flag of England lowered in peace, which was not lowered in war;—lowered to the rabble of Portugal, which was not lowered to the armies of France." The Portuguese authorities were dismissed for their neglect of duty; but we believe Mr. Stoddart still remains to maintain the honour of the British name in Madeira.

The *native Protestants* of Madeira were the chief objects of popular, sacerdotal, and governmental vengeance:—

"On the evening of the 5th, *many* houses were plundered by bands of marauding ruffians, and sixty or eighty of the converts were compelled to leave their homes and pass the night in the mountains. Night after night these bands continued to repeat their desolating work; and in greater and greater numbers were the believers driven

from their houses :—till, on the Sunday, *many hundreds* of Portuguese subjects, obnoxious to the priests only on account of their adherence to Gospel truth, had fled for their lives. The mob had broken open their doors, and destroyed their windows, furniture, and other property ; trampling under foot the grapes and corn of those who possessed vineyards and gardens. When the work of destruction was done in the town and neighbourhood, the ruthless persecutors followed the scattered flock to the mountains, hunting them down like beasts of prey. Those that loved Christ were hated by man. For them there was no security—no law.—*Tate*, p. 67.

But they found a refuge in a British vessel—the “ William of Glasgow.”

“ It was most affecting to see the tear of joy, the look of gratitude that beamed in the face of each poor sufferer, as he first set foot upon an English deck, and once more breathed the air of freedom and of liberty. It rejoiced the heart to see the tear of gladness—to hear the prayer of intercession for their enemies, and the hymns of praise and gratitude from night to night, as their numbers increased, and they now flocked in crowds to seek amongst strangers that shelter which their countrymen refused them. Old and young, strong and infirm, girls, and women with children at their breasts—all hurried to the ‘ William,’ knowing that here were hearts beating with tender affection for Christ’s suffering flock.”—P. 71.

How much more just and humane are the Catholic priests of Portugal, than the idol-keepers and astrologers of Madagascar ? And as to the Christian converts in the two islands, it is interesting to remark the wonderful similarity of their feelings under persecution—how meekly they endure suffering, and how they rejoice even in tribulation—how intensely they love one another. Thus in every clime, on men of every race and colour, the genuine effects of the Gospel are the same.

No doubt the chief men of Church and State in Madagascar greatly rejoiced when they got rid of the missionaries and their disciples—when the enemies of the national gods were silenced. There was likewise joy in Madeira on this account. The archbishop of Lisbon visited the island, not to impose public penance on the rioters, but to call on all “ the faithful to sing *Te Deum Laudamus* for their glorious deeds.” He published a pastoral, in which he said—“ It might be, then, for such reasons, that the Lord, compassionating your troubled situation, condescended to excite and direct, by the way of *moderation and charity*, your purified religious zeal and national energy ! and by an extraordinary mode, and perhaps strange in the eyes of the world, to snatch from the midst of this flock, already almost torn to pieces, *that wolf* from Scotland. . . Blessed be the God of mercies and Father of all consolation, who thus condescended to succour and console us !” To give the finishing touch to this strange picture of Catholic

civilization in the 19th century, we must mention another fact : This pastoral was printed as a tract, and “a lady connected with the *Church of England* in Madeira, distributed copies of it as prizes to the most deserving children in the school, of which she and others of our countrywomen have the superintendence and the charge.”—*Tate*, p. 95.

Such are the sympathies and tendencies of Puseyism ! It is in such a place as Madeira, and not *yet* in free England, that we can see the genuine fruits of that system.

We have but little space left to speak of *Tahiti*, a subject in itself so large and interesting ; but something must be said, in order to finish, however imperfectly, the task we have undertaken. This island was discovered by Captain Wallis, in command of the ship ‘*Dolphin*,’ on the 18th of June, 1767, and one of his officers formally took possession of it in the name of George III. The British Government did not confirm this act ; but the natives were always assured, by our naval commanders who touched there, that England would be, in case of necessity, their friend and protector.

The London Missionary Society having been established in 1795, the Directors selected, as the first scene of their benevolent efforts, the Island of Tahiti, and others, then newly discovered in the South Pacific Ocean. The Missionaries were received with kindness and good will, but, for eighteen years of toil and suffering, their endeavours to convert the people were quite unavailing. The character and condition of the natives at that time are thus described by the Missionaries, and their statements are fully confirmed by other authorities :—

“ ‘ Human sacrifices still continue to be frequently offered, and Pomare is pursuing all his wicked arts to render his god propitious. The murder of infants is still continued, which, with human sacrifices and diseases, is fast depopulating Otahite. The number of inhabitants calculated by Mr. Wilson, in 1797, is now reduced to *less than one-half*. There are not eight thousand inhabitants on the Island. It is conjectured by some of us, that they do not exceed five thousand ; and if Captain Cook’s computation of two hundred thousand (which we very much suspect) was in any way right, what an awful carnage has death made in a few years !’

“ A correct idea may be formed of the general character and habits of the Tahitians at that time, from the following testimony of a writer who had spent several years upon the island :—

“ ‘ The lower classes were unmercifully plundered and oppressed ; domestic happiness was unknown ; the females were reduced to the greatest debasement, not being allowed to eat of the same food as the males, but obliged to subsist on inferior kinds ; nor were they allowed, on pain of death, to dress it at the same fire, or deposit it in the same basket. The woman was regarded only as the slave of the other sex.’ ‘ The islanders generally,’ he affirms, ‘ were without natural affection,

implacable, unmerciful, filled with wickedness, covetousness, malici-ousness, envy, malignity, and murder; and under the domination of these propensities, they often acted more like fiends than human beings. They were a prey to every vile and furious passion that has ever found a lodgment in the human bosom; and we have only to conceive of a state of barbarous society, without wholesome laws, and under the reckless despotism of such dispositions, to have a tolerably correct idea of their actual state.' " *

Captain Gambier, R.N., in a letter to the Society, thus describes the change effected by the Mission:—"Under their own religion the sick and the old were abandoned to their fate, and treated as objects of ridicule; but now the children are seen to bring their aged parents to the church, that they may partake of the pleasure they themselves derive from the explanation of the Bible. A great many can read and write, and the schools are going on well. . . . I had *heard* of the success of the Missionaries before I came to Otaheite, and, after making great allowance for exaggeration in the accounts they had sent home, there remained sufficient to lead me to anticipate they had done a great deal. But I now declare, their accounts were beyond measure modest; and, far from colouring their success, they had not described it equal to what I found it."

Captain Waldegrave, R.N., and Captain Fitzroy, bear similar testimony. The latter had been among the people at the tops of the mountains, when no eye was upon them, except that of a stranger whom they might never see again, and their conduct was just as correct, and their devotion as sincere as in the low country near the sea, where the Missionaries resided. He says, that he and his companions were astonished to find such orderly, civil, cheerful, and happy societies as they there found.

"I for one," says he, "and many of those who were with me, had been taught to believe, that a morose, sullen, gloomy disposition had taken the place of the former amusements which there prevailed. But I can bear the most solemn testimony that such is not the case. Never in my life have I seen a happier or more cheerful people than in the island of Otaheite. While there, I had an opportunity of asking those who had lately visited the neighbouring islands, to many of which our countrymen have not yet penetrated, where only native Missionaries have been sent, what was the state of those islands? They invariably told me, that similar results have been produced. To almost every island of the South Seas ships may now go, and their crews land, without fear of being immediately massacred by the natives. But this is invariably the case where the Missionaries have succeeded in establishing themselves."

But as this is a point on which the French have published the

* *Brief Statement*, pp. 6, 7.

~~grosses~~ and most calumnious falsehoods with astonishing effrontery, it is well to have the testimony of their own countrymen, given at a time when the Polynesian Mission and the Protectorate were not heard of. Admiral Duperré, since French Minister of Marine, thus speaks of his visit to Tahiti :—

“ When Wallis, Bougainville, Cook, and Vancouver touched at this island, they were boarded by a great number of canoes : we were, therefore, very much surprised to see none approaching us. We, however, soon learned the reason—every body was at chapel.

“ The next day, the inhabitants in great numbers brought us provisions of all kinds. The Missionaries assemble the whole population, consisting of 7000 souls, every year in the church of Papahoa. . . .

“ The state of the Island of Tahiti is now very different from what it was in the days of Cook. *The Missionaries of the Society of London have entirely changed the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Idolatry exists no longer ; they profess generally the Christian religion ; the women no longer come on board the vessels, and they are very reserved on all occasions.* Their marriages are celebrated in the same manner as in Europe, and the King confines himself to one wife. The women are also admitted to the table with their husbands. The infamous Society of the Arreois exist no longer ; the bloody wars in which the people engaged, and human sacrifices, have entirely ceased since 1816. All the natives can read and write, and have religious books translated into their language, printed either at Tahiti, Ulitea, or Eimeo. They have built handsome churches, where they repair twice in the week, and show the greatest attention to the discourses of the preacher. It is common to see numerous individuals take notes of the most interesting passages of the sermons they hear.”

Such were the impressions of Frenchmen on beholding the delightful change wrought by Protestantism in this and other islands of the South Seas. However, when Jesuitism enlisted the vainglorious nationality of France in its crafty and ferocious propagandism, they learned to speak a different language. The “Picpus Society” regarded the regenerated communities of those islands, as Satan regarded the condition of our first parents in Paradise, with envy and hate. These feelings generated the diabolical purpose of destruction. This purpose breathes through all the writings of those missionaries of discord and anarchy, to whom the Propaganda committed the *conversion* of Polynesia. Their war was not with heathenism but “heresy.” They went not forth to destroy idols ; for that were a work of supererogation. They saw, indeed, a legion of demons in the South Seas ; but they were all “*Methodists*.” They said to themselves—“ These English Protestants are exulting in these peaceful and fruitful fields of Christian civilization, which seem to rise up in smiling beauty in the far distant ocean to attest the truth of Protestantism, and to challenge Catholicism to produce similar results by its missionary labours. We cannot answer this chal-

lenge; but we can deprive the heretics of their boast. We will lay those regions desolate. We will destroy the work of their hands; and Tahiti, especially, the garden of Polynesia, we will convert into a desert!"

To effect this object, they spared no falsehood; they shrunk from no villany, from no atrocity! They disguised themselves as mechanics, smuggled themselves into Tahiti, contrary to a well-known law—resisted the authorities, in order, if possible, to make out a *Casus Belli*—a pretence for invoking the sword of France. By bribery they secured for their tool an unprincipled man, the American consul, and by their combined intrigues they have accomplished their objects, which for baseness and cruelty have no parallel in the history of fanaticism, whether heathen, Mahomedan, or even Catholic.

Apart from the secular power—unaided by the terror of French cannon, the best instrument, it seems, for proclaiming *their* Gospel,—their attempts at converting the heathen were contemptible and ridiculous, more like the tricks of a mountebank than the honest endeavours of Christian men. Here is the account which one of them gives of the argument by which they convinced the natives:—

"They know very well that our powers and our mission come from God. This is the chain. My Lord Etienne, Bishop Rouchouse, has given them to us; Pope Gregory gave them to him; St. Peter gave them to that great Missionary, and Jesus Christ gave them to Peter, of whom he is successor. 'Then your power comes from God,' said the chief of Akamaru, to us. 'When a missionary comes here, I shall ask him who sent him; if he says, not Gregory, I shall say, "Go away, you are not a missionary of Jesus Christ." I shall ask him then, "To whom do that woman and those children belong?" He will say, "To me." "Very well, then, go about your business, for you are not a missionary. God has no wife; Jesus Christ had no wife; Tareta (Caret) has no wife; Jacava (Lanel) has no wife. Ours are from St. Peter, and you are only a common man.'"

By such reasoning they hoped to confound the "heretical missionaries," whose ships, they say, "plough the sea in every direction." They complain that these wicked navigators circulate everywhere books, pamphlets, and journals filled with their false doctrine. To these barbarous methods of instruction our spiritual Quixotes of the Propaganda opposed "devotional pictures." One of them assures us that the people came "fifty leagues to admire a picture in vile colours, representing the *birth* of our Lord. In all the chapels we erect we shall not fail to place portraits and pictures."

In one resource the French missionaries found the South Sea

Islands wofully destitute. They had no guardian angels! Demons traversed every sea and hovered round every lonely isle, in company with the unhallowed English missionaries. Was this to be any longer borne now that fathers Caret, Lanel, Murphy, and Chanel had visited these parts? Was not the time fully come to create the tutelary powers of Catholicism, and place them at their several posts? How was this to be accomplished? What were the raw materials out of which these celestial beings were to be formed? Stop awhile, and you shall hear. The raw materials were *infants*, surreptitiously baptized in the article of death! Father Chanel says—"I have had the consolation to administer, *in secret*, the sacrament of baptism to two young oceanians, at the moment of death. They are gone to heaven to swell the number of the *protecting angels of Wallis Island*." The *modus* in which this marvellous *opus operatum* was performed is somewhat curious. It is this:—

"In order," says the candid priest, "to avoid any difficulty when I wish to baptize children, even under the eyes of their mother, this is the way I manage:—I have always about me one little phial of scented water, and a second with pure water. I throw, at first, some drops of scented water on the head of the child, under pretence of giving it ease, and while the pleased mother rubs it gently over with her hand, I change the phial and pour on the regenerating water, without her having any suspicion of what I have done."*

The morals imported into Tahiti by the French civilizers, and which they so earnestly enforced by their own example, were certainly very different from those inculcated by the English. Papeete, the principal port, being so frequently visited by strangers, abounded in women, who, in despite of the efforts of the missionaries, retained the dissolute manners of their heathen state. They were, however, prevented by the magistrates from visiting the ships as formerly. In 1839, the *Artemise* was in danger of being wrecked off the coast of Tahiti, and was obliged to put in to its hospitable harbour, where all possible kindness was shown to the crew, who quickly spread a moral contagion among the natives.

"The beach," writes M. Reybeaud, "presented the aspect of a continued holiday, to the great scandal of the missionaries. After the frigate was thrown down, the whole ship's company, officers, and men, were either lodged with the natives, or in a temporary encampment. The initiation of this French colony, to a Tahitian life, was the most easy and agreeable. We have seen how the men managed, and what friends they found. The officers were not less fortunate. The island that Bougainville called the *New Cytherea*, did not belie its name. The whole of Papeete was one seraglio, without its restraint."

* WILKES, p. 46.

Later, in 1842, in immediate connexion with the triumph of the Crucifix in Tahiti, we have the record of a similar scene from an officer of the *Reine Blanche*, written at sea, on the 10th of October:—

“The severity of the English missionaries is sometimes very inopportune, and they were certainly the cause of our receiving the visits of the women. The admiral would not have allowed us to receive them on board, if the missionaries had not ridiculously opposed it. The officers who landed the *day after* our arrival, had brought back with them three or four women, to show them the vessel and gratify them with music. In the evening, the officers invited them to dinner; and only sent them back, when they expressed a wish to that purpose, which was at a late hour. The missionaries having learnt this, wished to impose a fine upon the women for having gone to see the ship. On the news of this, there were great rumours on board the frigate. The circumstances were reported to the admiral, who ordered the native women to be allowed to come on board, whenever they pleased. In the evening more than a hundred women came on board. They were in the officers’ room, in the chamber of the midshipmen—they were everywhere. From that day a crowd of these belles came every afternoon, about three o’clock, to hear the music. At dinner time, the officers and midshipmen invited them gallantly to their table; and the repasts, which were very gay, were prolonged sufficiently late at night, so that fear might keep on board those of the women who were afraid to sail home by the doubtful light of the stars.

“It was to the admiral, commanding in chief in the Pacific, who not only authorized these most scandalous orgies, so degrading to his own nation, but openly and purposely trampled on the laws of Tahiti—laws essential to its safety, and having no political character; it was to this officer that the Romish priests looked for the support of their religion; at the very moment, too, that he sanctioned and shared the most appalling vice, on purpose to spite and insult English Protestants! This ‘grand officer of the Legion of Honour,’ was come to Tahiti to avenge the wrongs of France, and to establish order, honour, the reign of the laws, and the faith of treaties!”—*Wilkes*, pp. 123, 124.

It was by these means the grand civilizers tried to free the people from the “dreadful tyranny of the missionaries, under which they groaned.” On the catastrophe brought about by the unparalleled villany of the French agents, we need not dwell. The Government of that great nation, issuing its orders from the vaunted metropolis of civilization, believed, or affected to believe, the lying statements of those vile adventurers, and allowed its power to be used to trample down all law and all right. But it is most lamentable to think that the French Minister should be able to say that the Government of England had no objection to their Tahitian Protectorate! It used to be the glory of Britain to shield the bleeding victims of persecution—to shelter the oppressed in every land. But, by a singular fatality, its merciful

- ART. VII.—1. *A Treatise on the Inhalation of the Vapour of Ether, &c.* By J. ROBINSON, Surgeon-Dentist, &c. London, 1847.
 2. *Notes on the Inhalation of Sulphuric Ether, in the Practice of Midwifery.* By J. Y. SIMPSON, Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1847.
 3. *The Medical Periodicals*, passim.

AT first sight, this subject may seem to lie beyond the strict range of our Journal, and to belong rather to those periodicals which treat exclusively of physic and surgery. But a moment's reflection makes it very plain how this is a matter which touches all members of the human family alike ; or, if there be any difference, patients are more interested than practitioners—the laity more than the profession—the mass more than the medical section of mankind. No doubt, it is a boon to the surgeon to know that he can achieve what he knows to be essential for his patient's welfare, without, at the same time, inflicting on him an instant's pain. He will be very thankful to find a fellow-being placid, and calm, and motionless, under an operation which used to cause much torture, as evinced too plainly by writhings, and shoutings, and groans. His hand is all the steadier ; his head all the more cool and collected ; his feelings are comparatively untouched ; and his heart, all thankful, is incomparably at ease. But surely the boon is greater far to the victim—to the suffering portion of humanity. Injury and disease often require operations of dread severity ; fearful in themselves, and still more fearful in anticipation. In war, the bravest hearts, who cared not for the foe-man's steel, and scarce felt the wound it made, have yet shrunk back from the friendly knife which in kindness had to follow. In disease, the sternest minds, and the most possessed, have looked death steadily in the face, day by day, week by week, and month by month ; they have reasoned calmly of that which they believed to be surely carrying them onward to their grave ; and yet they have turned, trembling and appalled, from the thought of an operation which a turn of their malady may have rendered expedient or imperative. Many a wise, as well as many a bold man has refused to submit to what his own conviction told him was essential to his safety ; and many a valuable life has thus, in one sense, been thrown away, which otherwise might have been saved, or at least prolonged. And why ? Simply because, in the operations of surgery of a graver kind, there has hitherto been such cruel pain as frail humanity, even of the highest class, is fain to shrink from. We remember the case of a gallant admiral—one of the bravest hearts that ever beat, in a service whose

men of every grade are, to a proverb, dauntless—who, in the opening of his distinguished career, had been engaged in cutting out an enemy's frigate. From the gunboat, he climbed up the ship's steep side, and, foremost of his crew, had reached the bulwarks, when, receiving a stunning blow, he fell backwards into his boat again, striking his back violently on the tholpin. Many years afterwards, a tumour had grown on the injured part; and at length, the admiral—grey, and bent in years—found it advisable that this growth should be removed. The man that never feared death in its most appalling form, while in the discharge of duty, now shrank from the surgeon's knife; the removal, contemplated with a feeling almost akin to fear, was long deferred; and at length, half-stupified by opium though he was, a most unsteady patient did he prove during the operation. Women—mothers—who, for their kindred, have been at any time ready to sacrifice their lives, by watching and privation, in loathsome and tainted chambers of infectious disease—have, when themselves become victims of that which they know requires a surgical operation, and which, without this, they are well assured, must miserably consume them away;—even these noble minds, resolute in the fear of death, have yet quailed under the fear of suffering; they have studiously concealed their malady from their nearest friends, and deliberately preferred the misery of a fatal, and unchecked, and ever-gnawing cancer, to the apprehended torture of an operation, temporary though it be. We repeat it; even the best portions of humanity have an instinctive dread and shrinking from the pain of deliberate cutting of the living flesh. And does it not concern us all, that, in God's good providence, a remedy has sprung up for this?—that now a fair prospect is afforded of even the most dreaded of these dire proceedings being performed during a happy unconsciousness of the patient? Not merely with little suffering, but absolutely with none.

Than the subject at the beginning of our page, we can conceive nothing more catholic;—it affects the whole human race. Even editors and critics must stoop to arrange themselves among the benefited; and in this question may well say—confessing their humanity, and throwing aside for once the almost supra-human obscurity in which they love to dwell—"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

We do not propose to enter fully into the subject of Etherization, but shall content ourselves with little more than a narrative of the principal events connected with it; making also some observations regarding the application of the discovery, which it may be at once useful and interesting for the general public to know.

It has always been a leading object in practical surgery, to di-

minish as far as possible the amount of suffering during the manipulations of that art. Accordingly, in some operations, tight pressure has been made above the part to be cut, applied by a tourniquet, by bandaging, or by the powerful grasp of an assistant. Sometimes, but more frequently in obedience to the urgent request of the patient than of the operator's own free will, opium, or some other narcotic, has been given previously to the hour of operation, in the hope of producing thereby a comparative deadness to pain; always, however, with an imperfect and unsatisfactory result as to the object sought to be attained, and almost always with the effect of subsequent disadvantage accruing, in the form of headach, feverishness, or other general disorder. Each individual operation has had its details oftentimes considered and changed in the hope of accelerating the speed of operating, while safety might be retained; and many ingenious instruments have been invented with the like object in view; surgeons seeking in every way to arrive at a due combination of the "*tuto et celeriter*:" always giving to the former the first place in importance, and yet, perhaps, pursuing the latter with a greater earnestness and perseverance. In this, it is gratifying to know that surgery has, of late years, made no inconsiderable advance. The operation for stone, for example, used to average many minutes in duration, now it seldom occupies above three or four; often it is completed in two; and, withal, the average mortality is found rather abated than otherwise; the search for the "*celeriter*" has been successful, and the "*tuto*" has been retained. In like manner, the old method of amputating by "circular incision" has been, in a great measure, superseded by the modern operation by "flaps," and the cutting procedure, in consequence, has been abridged of fully one-half its period of duration; while better stumps are formed, and the casualties affecting life are at least as few. Still, the results of such attempts, however successful, have been but imperfect; pain has still been inflicted, with all its intensity unbroken; the saving has merely been as to the tortures actually endured whilst under the knife, and that not with reference to acuteness or amount, but only as to the term of duration. And furthermore, no slight evil may well be supposed to have occurred, in the temptation to hurry in operating, held out, more especially, to those surgeons whose duty led them to public exhibition of their professional skill. A false criterion of operative power was apt to be raised—not merely in the vulgar mind; the dexterity of the hand was apt to be estimated according to the rapidity of its movement; the judgment and tact of the head, which planned an operation, were apt to be gauged by the time occupied in performance; and, in consequence, the surgeon may not unfrequently have been urged, almost uncon-

sciously, if not to precipitancy in the use of his knife, at least to an unwarrantable sacrifice of the "*tuto*" to the "*celeriter*"—in plain language, to a sacrifice of his patient's best interests in favour of his own precarious and ephemeral reputation. "If it were well done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." But it were a poor economy, on the part of the patient, to obtain a moment's absolution from pain, at the cost of misadventure which may bring life into hazard, or which may entail weeks or months of protracted suffering. In a recent publication, Professor Syme has stated, in reference to a particular operation, "I have completed the operation in less than a minute, and on other occasions have found nearly half an hour requisite for the purpose. If all operators had paid as little regard to the time occupied, I believe that the unfavourable results on record would not have been so numerous as they are." And this, we doubt not, is just an indication of the right feeling which pervades all truly good surgeons, who, as operators, are usually rapid—but rapid because skilful, and rapid only when safe; and who well know that, in some procedures, attempted rapidity will not fail to prove injurious, and must ever be abstained from. Still, there is no doubt, the operative surgery of modern days is decidedly more rapid than that of the olden times, and, on the whole, fully as safe in its immediate results. In consequence, a real saving of pain *has* thus been achieved in favour of humanity.

And in another way has good progress been made in this direction. It has been the pride of modern surgery, as it has been its aim, not to multiply instruments and the means of using them; not to enlarge the operative field, but to circumscribe it; not to expend blood and pain, but by gentler means to arrest disease, and remedy disaster. Joints are saved, and made supple again, which used to be amputated; growths are made to disappear by their own act, which used to be dug out or cut away; and accidental wounds are brought to heal more rapidly and more kindly, with less use of the probe, sewing needle, and knife. The modern surgeon finds his mission to be "not to cut but to cure."

By the skill and diligence of surgeons, then, and by the advance of improvement in their art, operations have been reduced in frequency, and shortened in performance. Still, however, they are almost everyday occurrences in each extensive practice; and, until within these few months, they were still inseparable from such suffering as even the bravest minds would fain recoil from.

"Pneumatic medicine," as it was called, was in vogue at the end of last century; that is, the treatment of disease, by the inhalation of gases or vapours. The names of Drs. Beddoes,

Thornton, and Pearson, are prominently associated with this ; and it is well known that Sir Humphry Davy, in his early years, repeatedly risked his life in recklessly inhaling gases which are now ascertained to be poisonous. His experiments were not without their fruit. Advances in the general science of chemistry were attained ; and, as will afterwards be shown, a very near approach to the present discovery was also made. Indeed, a very fair question may be raised, as to whether Sir Humphry be not actually entitled to rank as the discoverer of what has been termed "the Letheon"—or, at least, of the system of "Letheonizing."

Dr. Pearson, in 1795, recommends the inhaled vapour of sulphuric ether as "remarkably serviceable in phthical cases. It abates the hectic fever, checks the sweats, removes the dyspnoea, and greatly improves the smell, colour, and other qualities of the expectorated matter. . . . Patients who have inhaled it two or three times, find it so grateful to their feelings that they are disposed to have recourse to it too often, and cannot readily be prevailed upon to lay it aside when it is no longer necessary." His mode of applying it was to pour "one or two teaspoonfuls of ether into a tea saucer, holding it to the mouth, and drawing in the vapour with the breath ;" continuing the inhalation till the saucer became dry ; and repeating it "two or three times a-day, or oftener if necessary." His ether, too, was duly rectified. The best having been got, "lest it should contain any loose acid, it is advisable to put a little alkaline salt into the bottle in which it is kept, and to shake them together now and then." And he was not content with using ether alone. He impregnated it with musk, camphor, opium, assafoetida, and the like ;" and squill seemed a favourite addition with him—for, says he, "the finer particles of the squill applied to the lungs in this manner, along with the vapour of ether, gently stimulate the secreting surfaces of the bronchia, and promote the mucous discharge ; and if applied in sufficient quantity, produce sickness, which takes off the spasm, and is otherwise serviceable in such (asthmatic) cases."

Nysten, in 1815, published a strong recommendation of ethereal inhalation as an anodyne, especially in pulmonary complaints ; and described suitable inhaling apparatus.

In Brande's *Journal of Science and the Arts*, 1818, an author writes "on the effects of inhaling the vapour of sulphuric ether," showing how it may be conveniently managed, what risks may be expected, and how these may be avoided.

The medical use of gaseous inhalation, however, fell into desuetude. The profession let it slip ; empiricism took it up ; and between the neglect of science, and the favour of quackery, it lapsed not only into disuse, but also into disrepute.

And yet it has been reserved for the simple inhalation of a gas—a revival of the erewhile forgotten and despised “pneumatic medicine,”—to achieve in surgery that for which surgeons have for centuries laboured, and laboured in vain.

Sulphuric ether—a subtle fluid, obtained by the action of concentrated sulphuric acid on rectified spirit, colourless, very volatile, pungent in taste, and of a penetrating odour—has long been used in medicine; narcotic, when taken in large doses, either by the mouth or by inhalation; in smaller doses, stimulant, antispasmodic, and carminative. “In hysteria, asthma, palpitation, gastrodynia, nervous colic, and the like, it is an invaluable remedy, especially when united with opium.”* Many a time has the vapour of ether been inhaled for the relief of oppressed lungs; many a time has the sought relief been thus obtained; and just so many times has the discovery of the wonderful anodyne properties of this gas, as affecting all bodily suffering, been brushed past and overlooked. Philosophers may often be likened to men diving into deep waters in search of what is floating on the surface, and against which, as they emerge, they may often almost brush their cheek. Medical philosophers were busy seeking to alleviate pain; prosecuting search after search, and devising scheme after scheme; and yet were in the daily or at least familiar use of what, if pushed only a little farther, would have gained the end in view. And something less than medical philosophers had gone a step nearer the discovery. Certain medical chrysalises, commonly called apothecary shop-boys, have long been in the habit of testing each new comer to their sphere of labour, by his power of sustaining the vapour of ether. The novice may have passed an inductive examination satisfactorily as to general acquirements, the indenture may have been duly signed and lodged, the fee may have been duly paid; the apron may have been donned, and a place at the counter appropriated; but an ordeal had still to be passed through. In some remote corner of the shop, and at some lone hour, his impish brethren of the craft resolve themselves into a mysterious tribunal, to elicit his grade of manliness; they form a circle round him, and, holding to his mouth and nose a sponge, handkerchief, or towel, saturated with ether, through which he must breathe, they watch the effects. If he soon faint and fall, he is placed low in the list, as freeman of the shop; but if he long resist the vapour, he rises in estimation, and at once has assigned to him a high place among his compeers. It is odd that such tricky atoms of humanity never thought of pinching, puncturing, or cauterizing their hapless victims that fell and lay in a swoon. If they had, some one of them might have proved the lucky

* CHRISTISON.

stumbler on the strangely anodyne properties of what they, as well as their betters, had so long regarded, in full doses, as a mere narcotic.

An old gentleman, too, was near it, some forty years ago.* He had discovered that the fumes of ether could lull him into forgetfulness of the pains and discomforts of a bustling and a checquered life. He was a man of research, in his way; curious in beds, and baths, and professing to cure disease better than his fellows. But he was loose in principle, as well as weak in science, and no doubt, most deservedly, had many roughnesses in life which he could wish to rub away. His mode was this. Obtaining an ounce or two of ether, he leisurely sniffed up its vapour, according to the plan of Dr. Pearson; sitting softly the while, and manifestly enjoying a time of calmness and repose. And, on being interrogated, he was in the habit of answering, "soothing, sir, soothing, to an immeasurable degree." In this placebo for the cares of life, he was in the habit of indulging many times a day; and again, it is to be regretted that some experimental pinching or puncturing had not been applied, in his listless moments—the more especially as there seems good reason to believe that no fitter subject could well have been got for such experimenting, according to the old adage, of "*in corpore vili*," &c. He had discovered that the fumes of ether could relieve, temporarily, from the pains of a mind ill at ease; but he was not deemed worthy of knowing that it could still more wonderfully assuage the body's worst suffering.

This discovery Providence has, in inscrutable wisdom, held back till the present day; and with its divulgement the names of two Americans are prominently associated, Doctors Jackson and Morton, the one a physician and chemist, the other a dentist, in Boston. To the former, the chief merit of the discovery seemed due, the latter having been but auxiliary to the testing by actual experiment. On the 13th of November, 1846, Dr. Jackson writes to the French Academy of Sciences, stating that he wished to communicate to that body a discovery which he had made, of much importance, as a means of relieving suffering humanity, and very valuable to the art of surgery. Five or six years before, he had observed that inhalation of the vapour of pure sulphuric ether had the power of inducing a peculiar state of insensibility. He had inhaled it himself, partly for the mere purpose of experiment, and partly for the relief of a very unpleasant affection of the chest, which had followed the inhalation of chlorine. Struck with the thought that this trance or insensibility might be turned to a good account, he advised Mr.

* *Lancet*, No. 1223, p. 164.

Morton to make trial of it in the pulling of teeth. This Mr. Morton was not slow to do, and had the satisfaction, by means of the ether, of pulling teeth without pain, and of finding no unpleasant consequences attendant on his experiments. Mr. Morton subsequently, at the request of Dr. Jackson, proceeded to the public hospital of Massachusetts, and there administered the vapour to a patient about to undergo a painful surgical operation; and the result was again prosperous—no pain during the operation, and a good recovery. Then came further trials in the hospital; fast enough, and all successful—no pain, and “the recoveries remarkably good, apparently on account of no shock having been sustained by the nervous system.”

On the 28th of November, Dr. Bigelow writes to his friend Dr. Boott, in London, announcing the “new anodyne process,” and giving instances of its success.

On the 14th of December, Dr. Boott sends Dr. Bigelow's letter to Mr. Liston, naturally anxious to make so important a communication without loss of time to one so pre-eminent in the operative department of surgery. And that distinguished surgeon, worthy of the confidence reposed in him, speedily put the matter to test in the hospital of University College. His success was most complete, on the 21st of December.

On the morning of the 23d of December, his former pupil, Professor Miller of Edinburgh, was not a little surprised, doubtless, to receive the following epistle, which, having obtained, we venture to make public, availing ourselves of the permission of one of the parties at least. It is very characteristic of the writer, dashed off, in hurry and excitement, and showing a fine generous enthusiasm; moreover, it may be regarded with something of historic interest, under the circumstances. The writer will, we hope, pardon us for the liberty we take with a private communication, which bears the form, indeed, rather of a despatch than of an ordinary letter. It is *vérbatim*, as follows:—

“HURRAH!

“Rejoice! Mesmerism, and its professors, have met with a ‘heavy blow, and great discouragement.’ An American dentist has used ether, (inhalation of it) to destroy sensation in his operations, and the plan has succeeded in the hands of Warren, Hayward, and others, in Boston. Yesterday, I amputated a thigh, and removed, by evulsion, *both* sides of the great toe nail, without the patient's being aware of what was doing, so far as regards pain. The amputation-man heard, he says, what we said, and was conscious, but felt neither the pain of the incisions, nor that of tying the vessels. In short, he had no sensation of pain in the operating theatre. I mean to use it to-day, in a case

of stone. In six months no operation will be performed without this previous preparation.* It must be carefully set about. The ether must be washed, and purified of its sulphureous acid and alcohol. Shall I desire Squire, a most capital and ingenious chemist, to send you a tool for the purpose? It is only the bottom of Nooth's apparatus, with a sort of funnel above, with bits of sponge, and, at the other hole, a flexible tube. Rejoice!

"Thine always,

"R. L."

This was read by Professor Miller to his class, within an hour after its receipt; and a somewhat similar announcement was also made by Professor Syme, in the after part of the day. A few days afterwards, Professor Simpson had occasion to visit London; and, witnessing the effects of ether in hospital practice, obtained the best instrument for inhalation he could then procure. This apparatus, speedily after his return to Edinburgh, was put to the test in an amputation performed by Dr. Duncan in the Royal Infirmary of that city, and proved entirely successful; the operation having been completed without the infliction of any pain. In due time Mr. Liston supplied Professor Miller with the promised "tool;" and that apparatus also proved eminently successful in sundry cases in the Infirmary, astonishing both patient and practitioner. Professor Simpson was, with accustomed energy, not slow to prosecute the discovery in connexion with his own peculiar department; still with success. Professor Syme seemed less eager than his colleagues to lend confidence to the ether, and his first public trials were unsatisfactory. On the use of efficient apparatus, however, he too became a painless operator. Instrument makers, medical practitioners, and medical students, seemed struck with a fever of invention as to inhaling apparatus; in rapid succession many varieties were constructed and tried; some with unsatisfactory results, but the great majority all succeeding in the main object—procuring the forgetfulness of pain. From the metropolis the news quickly spread throughout the provinces; for the papers of the day, not unnaturally, had lent their power towards dissemination of the good news for humanity; and in Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness—by this time, doubtless throughout all Scotland—the truth of the at first scarcely believed reports became speedily attested by the voice of actual experience. Already, by many hundreds of cases, the efficiency of inhaled ether in averting or subduing pain, its applica-

* Of course, this is not to be considered as Mr. Liston's deliberate opinion; but just the first flash of enthusiasm, at once natural and becoming, in the circumstances.

bility to the majority of cases for operation, and the safety with which it may, in proper hands, be administered, are facts—assailed, but not overthrown.

Thus went the narrative of the discovery, up to the beginning of March. Then, however, a little new light dawned upon the subject. A Mr. Horace Wells, of Connecticut, United States, dentist, is announced as having practised letheonizing since October, 1844; beginning upon himself, using both nitrous oxide and sulphuric ether in his inhalations, and ultimately preferring the former. At the first it excited, as “the laughing gas” is well known to do; but after some time a thoroughly sedative effect was induced, less transient than that of ether. He did not stumble on the thing by accident, but was led to it by a process of reasoning, as he thus explains:—

“Reasoning from analogy, I was led to believe that surgical operations might be performed without pain, by the fact that an individual when much excited from ordinary causes may receive severe wounds without manifesting the least pain; as, for instance, the man who is engaged in combat may have a limb severed from his body, after which he testifies that it was attended with no pain at the time; and so the man who is intoxicated with spirituous liquor may be treated severely without his manifesting pain, and his frame seems in this state to be more tenacious of life than under ordinary circumstances. By these facts I was led to inquire if the same result would not follow by the inhalation of some exhilarating gas, the effects of which would pass off immediately, leaving the system none the worse for its use. I accordingly procured some nitrous oxide gas, resolving to make the first experiment on myself by having a tooth extracted, which was done without any painful sensations. I then performed the same operation for twelve or fifteen others, with the like results; this was in November, 1844.”

His discovery he had no wish to keep concealed, or to cover by a patent. He at once disclosed it to the members of the profession with whom he came in contact, and, amongst others, to Drs. Jackson and Morton; making a journey to Boston for the express purpose. Dr. Warren of that city made trial of the experiment; but, somehow, his first attempts failed, and he desisted. Drs. Jackson and Morton professed themselves incredulous; Mr. Wells fell sick; and so the discovery lay dormant for awhile. Drs. Jackson and Morton, however, though incredulous, were not oblivious; they seem to have been brooding over the matter; and at length emerged from obscurity in the borrowed light of their more single-minded countryman. What degree of *credit* attaches to these gentlemen, we shall leave others to judge. The first mention of their names in this country was associated with very

qualified praise, on account of their seeking to trammel, for their own pecuniary interests, a discovery which plainly interested all mankind, and which was declared to have emanated from a liberal and enlightened profession, the members of which—in this country, at least—are not in the habit of so “protecting” their inventions and discoveries which affect the life and death of their fellow-men. That praise will be still more qualified now, when it is understood that what they sought to patent, was not their own, but had been filched from a professional brother; one who had been generous enough to make it known to them, and who had wished to publish it to the wide world.

Has regret ever arisen within the breast of any Briton, that so important a discovery had not originated in his own land? Or are our transatlantic brethren self-elated, at so large a boon in favour of humanity having come from the New World? Surely both feelings, if they exist, will receive a healthful chastening, by the reflection how untowardly the boon has been ushered into operation. Really, Gentlemen, it is too bad. Must you have both a patent and a piracy? *Proh pudor!*

But, after all, have we, in this country, no claim to urge? In Sir Humphry Davy may we not have as good a claimant as Mr. Horace Wells? Sir Humphry, we know, half poisoned himself, on more than one occasion, by his personal investigations into the effects of various gases on the human lungs; and it were unpleasant to think, that nothing should have come out of his scientific and perilous experiments, while so much may have seemed to flow from those of the obscure Transatlantic. Fortunately for our peace of mind, however, Sir Humphry seems really and truly to have made the discovery. In his own person he found that nitrous oxide inhalation removed headach, and greatly assuaged the pain of what, in such a philosopher, may truly be regarded as a very serious and important operation—namely, the cutting of a wisdom tooth. And in his works, edited by Dr. John Davy, is the following passage:—“As nitrous oxide, in its extensive operation, appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place.”* Here is the germ of the whole matter. It is not too much to suppose that Mr. Wells, who all along seems to have preferred nitrous oxide to ether, may have derived his first inkling of the applicability of this gas to surgery from the passage we have just quoted. And, consequently, it were no great stretch of propriety to place the name of Davy on at least quite as high a level in this matter as that of Wells. Sir Humphry published the dis-

* Vol. iii. p. 349.

covery in 1800; Mr. Wells practised it in 1844. And Drs. Jackson and Morton acknowledged themselves to have been "early impressed with the remarks of Davy, concerning the remedial agency of gaseous matters."

But nitrous oxide is not *the* agent. Ether is plainly preferable; less troublesome and expensive in preparation, less liable to dangerous impurity, and more easily applied. It was a Dr. Marcy who first suggested to Mr. Wells the use of ether, instead of nitrous oxide; about the time of Mr. Wells' *first* experiments—"during the same month." Now, what share in the discovery has Dr. Marcy—Dr. E. E. Marcy of New York? Not much, we suspect; except just to make the matter more complex; for he himself says, "Upon reflection and more full discussion of the matter, I advised Mr. Wells to abandon the use of the ether, and confine himself to the exhilarating gas."

Again, we learn that a Dr. Hickman, an Englishman, proposed to the Academy of Medicine in Paris, in the time of Charles X., that patients should be rendered insensible to pain, during surgical operations, by "inhalations." What these "inhalations" were, we are not fully aware. They may have been ethereal. But we care not to prosecute this subject. To America let the credit be awarded of the first *announcement* of etherization in Surgery. To Dr. Morton are we certainly indebted for its first *practical application*.

We need not stop here to describe the various forms of apparatus employed; nor, among so many, shall we attempt to decide the question of comparative merit. Most are efficient; some are strikingly so; and the simplest is the best. To children the vapour is efficiently enough applied, by laying over the mouth and nostrils a cambric handkerchief dipped in ether—a method long ago recommended by Dr. Pearson. We shall rather attempt to describe the effects, when suitably inhaled. The first mouthful or two is felt to be harsh, and unpleasantly pungent; but, in continuance of inhalation, that feeling gradually disappears, and the sensation becomes rather grateful than otherwise—sometimes intensely so, as in the case of the nitrous oxide gas, the inhaler obstinately and violently refusing to forego his delectation, if attempts be made to take the tube from him. Coughing is not always produced; but more frequently than not; and, in some cases, it proves so distressing as to impose on the practitioner a great difficulty in proceeding, even with the best assistance on the part of the patient. In general, however, by letting on the full supply of ether gradually, the coughing proves slight, and speedily ceases. Sometimes a profuse discharge of saliva takes place from the mouth; in almost all cases the

secretion from the lining membrane of the windpipe and lungs seems to be very considerably increased; and, from this latter cause, a cough with expectoration may come on, during the latter stage of prolonged inhalation, quite independently of any direct irritation by the pungency of the ether. In the course of some time—varying from one to twenty minutes, but usually within two or three minutes, when the inhalation is duly conducted from the first—the patient shows signs of a departure from his ordinary condition. His face grows pale and leaden, sometimes with a livid congestion about the mouth and nose; his eyes are less brisk in their movements, and their glance is less keen; the eyelids move sluggishly over the eyeballs, and tend to droop; the hands and feet grow cold, and so do the legs and arms by and bye; bent positions of the limbs gradually relax themselves; the patient breathes more slowly and fully; his chest is seen to take in large supplies at each inspiration, and his cheeks blow like a bellows; if previously seated, the trunk of the body now falls back; if previously recumbent, a change may be observed indicative of still further relaxation. The pulse has been all along becoming more and more rapid in its beats, it is now very frequent; and soon it may run away to nothing, almost ceasing to be felt. The eyelids are now motionless; on elevating the upper one, it falls slowly down again, evidently under no control of muscle. The pupil of the eye began to dilate early; and the dilatation has kept pace with the progress of inhalation. The eyeball is now glassy, fixed, often turned upwards, and thoroughly “void of speculation.” Then is the evidence of full etherization complete; and the operation may be proceeded with.

Such is a sketch of the ordinary effects as observed: but there is great variety. Sometimes the pupils are but slightly dilated, if at all; and sometimes the pulse, too, is slow to alter. Sometimes the patient withdraws the tube from time to time, to tell his feelings with great volubility and energy. Sometimes, but rarely, he expresses a strong dislike to it, and is with difficulty coaxed to resume its use. Sometimes he mutters through the tube, sometimes incoherently, sometimes sanely enough, in reference to circumstances which he observes. Sometimes he laughs immoderately, as if under the influence of nitrous oxide gas; and yet without recollection of any ludicrous idea after recovery. Sometimes he twists his limbs about, and sometimes he rolls his head from side to side, with a wild motion of his eye, and with a stupid yet strong expression of inquiry in its gaze. Sometimes he takes to low moaning or whining through the tube; more especially if he has been much agitated by previous apprehension. Sometimes he comes to breathe more heavily, and with more

snorting noise than is quite agreeable. Sometimes a tendency to convulsions manifests itself, requiring instant disuse of the inhalation.

Supposing the trance complete, the phenomena educed by the operation vary. In general the patient remains quiet and motionless, as if inanimate; the muscles often quivering slightly, however, at each play of the knife, as if by the mere physiological stimulus which their contractility receives; and knitting of the brows, occasional or fixed, is extremely common; giving an expression, by frowning, rather of annoyance than of pain. Sometimes there is slight shrinking of the part from the knife, the patient seeming to make some little effort to move it away. Sometimes the part is violently contorted, requiring more than the usual complement of assistants to restrain it. Sometimes the patient gives sundry abrupt loud exclamations, as if in pain; sometimes he moans and breathes hard; sometimes, though rarely, he roars lustily. And all this may happen without any sensation, or at least without any subsequent remembrance of pain.

The effects, as indicated by the patient's own recollection, are also very various. In general they are somewhat as follows:—A pleasing sense of soothing succeeds the first irksomeness of the pungent vapour—a soothing of both mind and body. Ringing in the ears takes place, with some confusion of sight and intellectual perception. The limbs are felt cold and powerless; the hands and feet first, then the knees; and the feeling is as if these parts had ceased to be peculiar property, and dropped away. This sensation may gradually creep over the whole frame; the patient becoming, in more senses than one, truly etherialized; reduced to the condition of no body and all soul. The objects around are either lost sight of or strangely perverted; fancied shadows flit before the eyes, and then a dream sets in—sometimes calm and placid, sometimes active and bustling, sometimes very pleasurable, sometimes frightful as a nightmare. Emerging, the figures and scenes shift rapidly, and grow fainter and fainter; present objects are caught by the eye once more, the ringing of the ears is heard again, consciousness and self-control return, a tendency to excited talking is very manifest, movement is unsteady, and, both in mind and body, very unequivocal signs of intoxication are declared. In plain language, as in plain fact—there is no disguising it—the patient is drunk. The tipsiness, however, is of a light and airy kind; very pure, very pleasant, and very passing, and, when gone, leaving very little trace behind. If the ether be good, “there is no headach in a gallon of it.”

Sometimes the dream is exquisitely charming, and the patient seems passed into another and a better world. Sometimes the opposite state obtains, the patient betraying manifest uneasiness

while in the trance, by restless, staring, anguished eyeballs, by groaning, and by wrestling movements of the body. And these are not loath to emerge from the effects of the drug, while the former part with them grudgingly. One poor girl, we well remember, had struggled hard during an amputation, yet felt no pain; and, on coming to herself, thankfulness was expressed in every feature, as well as by her blithe tongue, for she "thocht the Deil had a grip o' her a' the time." Sometimes the dreamer is falling from a great height rapidly, down and down into some unfathomable abyss. Very often the dream is connected with the operation—may be said to be the operation embellished and disguised, done into poetry, and all without pain. Sometimes, again, the dream is the most opposite thing possible to the operation; the otherwise most painful things may be doing, and all the while the patient, without swerving a hair's breadth, may be grinning and nodding, and winking, and chuckling, and making various nautical-looking observations, with his fingers on his nose, industriously endeavouring to convey to the bystanders some notion of the exquisite treat of which he himself is then in the full enjoyment. Sometimes an obscure perception of something being done to the part, suggests, as if by association, the idea of accidents and injuries there of another kind. Sometimes the dream is warlike; personal to the dreamer; or of bygone days, implicating Napoleon, or Soult, or Wellington; and the crack of tooth-pulling has sometimes passed off as the din of ordnance. Sometimes it is a contention with unearthly things, a tugging or battling with gnomes and spirits of an evil mien, victory swaying now one way and now the other. Sometimes, in youth, the dream has been "all fun;" and the dreamer has been anxious to be back into the midst of his pleasant pastime again, even at the cost of another tooth-drawing. The patient, if a wanderer, and then in a strange land, may dream pleasantly of home; "she had been home, it was beautiful, and she had been gone a month." So said one poor woman in the midst of what, without the ether, would have been agony. Sometimes the dream is of drowning; a gushing in the ears, a choking, and a sense of being lost, without pain or struggle or effort to save one's self; a rapid, smooth, and pleasing descent beneath the waters of deep oblivion. Sometimes the complex circumstantial details of years, as in other dreams, are condensed into one lucid glance; the events of early youth have seemed compressed into a circle. Sometimes the dream passes steadily on to completion, sometimes it is abruptly closed by some critical procedure on the part of the operator—the extraction of a tooth, with a sudden wrench, for example. Some go "with their uncle to Gravesend;" some "have been they don't know where; all they know is, they felt nothing."

Sometimes, too, the dreaming has connexion with previous habits and tendencies. A soldier dreams of guns and bayonets, and strife, and clamour; a sailor, of ships, and storms, and grog; an Irishman of whisky and shillelaghs, and a "skrimmage;" a boy, of marbles, tops, and "lots of fun;" a mother, of home and children; a girl, of gala days and finery—"bonny, very bonny," one kept ever saying, with her eyes fixed and straining, evidently on a print or bonnet. A tippler fancies he is in the grog-shop, and there he may enjoy himself rarely—or he may dream "his wife came to fetch him." Quarrelsome men grow pugilistic, and coats may be doffed with appropriate accompaniment of word and action. Young men, having some one in their list of female acquaintance dearer than the rest, grow active lovers, and in lone walks, earnest conversations, or soft whisperings, seem to make rare progress in their suit. The swearing and dissolute may indulge in oaths and profane jests. The man of fervent piety, who is habitually looking heavenward, may not only suppose himself translated to the realms of bliss, but may take part in imagined exercises there. We have seen a patient thus employed immediately after a painful operation; four verses of a psalm were sung by him very loudly, with his eyes fixed, his body in a tremor, and intense fervour shown in every movement; he would not be interrupted, and could scarcely be prevailed on to leave the operation-room, seeing that he found himself so wonderfully happy there; he said he had been in Heaven, and had seen his Saviour; on reaching his bed, he fell on his knees and was rapt in prayer. Not always, however, is the dream consistent with the character. For we have heard, among other instances, of one young simpering and innocent damsel, who, addressing a most amiable and excellent dentist, knitting her brows into something more than a frown, clenching her fists, and scowling defiance, vowed in the voice of a Stentor, that if he ventured near her with his profane touch, "big blackguard, as he was, she should certainly knock him down,"—doing him, no doubt, some grievous bodily harm. And staid, demure, elderly gentlemen—lawyers too—have, in most abandoned gaiety, insisted on the operator forthwith joining them in a joyous "Polka."

When the illusion is very pleasant, the dreamer almost always evinces a strong aversion to being interrupted; all questioning he deems impertinent, and he answers snappishly and in monosyllables, if at all. It is no uncommon thing for him to say that "an answer will be given *to-morrow*;" plainly implying that he is busy, well employed, and will not be disturbed. On coming out of the trance, whether this have been pleasurable or not, hysterical crying is very common in the young, and especially in the

female. Grown men, however, are not exempt from this frailty. On recovering from their unconsciousness, and for the first time beholding a raw stump, where a leg or thigh had been, even they are very apt to lapse into most unsentimental blubbering.

The effects, as already said, bear a strong resemblance to those of excess in strong drink. Sometimes the patient seems to be made aware of this, by the sensations which are induced in the early period of inhalation. "You'll have me drunk!" cried one; "Oh, you blackguard! I know what you are;" evidently supposing that he had fallen into loose society, and that his companions had a design on him. But it is in the state of emergence that the intoxication shows most. The eye, mouth, general expression of features, the walk, articulation, and pantomime, are all those of the tippler. He sways as he tries to stand, and reels as he walks; is garrulous and sprightly, often effectively humorous; and his leer and gesture are meant to be diverting. Often he insists on shaking hands with all and sundry; often, as already stated, he grows lachrymose, like one who, in Scottish phrase, might be termed "greetin' fou." The unsteadiness of gait, and lightness of head, sometimes have an inconvenient length of duration. One lady we have heard of, who, leaving the dentist too soon, had to grope her way along the railing of the street, in noonday, and ran no slight risk of losing all reputation for sobriety. Sickness, too, is not uncommon; very like that of a debauch. And next day, though it brings not its headach, brings some uncomfortable feeling in the interior; with a strong desire, usually, for more of the deluding vapour. This desire for more, indeed, occurs at two periods; immediately after the affair is over, just as a man not fully drunk, but only excited, is eager to have "one glass more;" and, again, next day, just as a man drunk over night seeks for "a hair of the dog that bit him." In Dr. Pearson's time it was the same, though with him the ether was not pushed to unconsciousness; for, in the passage formerly quoted, we find him complaining that he found difficulty in preventing his patients who had once tasted the sweets of ether, from recurring to it far too frequently. Patients themselves, too, liken it to drink; they call for "more grog," and declare it to be "glorious," "good stuff, better than pop."

In connexion with this point, it is interesting to note that there are not a few well authenticated examples on record, of the most severe operations having been performed, during ordinary extreme intoxication, without any sign of pain being evinced by the patient during the operation, and without any recollection after return to sobriety of pain having been endured. Dr. Boott says—

"Dr. Sharpey has mentioned to me the case of an Irishman, part of whose face was eaten by a pig while he was lying dead drunk on the ground, and a wax model of the mutilated face is, or at least was, preserved in 1833 in the Museum of the Park Street School, Dublin.

"Professor Quain also has mentioned an instance, where a man, in a state of intoxication, fell from a coach, and had a shattered leg amputated; on coming to himself, he affirmed that he knew nothing either of the accident or the operation."

And Mr. Lawrence says—

"Many years ago, a middle-aged woman was brought into St. Bartholomew's, drunk, with a compound fracture and other serious injury of the leg, requiring amputation. Having reflected on the circumstances, I could see no reason why the state of intoxication should prevent the performance of an operation absolutely necessary, and I accordingly removed the limb at once above the knee in the ward. The gentlemen present and myself were perfectly satisfied that the patient was unconscious of the proceeding, though being subsequently jeered on the subject by some of her fellow patients, she contended that she knew what was done at the time, but did not feel pain."

From what has been stated, it surely will not be objected that the use of ether is objectionable, on the score of a breach of morals. In medical practice, wine, whisky, and brandy are every day given, (even for long continuance) in such doses as must prove more or less intoxicating; in low fevers, for example, or in threatened sinking after severe shocks by injury. And here the end—the saving of life—is held to justify the means. Were such means employed as a mere experiment, or not hopeful of successful issue, their use would assume more than a doubtful character. In the time of the cholera, when it raged in its first onset among us, a late physician in Edinburgh, attached to one of the hospitals, experimented largely in the injection of saline matters into the veins; and with no indifferent success. One old man resisted the ordinary injection; and in a reckless moment it was resolved to inject whisky into the veins instead. The effect was electrical. The man—before cold, and clammy, and blue, without voice, or pulse, or power of motion—rose up in bed, a living corpse; fancied he was in a change-house; called loudly for more drink; trolled merry songs; and, after a few minutes of ghastly gaiety, fell back, and sank again, and died. This was faulty; and, if repeated, would have been flagitious; but the use of ether surely comes within quite another category—and that so obviously as to require no illustration.

The duration of the ether's influence is an important matter. It is brief; and yet it is odd, that the ether itself seems to remain long in the system; being plainly, and even offensively, felt in

the breath, not merely for hours, but even positively for days, after protracted inhalation.* The full effect seldom lasts above a few minutes; time enough for the performance of some operations; such as that of tooth-drawing. When more protracted procedure is contemplated—as in amputation, stone, rupture, removal of tumours, &c.—the inhalation is proceeded with during the operation, at what in steaming is termed “half speed.” The ordinary signs having evinced attainment of the full effect, the operation is begun; and then the inhalation may be for a few moments discontinued, to be afterwards renewed; or, what is better, the mouth-piece is kept continuously applied, with the valve in the tube, for entrance of atmospheric air, either partially or wholly open, so as to dilute the vapour. And if at any time the patient show signs, of prematurely returning consciousness, the valve is shut, and the full power of ether restored; the patient being made to breathe much or little of the vapour, according to the effects observed.

At first, it may seem that this brief duration of the ether's influence is a disadvantage. The operator soon learns, however, that it is the contrary. Prolonged duration is readily within his power, by continued inhalation; and much of comfort and safety resides in the fact of the effect being transient. The manageability of the ether is not its least virtue. Were the period of duration ordinarily less brief, the inhaler would be a dangerous instrument, even in the hands of the skilful and prudent. But, as it is, in the hands of the duly qualified it seems perfectly safe. Repeatedly have we observed unpleasant effects beginning to show themselves, during an operation; and, to prevent or remove them, it was only necessary to discontinue the inhalation. There was no necessity to fly hither and thither in search of antidotes or restoratives, or to annoy the patient and interrupt the operator by the administration of them. It was enough to cease to administer the ether. Repeatedly have we seen an operation begun, without any sign of pain; by and bye some wincing and moaning came; the ether was let on;—a lull followed, the limb becoming passive and deadlike as at first—in more senses than one, the patient “breathed again;” once more sensation revived, and again it was lulled asleep; and so, several times in succession, until all was safely and painlessly completed. Repeatedly have we seen the tedious process of stitching a wound illustrate this manageability of the ether's influence; one stitch accompanied with some sign of pain, the next as if placed in a

* The rapidity with which the ether pervades the whole system is also well shown, by amputated parts retaining a strong flavour of ether, even for many days after removal; although perhaps not more than two or three minutes had been spent in inhalation previous to the making of the incisions.

dead part ; and so on in varying succession, just according to the cessation or continuance of the ether's administration.

Sometimes, however, the effect is not transient ; a heavy stupor remaining, with small pulse, perhaps, and an unpleasant expression of countenance. Cold water, dashed on the face, or a current of cold air applied to it, are good restoratives. Indeed, their power of bringing the patient out of the trance is often exhibited unintentionally, and inconveniently, during the operation. If a wound be sponged with cold water, for example, the patient who had borne cutting without a wince, will often complain of the cold lustily. One victim of a severe operation, when asked if she felt any pain, said she "felt that window"—which, happening to be open, had to be shut. The internal restoratives are wine, spirits, or ammonia ; the last, probably, to be preferred. Should respiration and circulation still flag, heat to the surface, friction of the chest, and ammoniated stimulation of the nostrils, will naturally be resorted to. If opportunity serve, oxygen gas may be inhaled, to arterialize the blood ; it being supposed that etherization, when extreme, tends to evil, by sending venous blood through the general circulation.

When the patient does awake fully to consciousness, it may be supposed that he awakes to much misery, because to much pain. But it is not so. Not unfrequently, every sense is fully restored except the sense of pain. The patient sits up, talks rationally and calmly, is aware of every circumstance, knows of his wound, by seeing and hearing of it, and yet feels no pain ; the smarting of a raw wound is often averted for some hours in this way ; and when it does supervene at length, there is good reason to believe that in many cases it comes in a mitigated form. Often the patient sobs and cries, immediately or soon after return to consciousness—a state resembling hysteria, or else very like the maudlin grief of a drunk man ; but such tears are no sign of suffering ; on the contrary, they are not unfrequently the offspring of dreamy joy and gratitude.

For the successful administration of ether, certain things are very essential. The instrument must be suitable, and in good working order ; and, especially, there must be sufficient width of bore to admit of a free draught for the trachea. The ether must be strong and pure ; washed with water, to remove any acid that might remain, and which would cause irritation to the lungs and fauces ; afterwards decanted from the water, and distilled over chloride of calcium. A mixture of chloric ether with the sulphuric has been tried, but with unsatisfactory results ; the mixture proved more grateful to the patient at the time of inhalation, but the stupifying result was longer of being produced, and the after effects were not only protracted, but disagreeable. There

was a loss of power; and, as with many compound things, what was pleasant to the taste, at first, became bitter afterwards. The patient should be comfortably and conveniently arranged: he should be as warmly clothed as circumstances will admit of; and the temperature of the room should be little if at all below 60°. The warmth is obviously favourable to the production of ethereal vapour, and it is also favourable to the due effect on the recipient. In a room of low temperature, a cold shivering is apt to come on shortly after inhalation has been begun, disturbing and impeding the process. The patient should be spoken to kindly, and reassured, in the first instance; the mode of inhalation should be illustrated and made plain to him; and it may be well to make him breathe through the tube, experimentally, before the ether is poured into the apparatus. A position is arranged suitable to the operation, and also as suitable as possible to the inhalation. Recumbency, with the head slightly elevated, is usually to be preferred. All arrangements as to securing limbs, denuding the part to be operated on, sorting pillows, stationing attendants, &c., should be completed before inhalation is begun; for, quietude is very essential to success. The patient should not be spoken to, or touched, or in any way have his attention taken from his self-intoxicating occupation. A question, the fall of a jug or basin, a tap at the door, a sneeze, or other accidental noise, may interrupt the process very seriously; rousing the patient from the advancing stupor, perhaps rendering him restless and unmanageable. The respiration should be steady, slow, and full; the patient filling his chest completely, and emptying it completely, at each inspiration and expiration. To prevent coughing, or other disagreeable consequences of the pungency of the vapour, a considerable dilution by atmospheric air is expedient at first; the amount of dilution being gradually diminished, as the patient is found to bear it. And to effect this very important part of the procedure, the tube is provided with a valve, which, when open, admits a full stream of atmospheric air, and which can be opened or shut—gradually or suddenly—at pleasure. The merit of inventing this important part of the apparatus is due, we believe, to Mr. Squire, chemist, London, who constructed the instruments first used successfully by Mr. Liston. The operator, or some duly qualified assistant, watches the pulse, breathing, countenance, and eye; careful to note the time when the operation may be begun, and equally careful to observe any untoward sign which might render temporary abstraction of the ether necessary.

In general, no unpleasant sign showing itself, the inhalation is carried to the point of complete stupefaction; and this, as already stated, is sought to be maintained by a continued, though minor use of the ether. An odd fact, however, comes now to be

stated; namely, that stupefaction is by no means essential. Experience has fully shown that the brain may be acted on so as to annihilate for the time what may be termed the faculty of feeling pain; the organ of general sense may be lulled into profound sleep, while the organ of special sense, and the organ of intellectual function remain wide awake, active, and busily employed. The patient may feel no pain under very cruel cutting, and yet he may see, hear, taste, and smell, as well as ever, to all appearance; and he may also be perfectly conscious of everything within reach of his observation—able to reason on such events most lucidly, and able to retain both the events and the reasoning in his memory afterwards. We have seen a patient following the operator with her eyes most intelligently and watchfully, as he shifted his place near her, lifted his knife, and proceeded to use it; wincing not at all during its use; answering questions by gesture, very readily and plainly; and after the operation was over, narrating every event as it occurred—declaring that she knew and saw all; stating that she knew and *felt* that she was being cut, and yet that she felt no pain whatever. Patients have said quietly, “you are sawing now,” during the use of the saw in amputation; and afterwards they have declared most solemnly, that though quite conscious of that part of the operation, yet they felt no pain. We have seen a patient enduring amputation of a limb without any sign of suffering, opening her eyes during the performance, at its most painful part, desiring a country practitioner at some distance—under whose care she had formerly been, and whom she had not seen for some considerable time—addressing him by name, and requesting that he might not leave town without seeing her. And one of the first successful operations in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh well illustrates the same point;—the patient managing all the details of the inhalation himself, loudly insisting that the experiment was quite a failure, and would never do, that the matter must be deferred to another opportunity—and all the while the painful operation being busily proceeded with, preparing an agreeable surprise for the talkative sceptic. More examples to the same effect might be adduced, if necessary: the fact is undoubted. And physiologists, accordingly, are somewhat puzzled as to the exact statement of the effects produced by etherial inhalation on the nervous system. Of the brain proper, the spinal system, and the ganglionic system—as the different parts of the nervous system are termed—which is the part affected? Strychnine is supposed to influence the spinal system mainly; digitalis, the ganglionic;—which does the ether affect? It is probable that the brain proper is the part mainly influenced; and sometimes only a portion of it; for, as has already been stated, the intellect may be active,

and the special senses, too, may retain all their acuteness, while the patient is wholly unconscious of procedure which otherwise could not fail to be accompanied with the severest torture. General sense may be asleep, while intellectual and special sense may be wide awake.

The first effect of the inhalation would seem to be decidedly stimulant; afterwards it becomes powerfully sedative. Just as other things may be stimulant, in small doses, or lightly applied;—sedative in large doses, or long continued. Opium is a familiar example of this; causing excitement in small doses, and proving the most powerful of all narcotics when largely administered.

The effect of ether is usually very different when taken as a mere experiment, and as an amusement, from what is experienced in the business-use of it as a prelude and accompaniment to surgical operation. In the former case, excitement is very apt to ensue, with restlessness and talking; in the latter, the sedative effect is more speedily and smoothly attained. In fact, there is what is termed a *tolerance* of ether, when ether is really required; just as in particular diseases, whose cure demands certain remedies, there is engendered a tolerance of these remedies in the system. A grain of tartar emetic, for example, in the healthy, produces great sickness and vomiting; and during inflammation of the lungs, the same dose, or one much larger, may be taken every second hour without producing either. In health, a few ounces of blood taken from the arm may produce fainting; in serious inflammation, an approach to faintness will seldom be perceived until many ounces have been abstracted. Thirty drops of the tincture of Indian hemp produces, in health, a full narcotic effect, often very unpleasant; in tetanus, the same dose has been given every half-hour to a girl of eleven years of age. In health, a grain of opium will produce heavy sleep; in delirium-tremens, that dose may be repeated every hour, until ten times the amount is given, and still the patient may be wakeful as at first. A tolerance of bleeding is engendered by inflammation; of tartar emetic, by inflammation of a certain organ; of Indian hemp, by tetanus; of opium, by nervous excitement from drink. It would seem that a like tolerance of ether is engendered by the occurrence of surgical pain; or perhaps rather by the conviction of its certain approach, and the preparation of body and mind suitable for its advent.

It is the sedative effect we want in operating; and care should be taken to reach it as speedily and easily as possible. For there can be no doubt that the smaller the quantity of ether used, the better for the patient. And there can be as little doubt that the more fully and steadily the inspirations are made, and the quieter

the patient is kept, the more speedily the anodyne effect is attained; or, in other words, the less ether is necessary. When the breathing is abrupt, irregular, and interrupted, and the patient restless and talkative, a great quantity of ether may be consumed, ere any sign of a favourable condition for operating appear; besides, unpleasant effects are apt to show themselves, and the after consequences are protracted and disagreeable. The same thing is observable in dealing with other remedial agents. In bleeding from the arm, for example, desiring to obtain a sedative result on the general circulation, we do not make a small opening in the vein, and slowly drain away the blood in a slender stream; a large number of ounces would always be required ere the desired result were obtained in this way. But a large orifice is made in the vein; the blood is taken *pleno rivo*; and the rapid abstraction, in this way, of a comparatively small amount of blood proves successful; the patient being soon brought to the verge of fainting. In like manner, it is by the rapid, full, and quiet consumption of ether, that the best effect is produced. We seek to purchase the desired result at as small a cost as possible; in the one case giving as little ether, in the other taking as little blood, as we can.

But it is now time that we speak somewhat more fully of the evil consequences which ether, taken by the lungs, may produce. 1. It may produce coughing, expectoration, or other sign of irritation of the air passages. And this irritation may sometimes prove so embarrassing, as to frustrate the attempt at letheonizing. 2. It may produce excitement; just as the nitrous oxide gas does; the patient becoming talkative and restless, or violent, and intolerant of restraint. 3. In females, or in males of highly nervous temperament, it may induce hysteria. 4. It may cause sickness and vomiting; and the younger the patient, the more liable is this to occur—more especially if the inhalation have been protracted and imperfect. More than once we have seen the tube untowardly saturated with the fluid contents of the stomach. 5. Convulsions may occur; slight or violent; transient or protracted. Of course, the first appearance of them, is the signal for discontinuance of the ether—to be resumed, if the operation be not completed, so soon as the system has again become quiet. 6. Fainting may take place, the pulse becoming very rapid, and at last imperceptible; and the faint may prove of such intensity and duration as to cause serious alarm. But this is not likely to occur, except in the case of diseased heart. 7. Signs of congestion in the brain may manifest themselves; the patient threatening to pass into what is technically termed the condition of *coma*; as indicated by complete insensibility, dilated pupils, relaxed muscles, snoring and laboured breathing. 8. Lastly, the

experiment may fail ; the patient becoming excited and confused, but not dead to pain. This result, however, we feel convinced, will seldom if ever occur, *when good ether is well administered by means of a suitable apparatus.*

Such are the immediate results of an untoward kind ; and the most of them, we believe, may be averted by a graduated, rapid, and quiet exhibition of good ether ; should they threaten, inhalation is discontinued for a time, and warily resumed. Others may possibly show themselves at a more remote period. There may be a condition of system induced, resembling what is termed *irritative fever* ; and by this recovery may be delayed. It is possible, also, that irritation of the air passages may leave some permanent traces behind ; threatening to pass on into bronchitis or pneumonia.

A direct proof, however, of such casualties is, happily, still wanting. In one fatal case of amputation below the knee, in the Edinburgh Infirmary, in which ether had been successfully used, bronchitis and pneumonia were both discovered ; but the woman died of inflammation of the veins, with acute abscess in the wrist and knee joints ; and, besides, she had been for years in bad health, and at the time of the operation had a chronic affection of the lungs. In another patient, a boy, who had his thigh amputated, recovery was delayed by the occurrence of a slight attack of pneumonia ; but then it did not show itself till a fortnight after the operation ; and, at that period, the ether could certainly not be justly blamed.

Some seem to entertain a fear that a state of system untowardly favourable to inflammation of the veins, to erysipelas, and to tedious successive suppurations in various parts of the body, may be engendered by the ether. And some cases in the Edinburgh Infirmary may have lent some colouring to the fancy, and, we honestly believe, nothing more than colouring—certainly no proof. It so happened that, in several cases of operation, in which ether had been used, these affections did occur, and proved both troublesome and dangerous. But it also happened that these same diseases, with similar dangerous and troublesome results, were occurring in other patients, in the same wards, and at the same time, to whom no ether whatever had been in any way administered. In fact, the season, at that time, was very unhealthy ; and these affections prevailed then in the hospital, in an epidemic form, attacking patients who had ether and who had not, indiscriminately. A “fatal case” has been reported in England ; a coroner’s inquest has sat on it, and the decision has been, “death by ether.” But we will venture to say, that no unprejudiced surgeon, of experience in such matters, will think the verdict just or warranted. The woman had a large “oste-

sarcomatous, malignant" tumour extirpated by tedious dissection from the upper part of the thigh; the operation lasting, according to one statement, 25 minutes, according to another, 55 minutes; the etherization proving quite ineffectual, the patient wincing under each stroke of the knife, and saying afterwards that she felt it. After the operation, a state of great depression was observed; and this continued. The operation was performed on a Tuesday forenoon, and the patient, sinking, died on the morning of Thursday following. Now, what is there in all this, but what has been observed again and again, in ordinary practice, before the days of ether? Under the shock of less severe operations than this, susceptible frames have sunk in less time. And though it was very natural for the surgeon, in this case, to lay the blame on the ether—shifting it from himself and his knife—we suspect that he will find but few competent judges in the profession to agree with him. Obviously, had ether been even pushed in the case, the result could not have attached blame to its use; for the result is none other than what has been often seen without ether. But there is another question. The ether here was ineffectual; so far as the anodyne effect is concerned, the operation may be said to have been without etherization, and the patient sank by continuance of the shock. Had ether, by due administration, proved effectual as an anodyne, the painful and emotional part of the shock would have been averted; and might not the patient, in consequence, have been still alive? The "Crown's Quest" verdict is, in truth, imperfect. It was "death by ether." Ought it not rather to have been, "death (by want of) ether?"

We are further told, "the patient who underwent the Cæsarean operation died." No wonder. How many have lived after such procedure? "Another patient, on whom extirpation of the eyeball was performed, sank." Is that any thing new? "A clergyman, whose leg was amputated, never rallied after the operation." Have there not been thousands of such cases before the days of ether?

It is worth while, in connexion with this subject, to look to Travers on Constitutional Irritation—an old and valued authority. There we find many examples of sudden death after operations and injuries, some of them slight and trivial, which, had they occurred in these days, with the use of ether, would have placed in the hands of that agent's enemies, much more plausible arguments and facts for denouncing it as the cause of misadventure.

Two cases of lithotomy have been reported, in which the patients sank rapidly, and died. But that, too, is no new thing to the operating surgeon. The possibility of such an event has been long known and acknowledged. Most operators have accounted for such a calamity, very simply and naturally, by just supposing

that the patient had never rallied from the *shock* of the operation; a state from which, as just stated, we have hope of the ether effecting a relief, at least in part. Others, again, have puzzled themselves and others by ingeniously constructing theories more recondite in explanation. In one case of this kind, which occurred to an eminent surgeon, many years ago, we remember that the cause assigned for death, was the sudden and effectual relief afforded by removal of the stone! It was supposed to have produced too abrupt a revulsion in the system! But we do not deem it probable that in this way—by rendering the operation too easy—the ether runs any risk of being brought into disrepute; although, by the bye, some surgeons are still to be found, who deem the suffering of pain by the patient, during operation, essential to his well-doing!*

Let us not be mistaken. We do not say that fatal and formidable results may not happen, and have not happened, from ether's use in surgery. All we mean to assert is, that formidable and fatal results from ether's use in surgery have, in no one case as yet, been proven. And we go a step further. Ether, as an anodyne in surgery, is on its trial; it has been openly accused of fatal and formidable results; we seek for a thorough and impartial sifting of the evidence, *pro* and *con*; and we confidently claim—so far as the present state of evidence goes—a verdict very different from that of the "Crown's 'Quest;" not merely a "Not proven," but "Not guilty."

At one time, serious apprehensions were entertained, that during operations at night great risk would be encountered, by reason of the inflammability of the admixture of etherial vapour with atmospheric air. And precautions such as the following were rife in the public prints:—

"It is useful to remind those who surrender themselves unreservedly to experiments of this nature, that the vapour of ether, when combining with the air, constitutes an explosive gaseous mixture of the most dangerous kind. Every phial of ether that is uncorked pours into its neighbourhood torrents of vapour, which circulate unseen, around the sides of the vase, over the table, and down on the ground, and are in danger each moment of being inflamed, if a lamp or any lighted body be in the neighbourhood of, or even some feet distant from, the recipient of the ether. Should, unfortunately, fire be com-

* This puts one in mind of a piscatorial illustration. Angling with worm, he is no true Waltonian who *likes* to see the victimized reptile writhing on the hook, struggling hard to be free, and showing very plain signs of intense suffering. The genuine Isaac strikes his worm, in the first instance, smartly between his palms, rendering it temporarily insensible by concussion; the process of impalement is over soon, and without a struggle; the senseless worm is found to have the better adjustment on the hook; and the still bait proves the more tempting lure.

municated to this cloud of ether, an explosion within that compass is not the whole of the mischief. The heat is communicated to the flask itself, breaks it, scatters in all directions the combustible liquid, and produces calamities proportioned to the quantity of ether liberated. Now, if it be considered that the vapour-laden air inspired by a patient about to be operated on, is precisely this explosive mixture—that during the operation the surgeon is surrounded by lighted candles, and that the attendants pass backwards and forwards with lamps in their hands, an idea may be formed of the fate that awaits the patient if the fire should unhappily reach the air which he is inhaling. A sudden explosion will communicate itself to the interior of his chest, tear the bronchia throughout the entire ramifications, and literally reduce to atoms one of the most essential of the organs of life. There is nothing exaggerated in this statement. It is the strict expression of a well-known phenomenon transported to the interior of the *human machine*, and which will infallibly occur *if care be not taken.*”

For some time the profession stood abashed at this; and instrument-makers were seized with a fit of contriving so as to avoid all such risk; protecting every accessible point with wire gauze, such as is used in the safety-lamp of Davy, constructing new valves, &c. &c. A simple, though bold experiment, however, put all happily at rest. For it was found that after a large quantity of ether had been inhaled, up to the point of complete intoxication, a lighted paper might be placed in the mouth with all safety; the only effect being extinction of the flame by the outward current of air in expiration. By witnessing such an experiment, the most timid will at once be stripped of all fear of the “most essential of organs” being “reduced to atoms,” either by night or by day.*

From what has been stated, however, it is very plain that ether must at all times be administered with much care. And although experience cannot yet give forth any decided verdict on many points, yet, already, the following practical cautions may be safely enjoined. 1. When disease of the heart can be ascertained, ether should not be given; for, syncope, or fainting, is likely to take place, and such syncope may prove fatal. In all cases, so far as we are aware, in which fainting has occurred, and proved troublesome by long continuance, or by tendency to recur, disease of the heart has been detected. 2. When there is tendency to apoplexy, or to congestive affection of the brain, it should either be abstained from altogether or administered most warily. 3. To those of highly nervous temperament, and more especially to females of this class, it is not suitable; for hysteria is very apt to

* The *apparatus* may explode, and hurt the bystanders by its fragments; but they are safe from being injured by fragments of lungs, the *patient* being fire-proof, and *inexplosible*.

be induced, in a violent form. If given at all in such cases, it must be with extreme caution. 4. When there exists a chronic bronchitis; when there is any irritation in the air passages, indeed, whether recent or not; and when there is reason to suspect the existence of tubercles in the lungs—it is very questionable how far the use of ether is advisable; it being yet to be shown that its inhalation may not have the effect of causing over-action in those parts predisposed to disease, and so producing the most serious consequences. 5. Habitual and hard drinkers are obviously less amenable to the good effects of ether than others; they may be regarded as living ether-stills, constantly at work—every part of their frame ever saturated with the vapour; and, consequently, inhalation is not unlikely to prove of little or no power with them. In such patients, the use of ether may be altogether foregone; or, at least, if it be used, it must be begun with an expectation of delay ere the desired result occur; and, a large allowance of ether being inevitably essential thereto, a doubly careful outlook must be kept for untoward consequences that are not unlikely to arise. Will a knowledge of this fact lend any aid to the temperance movement, which is so much needed in our land? It ought. 6. In the case of the very young, the use of ether is hazardous; such patients being especially liable to nausea, prostration, and convulsions. When employed in them, it must be very cautiously, and never in a large dose. And yet it is suprising how the youngest bear it. The other day, a child of ten months had it administered successfully and safely. 7. In operations which are protracted, and which require nicety in the operator's movements of hand, as well as great steadiness on the part of the patient—dissection of a deep tumour from the neck, for example—perhaps the ether's use had better be dispensed with; for were the patient to waken up in the midst of this procedure, he would probably be with much difficulty calmed again; and, proving unsteady, he might induce both danger and delay.

Obviously, etherization ought never to be practised but by, or in presence of, the Faculty; it being essential that a competent person should be at hand, to detect the signs of coming evil, and to apply those remedies which circumstances may demand. Like other powerful agents for weal or for wo, it will, no doubt be found,

“*Sacra vitæ anchora, circumspecti agentibus
Cymba Charontis, in manu imperiti.*”

As obvious is it, how the ether's use may be turned to sinister purposes. Persons may be lulled into unconsciousness, for the purpose of nefarious acts being committed on their person or purse. Should itinerant tooth-drawers take to ether, and the

public foolishly take to them, we advise the unhappy victims to look to their pockets, and leave all their personal movables, of any value, at home.

Is it necessary to recount the advantages which the use of ether affords in Surgery? Not surely at great length. 1. The most obvious benefit is that which accrues directly to the patient by the annulling of pain. 2. And, from this, again, there results an important matter; namely, that patients, coming to have little or no dread and apprehension of operations, will readily submit to them, when assured by their medical advisers that their performance has become necessary, or even expedient; and they will not be tempted to conceal diseases, in the cure of which they imagine that operative measures may be required. In many operations, heretofore, it has been the experience of all operators that the patient has often been "more afraid than hurt." Now, we may almost say, in none will he be either hurt or frightened. 3. Heretofore, also, the *shock* of all serious operations has been formidable. The patient, however resigned and courageous, was deeply impressed in system; the pulse became feeble, the surface cold and pale, the eye dim, respiration troubled, and the whole powers of life were brought low. With ether we expect to see less of this; and much less we do see. Thighs may be amputated, stones extracted, and tumours removed, with little sign of shock imparted; the chief deviations from the normal characters of health being such as are known to be the effects of ether—and, accordingly, both manageable and transient. Of course, we do not expect all shock to be removed. Shock may be said to consist of three parts; mental or emotional; the effect of the suffering of pain; and an impression—independent of pain and emotion—made on the ganglionic and spinal systems of nerves. Removal of the two first is certainly within the power of etherization. But the last, often formidable, will still remain. 4. What is termed *reaction* from the shock used to be troublesome; of two kinds; strong and active, tending to inflammation; weak and tumultuous, tending towards irritative fever, and equally important—perhaps the less manageable of the two. Now, by the avoidance of shock, wholly or in great measure, it is not unreasonable to suppose that such untoward consequences of shock may be avoided—also wholly or in great measure. And experience, on this point, has already spoken favourably. 5. Some observers have thought that rather more blood flowed from operations conducted with ether, than from those without it. And some seem tolerably confident that there is a greater tendency to what is termed secondary bleeding; that is, bleeding taking place some hours after the operation, when the patient is warm in bed. As to the first objection, our own observation

tends rather the other way; and we do not well understand how it should be otherwise. For, when the ether's charm works well, the placid condition of the part and patient is surely favourable to a gentle circulation, and to a moderate flow of blood from cut vessels. Should the patient and part become excited and unruly—as *sometimes* happens—then, no doubt, some trouble by many bleeding points may be expected. But such an event ought to be the exception to the general rule. As to the secondary bleeding; this may be explained in another way, without placing blame on the ether. In many operators, using ether without much experience of its effects, there is a natural desire to hurry over the work as rapidly as possible, lest the patient wake up and complain of pain; and, in consequence, there is a temptation to close the wound, and dress it finally, after having secured the main vessels only, without looking narrowly for minor points, or waiting to see if fresh bleeding orifices show themselves—as is ordinarily, and ought always to be done. And when this is not done, bleeding, by and bye, can scarcely fail to occur, to a greater or lessextent; obviously the fault, not of the ether, but of the ether's employer, the surgeon. With skilful etherization, and the ordinary precautions of deliberate operating, we are inclined to believe that a saving of blood will be the result. 6. Instead of hurry being imparted to the surgeon's hands, by the ether's use, they ought, on the contrary, to move with greater steadiness and deliberation. There is one operation in surgery which is always done slowly—because thus, and thus only, it can be done well—and that is trephining; there is, indeed, no excuse for haste; the sawing of the skull—the patient ordinarily insensible—being a painless operation. And, in like manner, during the painless operations of these days, the same deliberate movements should be practised; the more especially as we know that the manageability of the ether is such, as to enable us to maintain the desired state of unconsciousness almost for an indefinite period. It is very plain, however, that such increased steadiness, deliberation, and consequent perfection of operating, is not to be expected until the surgeon has become familiar with the ether's use, and confident of the power with which he can thereby command the sensibilities of his patient. In fact, so manageable is the agency, that we have often been forced mentally to liken it to the power of steam, which may be turned off or turned on as we list. Working a vessel up a difficult channel, how often is the power of progression increased, slackened, turned off, or reversed! In ether, we have no reverse in the power itself; but, during an operation, it would be no great misapplication of terms to find the superintending surgeon regulating his anodyne powers by "Set on!"—or, as it is an American discovery,

"Go a-head!"—"Ease her!"—"Stop her!" Unfortunately, there is no "Back her!" or "A stern!" But, if a bright look-out is kept, and no rash way made upon the vessel, the necessity for such a cry, we fondly think, will not often arise. How many operations with ether must have now taken place—many, too, it is no want of charity to suppose, with bad ether, bad apparatus, and want of caution; and yet, so far as we know, there is not one instance of fatal casualty which can be ascribed directly to the ether's use.

One decided inconvenience certainly attends on etherization. More time is altogether occupied in the surgeon's labour. Dentists are already grumbling, doubtless, at the time now consumed in tooth extraction; and may be thinking, not unreasonably, of doubling the fee, when ether is used; just as a book with plates is higher in value than the ordinary unillustrated copy; or as a dinner with wine and fruit is more expensive than the plain joint, a glass of water, and a tooth-pick.* A greater demand is made on the surgeon's time, no doubt; and sometimes, too, his patience is tasked. But if, by yielding time and patience, he contribute so powerfully to his patients' comfort and wellbeing, as he has good reason to expect, surely he will not grudge the sacrifice, on his part, even were it double what it is.

But it is not in *cutting* only that ether is of use. As an opponent of muscular resistance, it promises to be of great service in surgery. In dislocations of old standing, more especially of the larger joints, as the hip and shoulder, it is well known that great difficulty is experienced in effecting reduction; and this mainly on account of the resistance which is afforded by the muscles, whose spasmodic action is partly involuntary and partly in obedience to the will. However resolute and calm the patient may be, and anxious to assist the surgeon in every way, yet, so soon as violent extending force is applied to the limb, he cannot help straining himself greatly, fixing his chest during deep inspirations, and rendering the muscles connected with the displaced joint as rigid as if they were of wood or plaster. Now, all this straining, the effect of the will, ethereal inhalation is calculated to avert entirely; and we have seen it so averted. Consequently, one great obstacle to reduction may, by the ether, be overcome. We are not so sanguine of its proving a successful opponent of involuntary spasm; having repeatedly witnessed much and violent spasmodic movement during amputations, of the pain of which the patient felt nothing. In hernia, too, the remedy promises well, in preventing the straining of the patient, which every ex-

* We think it not at all unlikely that etherization will be abandoned in tooth-drawing, and other minor operations, and that its use will be in a great measure limited to the more serious matters of surgery.

perienced surgeon knows is so greatly obstructive of reduction. In a recent case of rupture operated on, the bowels were constantly protruding from the wound, and could not be replaced, on account of the great and uncontrollable action of the abdominal muscles; ether was administered, the patient became unconscious, the abdomen lay quiet, and the protruded parts were then, without the slightest difficulty, replaced and retained. Even supposing, therefore, that ethereal inhalation be found ineffectual in allaying involuntary spasm, it promises much aid, by the averting of voluntary muscular action, in the reduction of dislocated joints, and in hernia—which may not inaptly be regarded as a dislocation of bowel.

But, further, the ether's use is not to be limited to the province of surgery alone. It is applicable to every department of the healing art. In the practice of medicine, and in midwifery, we may expect its cautious employment to be followed by signal benefits, in certain circumstances. In the latter department, Professor Simpson has already reaped no slight success. His first application of ether was to a difficult case of turning, in a deformed mother. A painful operation had to be performed within the womb; and then the child had to be pulled forcibly away. Much force was necessary; in ordinary circumstances, much pain must have been endured, and the after recovery would in all probability have proved tedious. As it was, no pain whatever was felt; there was no shock, or lowering of the system; and "on the fourth day she had walked out of her room to visit her mother." In several cases of extraction by forceps, the results of etherization have been equally satisfactory. In every case, "the uterine contractions continued as regular in their recurrence and duration after the state of etherization had been induced, as before the inhalation was begun. . . . Indeed, in some cases the pains have appeared to me to have become increased as the consciousness of the patient became diminished. This has more particularly occurred with one or two patients, who breathed ether combined with tincture of ergot, or containing a solution of its oil."* And thus, though in some cases of surgery, ether may seem to labour under a disadvantage in not proving a successful opponent of involuntary muscular action, here, in the obstetric art, the greatest possible advantage is derived from that circumstance. Parturition is shorn of pain, and yet not retarded.

The effects of ether, Professor Simpson has found very various in his patients.

* *Monthly Journal*, March 1847, p. 724.

"In some, a state of total apathy and insensibility seems to be produced; others move about and complain more or less loudly during the uterine contractions, though afterwards, when restored to their state of common consciousness, they have no recollection of any suffering whatever, or, indeed, of anything that had occurred during the inhalation and action of the ether; others again, remain quite aware and conscious of what is going on around them, and watch the recurrence of the uterine contractions, but feel indifferent to their effects, and not in any degree distressed by their presence; and in another class again, the attendant suffering is merely more or less diminished and obtunded, without being perfectly cancelled and annulled."

"A careful collection," continues the Professor, "of cautious and accurate observations will no doubt be required, before the inhalation of sulphuric ether is adopted to any great extent in the practice of midwifery. It will be necessary to ascertain its precise effects, both upon the action of the uterus, and of the assistant abdominal muscles; its influence, if any, upon the child; whether it gives a tendency to hemorrhage or other complications; the contra-indications peculiar to its use; the most certain modes of exhibiting it; the length of time it may be employed, &c. In no case have I observed any harm whatever, to either mother or infant, follow upon its employment. And, on the other hand, I have the strongest assurance and conviction, that I have already seen no small amount of maternal suffering and agony saved by its application."

As to the question of whether or not etherization is to be extended to cases of *natural* parturition, with the object of simply assuaging pain, Professor Simpson thus ably expresses himself:—

"Custom and prejudice, and, perhaps, the idea of its inevitable necessity, make both the profession and our patients look upon the amount and intensity of pain encountered in common cases of natural labour, as far less worthy of consideration than in reality it is. Viewed apart, and in an isolated light, the degree of actual pain usually endured during common labour is as great, if not greater, than that attendant upon most surgical operations. I allude particularly to the excessive pain and anguish, which, in nine out of ten cases, accompany the passage of the child's head through the outlet of the pelvis and external parts. Speaking of common or natural labour in its last stages, Dr. Merriman observes, the pulse gradually 'increases in quickness and force; the skin grows hot; the face becomes intensely red; drops of sweat stand upon the forehead; and a perspiration, sometimes profuse, breaks out all over the body: frequent violent tremblings accompany the last pain, and at the moment that the head passes into the world, *the extremity of suffering seems to be beyond endurance.*' Or, take the picture of the sufferings of the mother in the last stage of natural labour, as portrayed by the most faithful of living observers—Professor Naegele of Heidelberg—"The pains (he observes) of this stage are still more severe, painful, and enduring; return after a short in-

terval, and take a far greater effect upon the patient than those of the previous stage. Their severity increases so much the more from the additional suffering arising from the continually increasing distension of the external parts. They convulse the whole frame, and have hence been called the *dolores conquassantes*. The bearing down becomes more continued, and there is not unfrequently vomiting. The patient quivers and trembles all over. Her face, is flushed, and, with the rest of the body, is bathed in perspiration. Her looks are staring and wild; the features alter so much that they can scarcely be recognised. Her impatience rises to its maximum with loud crying and wailing, and frequently expressions which, even with sensible, high principled women, border close upon insanity. Everything denotes the violent manner in which both body and mind are affected.'

"I have stated that the question which I have been repeatedly asked is this—will we ever be 'justified' in using the vapour of ether to assuage the pains of natural labour? Now, if experience betimes goes fully to prove the safety with which ether may, under proper precautions and management, be employed in the course of parturition, then, looking to the facts of the case, and considering the actual amount of pain usually endured (as shown in the above descriptions of Merri-man, Naegele, and others) I believe that the question will require to be changed in its character. For, instead of determining in relation to it whether we shall be 'justified' in using this agent under the circumstances named, it will become, on the other hand, necessary to determine whether, on any grounds, moral or medical, a professional man could deem himself 'justified' in withholding, and *not* using any such safe means (as we at present pre-suppose this to be,) provided he had the power by it of assuaging the agonies of the last stage of natural labour, and thus counteracting what Velpeau describes as 'those piercing cries, that agitation so lively, those excessive efforts, those inexpressible agonies, and those pains apparently intolerable,' which accompany the termination of natural parturition in the human mother."

On the 23d of February, Baron Paul Dubois, Clinical Professor of Midwifery at the Faculty of Paris, read a paper to the Academy of Medicine in that city, detailing his experience of etherization in the practice of Midwifery. His conclusions are the following. 1. It has the power of preventing pain during obstetric operations; such as turning, application of forceps, &c. 2. It may momentarily suspend the pains of natural labour. 3. It does not suspend uterine contraction, nor impede the synergetic action of the abdominal muscles. 4. It appears to lessen the natural resistance which the perinæal muscles oppose to the expulsion of the head. 5. It has not appeared to exert any bad influence over the life or health of the child. Notwithstanding, he is not sanguine of its general applicability to obstetrics; and concludes with an opinion that its use should be "restrained to a very limited number of cases, the nature of which ulterior expe-

rience will better allow us to determine." In regard to this, however, and in connexion with the third general statement, it is to be remembered, that the Baron does not seem to have maintained the ether's influence in his experiments; finally withdrawing the tube after the full effect had been once produced.* One important matter he well insists on; namely, the tendency to convulsions which exists in puerperal women, the risk there is of convulsions being produced by ether in any patient, and consequently the great necessity for caution in ether's obstetric use.

Our own impression is, that etherization will ultimately be found more available in the obstetric, than in any other department of the healing art.

In medicine, the inhalation of ether has been applied with success to relieve the painful paroxysms of asthma, and to assuage the intense suffering attendant on neuralgia. And to other diseases, attended with much pain, we have no doubt that in due time the application will be extended. "Pneumatic Medicine" is revived.

In tetanus, we do not look sanguinely for success; for, as already stated, etherization is not likely to control involuntary spasm, and it acts but slightly, if at all, on the true spinal system—unless pushed very far. When, however, in tetanus, amputation is deemed expedient, etherization will then prove unspeakably valuable in averting an aggravation of suffering, during the operation, which might otherwise prove almost beyond the limit of human endurance.

In public practice, etherization has been found very useful in detecting feigned diseases. The patient having been, *volens volens*, thrown into helpless unconsciousness, stiff joints have become supple, crooked backs have grown straight, and various other decrepitudes have thawed into normal shape and form—unmasking the impostor.

One field of inquiry, vast and important, seems just opening up to the profession; namely, the inhalation of other remedial agents, in the form of vapour, with or without ether—as practised by Dr. Pearson and others, in the end of last century. And who knows, but, by the resuscitation of "Pneumatic Medicine," many diseases may be brought more thoroughly under control; the remedies, in small quantity, being directly mixed with the circulating blood—borne along thereby, rapidly pervading the whole system, and both speedily and effectually

* To show that during parturition etherization may be maintained for a prolonged period, it may be mentioned that in one case, under the charge of Professor Simpson, the patient was kept, by the ether's use, in a complete state of unconsciousness as to pain, for four consecutive hours; delivery being at length accomplished

exercising their remedial agency.* Professor Simpson has already used the ergot in this way, as formerly stated; and we doubt not this is but the commencement, by him and others, of further investigation in this important, interesting, and hopeful direction.

And not merely to the human being is the ether's use to be limited. The lower animals partake also of its benefits. Already, horses and dogs have been relieved from troublesome and dangerous affections, by operations rendered painless.† Vicious horses have been shod, too, with safety and comfort to themselves and others. In the department of Van Amburgh, there is no saying what may be achieved.

And as if Medicine did not afford a wide enough field for ether, that of Law has been slightly broached upon. A proposal has been made to extend etherization to the Justiciary Courts; and a convict, lately, we see, has begged to be executed while under the Letheon's influence. Hanging-made-easy, however, is scarcely to be expected. The innovation would hardly be consistent with justice, however it might be regarded in law.

But we must hasten to apologize for indulgence in aught jocular, in a matter so grave and important as etherization; which in this and other countries has already removed all pain, and no little danger, from thousands of operations of every grade and kind in surgery; which has already made some progress in the successful treatment of disease; and which has already brought no slight help to the most interesting portion of mankind, in those hours of heavy trial which they have hitherto borne, with the greatest fortitude, indeed, but also with the intensest agony of pain;—from which, in short, within a few brief months, a vast amount of good has already come, and from which we still, not unreasonably, hope for good, to an extent that is almost incalculable.

Do not let us be carried away, however, by enthusiasm, na-

painlessly, without her knowledge, and with perfect safety to both mother and child. And it is further worthy of note, that the former was a person of very delicate frame. In a more recent case, the patient was kept etherized for six consecutive hours, was delivered unconsciously by use of forceps, felt no pain, and did well.

* According to Wagner, vaporizable substances thus applied to the bronchial cells "seem to make their way into the blood through the unbroken vascular membrane, with the same certainty and ease as when they are injected directly into the veins."

† We observe that a recent experimenter on horse-flesh has been making an ingenious exposée of his adventures with ether. His first trials, instituted apparently for no earthly purpose, except just to see what would happen, did not satisfy him; and the want of success he attributed to "the too free entrance of atmospheric air" in inhalation. Accordingly, in his next experiment, he determined to prevent, if possible, the ingress of one particle of that fluid, so dangerous and unsuitable for lungs; and he succeeded marvellously; choking his victim as thoroughly as if he had hanged him by a halter. Perhaps he thinks that the ether had something to do with the casualty!

tural in the circumstances. All new discoveries run as much risk of damage from the unwise zeal of their partizans, as from the hostility of their opponents. Let our advance in this hopeful path be cautious and sure. Let wisdom, honesty, and candour attend on every observation. And let every man, old and young, casting aside all prejudice, and anxious only to know the truth, do what in him lies to ascertain how much of actual good there is, or may be, in the ether's use; how much of possible evil may attend on it; how the latter is to be averted or subdued, and how the former may be best secured and still further extended.

Will it be seriously urged, in deprecation of ether's anodyne use, that it is a "flying in the face of Providence;" that it cannot be the will of Heaven that such immunity from suffering should be, else so great a gift had long since been conferred upon mankind? If cavillers there be, who would thus obstruct the path of inquiry, they must be blind to the ordinary doings of Providence, and sad dullards in the reading of His will and way. Take but one illustration; itself amply sufficient to silence all such opponents. How came it that vaccination was withheld till the time of Jenner? Why were so many thousands of human beings permitted to perish under the devastating scourge of small-pox, until, in the eighteenth century, He was pleased at length to say, "*Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther?*" Simply because such was His will—"to mortal eye inscrutable."

And in conclusion—should our fond hopes be realized, and etherization perform all that it offers—let us not forget from whom the favour has really come, and to whom our thanksgiving is really due. What lay hid for ages, eluding the anxious search of the wisest, has been unexpectedly revealed, under humble and unlooked-for agency. And in such an event there is surely a manifest declaration of the sovereign power of Him who doeth all things wisely and well,—"*The author of every good and of every perfect gift.*" Let us humble ourselves at the thought of man's weakness, and shortness of sight; powerless even when strengthened by experience, or when enlightened by philosophy. Let us cease not to extol Him who is all bountiful, as he is omniscient and almighty; who has been graciously pleased, in these latter days, to mitigate in part the temporal punishment which sin had brought into the world; who, while He hateth sin, yet loveth the sinner; who is "of great kindness, and repenteth Him of the evil;" who "retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy."*

* Since writing the preceding pages we have seen the new Number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*; and are delighted to find the accomplished Editor of that influential Journal upholding the same general views in regard to etherization, as we, more feebly, have ventured to advocate.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Recherches sur les mouvements d'Uranus.* Par M. U. J. LE VERRIER.* *Comptes Rendus, &c.*, Juin 1, 1846. Tom. xxii. p. 907.
2. *Sur la Planète qui produit les anomalies observées dans le mouvement d'Uranus.—Détermination de sa masse, de son orbite, et de sa position actuelle.* Par M. U. J. LE VERRIER. *Id. Id.*, 31 Août, 1846. Tom. xxiii. p. 428.
3. *Sur la Planète qui produit les anomalies observées dans le mouvement d'Uranus. Cinquième et dernière partie, relative à la détermination de la position du plan de l'orbite.* Par M. U. J. LE VERRIER. *Id. Id.*, 5 Octobre, 1846. Tom. xxiii. p. 657.
4. *Recherches sur les mouvements de la Planète Herschel (dite Uranus).†* Par U. J. LE VERRIER. Dated 5 Octobre, 1846; and published in the *Connaissance des Temps*, pour l'an 1849. Additions, &c. p. 1-254.
5. *Planète de M. Verrier.* Par M. ARAGO. This Notice contains an account of the discovery of the planet at Berlin by M. Galle, on the 23d September, with observations by M. Arago. *Comptes Rendus, &c.*, Tom. xxiii. p. 659-663.
6. *Comparaison des observations de la nouvelle planète avec la Théorie déduite des perturbations d'Uranus.* Par M. LE VERRIER. *Id. Id.*, 19 Octobre, 1846. Tom. xxiii. p. 741.
7. *Examen des remarques critiques et des questions de priorité que la découverte de M. LE VERRIER a soulevées.* Par M. ARAGO. *Id. Id. Id.*, p. 741-755. In this article Mr. Arago discusses the claims of Mr. Adams as advanced in the *Athenæum* by Sir John Herschel, Mr. Airy, and Mr. Challis.
8. *On the newly discovered Planet.* By M. ENCKE. Translated in the Lond. & Edin. Phil. Mag. for March 1847, vol. xxx. p. 181,—from the *Berichten der Akad. der Wissenschaften zu Berlin*, Oct. 22, 1846.
9. *An explanation of the observed irregularities in the motion of Uranus, on the hypothesis of disturbances caused by a more distant planet, with a determination of the mass, orbit, and position*

* On the 10th November, 1845, there appeared in the *Comptes Rendus, &c.* of that date, tom. xxi. p. 1050, an abstract of a Memoir by M. Le Verrier, entitled *Première Mémoire sur la Théorie d'Uranus*, but as it contains no reference whatever to the new Planet, we have not inserted it above.

† In this Memoir, the planet is invariably called *Uranus*; but M. Le Verrier has added the following Note, in reference to his having adopted the name Herschel in the title of his Memoir:—"In my ulterior researches," says he, "I shall consider it as a strict duty to make the name *Uranus* completely disappear, and to call the planet only by the name of *HERSCHEL*. I regret extremely that the advanced state of the printing of this Memoir has not permitted me to conform to a resolution which I shall religiously observe in future."—P. 1, *Note*.

- of the disturbing body.* By J. C. ADAMS, Esq., M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Dated Nov. 12, 1846, and published in the Nautical Almanac for 1851. (See also Proceedings of the Astronomical Society, Nov. 13, 1846.)
10. *Account of some circumstances historically connected with the discovery of the planet exterior to Uranus.* By the ASTRONOMER-ROYAL. From the Proceedings of the Royal Astronomical Society, Nov. 13, 1846. Vol. vii. p. 121-145.
 11. *Account of observations at the Cambridge Observatory, for detecting the planet exterior to Uranus.* By PROFESSOR CHALLIS, *Id. Id.*, p. 145-149.
 12. *Special Report (to the Syndicate of the University of Cambridge) of Proceedings in the Observatory relative to the New Planet.* By PROFESSOR CHALLIS. Dec. 12, 1846.
 13. *Second Report of Proceedings in the Observatory relating to the New Planet (Neptune.)* By PROFESSOR CHALLIS. March 22, 1847.

THE writings enumerated in the preceding list contain the history and details of a discovery certainly the most remarkable in the Annals of Science. If the discovery of an Island or a Continent, on the little world which we inhabit, gives immortality to the adventurer who stumbles upon its shores, how shall we estimate the merit of the astronomer who detects a new planet amid myriads of stars, and extends more than a thousand millions of miles the limits of the system to which he belongs! This feat was performed when Sir W. Herschel added Uranus to the planets. The process, however, by which that discovery was made involved no exercise of sagacity, and demanded no effort of genius. A sharp eye, a good telescope, and a patient observer, are alone necessary to rescue a planet from the starry maze which conceals it; and we have in our own day witnessed these influences, in the discovery of the five small bodies which circulate between Mars and Jupiter.

To such discoveries, brilliant though they be, the triumph of astronomy which we are about to contemplate has no resemblance but in name. To detect a planet by the eye, or to track it to its place by the mind, are acts as incommensurable as those of muscular and intellectual power. Recumbent on his easy chair, the observer has but to look through the cleft in his revolving cupola, and number the beats of his clock, in order to trace the pilgrim star amid its companions, or, by the application of magnifying power, to expand its tiny disc, and thus transfer it to the planetary domains. The mathematician, on the other hand, has no such auxiliaries. He calculates at noon, when the stars disappear under a meridian sun. He computes at midnight, when

clouds and darkness shroud the heavens; and from within that cerebral dome which has no opening heavenward, and no instrument but the eye of reason, he sees, in the agencies of an unseen planet, upon a planet by him equally unseen, the existence of the agent; and from the direction and amount of its action he computes its magnitude and place. If man ever sees otherwise than by the eye, it is when the clairvoyance of reason, piercing through screens of epidermis and walls of bone, grasps, amid the abstractions of number and quantity, those sublime realities which have eluded the keenest touch, and evaded the sharpest eye.

Such indeed was the process by which a new planet has been added to the solar system; and, whether we consider the novelty of the subject, or the extraordinary discussions and proceedings to which it has given rise, we have no doubt that our readers will peruse with some interest the details of a discovery so remarkable, and of a controversy so strange.

So early as the year 1758, when the perturbations of Halley's Comet were the subject of discussion in the Academy of Sciences at Paris, the celebrated Clairaut hazarded the opinion, that bodies which traversed regions so remote might be influenced by forces wholly unknown, "such as the action of planets too distant to be discovered." This opinion, however, does not seem to have been adopted by astronomers, who found it an easier task to doubt the universality of the law of gravity, or to refer the irregularities in the motion of comets to the retarding influence of a luminiferous ether, than to sweep the heavens for new planets, or to deduce their existence, and determine their place, from the disturbances which they occasioned. An astronomer who had little faith in his own science, might have been permitted to question the extension of the law of gravity to the sidereal regions, or even to fill the boundless universe with a retarding medium; but science could not tolerate the heresy, that the law of solar attraction suffered a change beyond the orb of Saturn, and that a comet was guided towards its perihelion by a different law from that which caused it to pass its aphelion, and return to our system.

After the discovery of Uranus in 1781, astronomers were perplexed with the magnitude of the discrepancies between its observed and calculated places; but it was not till 1821, when Alexis Bouvard published his Tables of this planet, that these discrepancies, amounting sometimes to *three minutes*, attracted particular notice. The Rev. Mr. Hussey of Hayes in Kent, "having taken great pains with some observations of Uranus," was led to examine closely Bouvard's Tables, and he then conceived "the possibility of some disturbing body beyond that planet." His first idea was "to ascertain some approximate place

of this supposed body empirically, and then with his large Reflector to set to work and examine all the minute stars thereabouts;" but finding himself inadequate to the mathematical labour, he relinquished the matter altogether. A subsequent conversation with Bouvard in Paris, in 1834, rivetted his attention to the subject. The French astronomer, he found, had entertained similar views to his own, and had even been in correspondence with Hansen, who believed that one disturbing body would not account for the phenomena, and that there must therefore be *two new planets beyond Uranus!* Mr. Hussey's proposal to obtain the empirical places of the supposed planets, and to "sweep closely" for them, was so highly approved of by Bouvard, that he proposed to undertake the calculations, which he regarded as more laborious than difficult, and to transmit the results to Mr. Hussey, as "the basis of a very close and accurate sweep." M. Bouvard did not find leisure for an investigation of such magnitude, and Mr. Hussey, full of zeal and enthusiasm, applies to the Astronomer-Royal for his advice and assistance. In a letter, dated 17th November 1834, he communicates to Mr. Airy his own views, as well as those of Bouvard and Hansen, which we have already referred to, and he requests him, if he considers "the idea possible," to give him roughly the limits between which the planet—as he thought, or the planets, as Hansen thought—might be found during the ensuing winter. Mr. Hussey sagaciously adds, that as the inclination of the orbit might not be large, the zone to be examined would be comparatively inconsiderable; and he explains the very methods by which he expects to make the discovery—the very methods, too, by which the discovery has been since made: "I am disposed to think," says he, "that such is the perfection of my equatorial object-glass, that I could distinguish almost at once the difference of light of a small planet and a star. My plan of proceeding, however, would be very different: I should accurately map the whole space within the required limits, down to the minutest star I could discern; the interval of a single week would then enable me to ascertain any change." Had this noble proposal been embraced, as it ought to have been, the new planet might have been twelve years older than it is, and England might have enjoyed the undivided glory of its discovery. The views of the Astronomer-Royal were not in unison with those of Mr. Hussey, and, as if he had been born when *Aquarius* was in the ascendant, he throws cold water upon the glowing enthusiasm of his friend, and extinguishes for ever his well-founded expectation of adding to Apollo's lyre another string.

In his reply to Mr. Hussey he "gives it as his opinion, without hesitation, that the subject (of the irregularities of Uranus) is not yet in such a state as to give the *smallest hope* of making

out the nature of any external action upon Uranus." He adduces facts which he considers as indicating that there are no irregular perturbations in the motion of Uranus, and therefore "doubts the certainty of any extraneous action." But admitting the certainty of an extraneous action, "he doubts much the possibility of determining the place of a planet which produced it," and he "*is sure* it could not be done till the nature of the irregularity was well determined from several successive revolutions,"* that is, till after the lapse of several hundred years!

In the year 1835, when the irregularities in the motion of Halley's Comet were ascribed by some astronomers to the resistance of the ether, M. Benjamin Valz, of Marseilles, wrote to M. Arago "that he would prefer having recourse to an invisible planet beyond Uranus. The revolution," he adds, "would, according to the law of distances, be at least triple that of the Comet, so that in every three oppositions, its perturbations would be reproduced, and the calculation of four or five intervals might enable us to recognise it. Would it not be admirable thus to ascertain the very existence of a body we cannot see!"†

Nearly three years after the defeat of Mr. Hussey's purpose, the Astronomer-Royal is again roused from his slumbers. M. Eugene Bouvard, the nephew of Alexis, announces to him, on the 6th October, 1837, his intention to reconstruct the tables of Uranus, and requests his opinion and aid. Finding that the differences in latitude between the observed and tabular places of the planet are continually increasing, he asks the question,—"*Does not this difference arise from an unknown perturbation introduced into the motions of this star by a body situated beyond it?*" "I know not," he adds; "but this at any rate was my uncle's idea. I regard the solution of this problem as very important; but in order to succeed I require to reduce the observations with the greatest precision, and the means of doing this are often wanting."

* In making an apology for this last sentence, Mr. Airy states that "he thinks it likely that the same difficulty would still have been felt if the theorists (Adams and Le Verrier, we presume) who entered seriously upon the explanation of the perturbations had not trusted more confidently to Bode's law of distances than he did himself." In this opinion we cannot concur. If Bode's law had never been heard of, the "theorists" would, in all probability, have assumed a mean distance for their planet much nearer the truth than Bode's law made it. They could not do otherwise than assume a distance conformable to existing analogies. For example, taking the mean distances of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, as 52, 95, and 190, that of the earth being 10, then since 191 is just double of 95, the probable distance of the new planet might have been assumed as 380, which was done, or taking the ratio of 52 to 95 we should have 34.7, which is still nearer the true distance. A still closer approximation to the true distance of the new planet would have been obtained from the ratio of the distances of the planets nearer the sun, so that the theorists have been misled by Bode's law rather than benefited by trusting to it too confidently, and more than the Astronomer-Royal did.

† *Comptes Rendus*, &c., tom. i. p. 130, and tom. xxiv. p. 35.

M. Eugene Bouvard is, therefore, bent on the detection of the Trans-Uranian planet; but the Astronomer-Royal again damps the ardour of his correspondent. He tells him that he "will gain much in the accuracy of the reduced observations by waiting a short time before he proceeds with that part of his labour,"—that "the errors of longitude are increasing *with fearful rapidity*—that he cannot conjecture what is the cause of these errors—that he is inclined, in the first instance, to ascribe them to some error in the perturbations—and that *if it be the effect of any unseen body IT WILL BE NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE EVER TO FIND OUT ITS PLACE.*"

Notwithstanding this "sore discouragement," Eugene Bouvard proceeds in his course. In May 1838 he receives from the Astronomer-Royal the reduced observations of 1833 to 1836, and he seems to have resolutely pursued his plan of solving the great problem of a Trans-Uranian planet. On the 21st May he again applies to the Astronomer-Royal for the right ascension and declinations of Uranus, from 1781 to 1800. He announces that *his work is far advanced*; but having been told by the Astronomer-Royal that it will be *nearly impossible* to find out the place of the unseen body, he does not again intrude so repulsive a topic.

Previous to the date of this last letter of Eugene Bouvard, the grand truth that there was a planet beyond Uranus was making itself known in other quarters. On the 12th July, 1843, the late illustrious astronomer, M. Bessel, when on a visit to Sir John Herschel, gave it as his opinion that the irregularities of Uranus could not be explained by the perturbations of existing planets, and that an exterior planet could alone account for them; and so far from thinking that it would be impossible to find out its place, he proposed to undertake the task after he had completed certain investigations in which he was then engaged. After his return to Königsberg he informed Sir John Herschel that "he had not forgotten Uranus."

Such is a brief, and, we trust, a correct history of the proceedings and views of different astronomers previous to the time when Mr. J. C. Adams, a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, and an under-graduate of that university, was led to that train of research by which he succeeded in determining the elements of the new planet's orbit, and the very place in which it ought to be found. So early as July 3, 1841, Mr. Adams committed to writing the following memorandum.—"Formed a design, in the beginning of this week, of investigating, as soon as possible after taking my degree, the irregularities in the motions of Uranus, which are yet unaccounted for, in order to find whether they may be attributed to the action of an undiscovered planet beyond it, and, if possible, thence to determine approximately

the elements of its orbit, &c., which would probably lead to its discovery." Several of Mr. Adams' friends in Cambridge were, in 1842, cognizant of this resolution; and after he had taken his degree, in January 1843, and acquired the high distinctions of Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prize Man, he began to collect materials for the treatment of his problem. Professor Challis, who was now acquainted with Mr. Adams' plans, lent him some necessary works; and in May 1843, Professor Miller encouraged him to proceed in his investigations. Adopting Bode's law, as giving the most probable distances of the unknown planet, and assuming its orbit to be a circle, with a radius equal to twice the mean distance of Uranus from the Sun, he obtained, in October 1843, a first solution of the problem. This solution was founded principally on modern observations. The errors in the Tables were taken from those given in the equations of condition of Bouvard's Tables, as far as the year 1821, and after that year from the observations from 1833 to 1836, published by Mr. Airy, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*. The general result of this investigation, which gave the place of the planet within 17° of its true place, and a mass *one-third* larger than that subsequently found, satisfied Mr. Adams that a good general agreement between theory and observation might be obtained; but as the discrepancies of greatest amount occurred in those years where the observations were deficient in number, he applied, through Professor Challis, to the Astronomer-Royal, for such of the Greenwich planetary observations, then in the course of reduction, as referred to those years in which the differences between theory and observation were the greatest. Professor Challis' letter conveying this request is dated *February thirteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-four*, and, in the course of two days, Mr. Airy, in the kindest manner, sent Mr. Adams all the heliocentric errors of Uranus in longitude and latitude, completely reduced from the Greenwich observations between 1754 and 1830.

About this time, Professor Miller informed Mr. Adams that the Royal Academy of Sciences of Göttingen had proposed the theory of Uranus as the subject of their Mathematical prize, and advised him strongly to compete for it; but though the duties of his College prevented him from attempting such a complete examination of that theory as a competition for the prize would have required, yet this fact, together with the possession of such a valuable series of observations, induced him to undertake a new solution of the problem. In his new research, which occupied his attention during the remainder of 1844, and the spring and summer months of 1845, he took into account the most important terms depending on the first power of the eccentricity of the disturbing planet, retaining his former assumption respecting the mean distance.

The errors of the tables for ancient observations were taken from Bouvard's equations of condition ; and for the modern observations, the errors were taken solely from the Greenwich Observations till 1830, after which they were taken from the Cambridge and Greenwich Observations, and those in various Numbers of the *Astronomische Nachrichten*. In this manner he obtained several solutions differing slightly from each other, by successively taking into account more and more terms of the series expressing the perturbations ; and, in September eighteen hundred and forty-five, before leaving Cambridge, he placed in the hands of Mr. Challis* a paper containing numerical values of the mean longitude at a given epoch, the longitude of the perihelion, the eccentricity of its orbit, the mass, and the geocentric longitude for September thirty, eighteen hundred and forty-five, of the supposed disturbing planet, which he calls by anticipation "THE NEW PLANET," "evidently showing," as Professor Challis justly observes, "the conviction, in his own mind, of the reality of its existence."

Having thus solved the great problem which had so long occupied his thoughts, Mr. Adams was anxious for the discovery of his new planet ; and, with this very object in view, he communicated its geocentric longitude to Professor Challis, who possessed instruments capable of exhibiting a planetary disc, or of detecting the planet from its change of place among the stars which surrounded it. Mr. Adams was now entitled to consider his labours at an end. He had discharged all the duties of the Mathematician, and it remained for the practical astronomer to perform his part. He had discovered the planet in theory—it remained to be seen in space. He had seen it in his mind's eye, by the radiations of force with which it pursued its brother planet ; it remained to be pictured on the human retina by its material emanations.

But Mr. Adams was not content with handing over his discovery to Professor Challis—to the inquisition of the Cambridge Transit Instrument, or to the scrutiny of the Northumberland achromatic. With the ardour of soul which ever characterizes true genius, he undertakes a pilgrimage to the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, to communicate his discovery to the Astronomer-Royal, in the expectation, doubtless, that the national head of astronomical science would direct all the energies of his mind, and all the powers of his establishment to the immediate discovery of so interesting a star. His errand, however, is fruitless. Mr. Airy was travelling in France, and did not return to his duties at the Observatory till the end of September.†

* Report to the Syndicate of the University of Cambridge, p. 3.

† In September 1845, previous to this visit to Greenwich, Mr. Earnshaw, of St. Johns, advised Mr. Adams to send an account of his researches to the Philosophical Society of Cambridge ; an advice which he, unfortunately, did not follow.

Undisturbed by this disappointment, Mr. Adams proceeds to perfect the elements of his new planet. The results were slightly different from those he communicated to Mr. Challis; but he made the important addition of a list of the residual errors of the mean longitude of Uranus from 1690 to 1840, after taking into account the disturbing influence of the new planet. These errors were very small, with the exception of that of Flamsteed's isolated observation in 1690. "This comparison of observation with the theory implied the determination of *all* the unknown quantities of the problem, both the corrections of the elements of Uranus, and the elements of the disturbing body. The smallness of the residual errors proved that the new theory was adequate to the explanation of the observed anomalies in the motions of Uranus, and that as the error of longitude was corrected for a period of at least 130 years, the error of radius vector was also corrected. As the calculations rested on an assumption, made according to Bode's law, that the mean distance of the disturbing planet was double that of Uranus, without the above-mentioned numerical verification, no proof was given that the problem was solved, or that the elements of the supposed planet were not mere speculative results. *The earliest evidence of the COMPLETE SOLUTION of an inverse problem of perturbations is to be dated from October 1845.*"

This complete solution of the problem, thus justly characterized by Professor Challis, crowned with a Corinthian capital the noble pillar which Mr. Adams has reared for himself in the Temple of Fame. Nothing now remained but to look for the planet. Elated, doubtless, with his triumph, he hastens a second time, on the 21st of October, to the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, to announce his results, and explain his methods, and to induce Mr. Airy to look for the star. The Astronomer-Royal is again absent, and Mr. Adams returns to his College without any prospect of a search for his planet. Fortunately, however, he left at the Observatory a paper containing the results of his investigations, and a complete solution of the problem, as described by Professor Challis. In this paper he gives the following elements of the orbit of the new planet:—

Mean distance (assumed nearly in accordance with	
Bode's law),	38·4.
Mean sidereal motion in 365·25 days,	1° 30' 9.
Mean longitude, 1st October 1845,	323° 34'.
Longitude of perihelion,	315° 45'.
Eccentricity,	0·1610.
Mass (that of the Sun being unity),	0·0001656.

The Astronomer-Royal acknowledged the receipt of this important communication on the 5th November; but he neither

congratulates Mr. Adams on the solution of the problem, nor offers, either by himself or his assistants, to look even for the planet. He is still without faith in his science, and he contents himself with merely saying to Mr. Adams that he "should be very glad to know whether this assumed perturbation (namely, that of the new planet), will explain the error in the radius vector of Uranus?" This chilling and unsatisfactory reply to such a communication as that of Mr. Adams is to us utterly inexplicable, and could not fail to sting an ardent mind conscious of its powers, and equally conscious of their triumph. In his own remarks upon this letter, Mr. Airy takes a singular view of it. "I considered," says he, "that the trial whether the error of radius vector would be explained by the same theory which explains the error in longitude, would be truly an *experimentum crucis*; and I waited with much anxiety for Mr. Adams' answer to my query. Had it been in the affirmative, I should at once have exerted all the influence which I might possess either directly or indirectly, through my friend Professor Challis, to procure the publication of Mr. Adams' theory!" It is not difficult to conjecture why Mr. Adams returned no answer to such a query. He was doubtless chagrined with the apathy with which his discovery was met. His journeys to the Royal Observatory, and his communication to its Director, were fruitless, and the answer to the query which was put to him was virtually answered in Mr. Adams' first solution, which Mr. Airy possessed; for, as Professor Challis states, "errors of radius vector were as readily deducible from the first solution as from the other." But supposing that Mr. Airy's anxiety had been gratified by the expected communication from Cambridge, what would Mr. Adams have gained by it? Mr. Airy would have used his influence to procure the publication of Mr. Adams' theory. Mr. Adams could have done this himself. It was already sufficiently published by a communication to the two principal Observatories in Great Britain; and all that Mr. Adams wanted was neither Mr. Airy's approbation nor his influence, but simply his assistance, as the Royal Observer, in practically detecting the new planet.

Before proceeding with our narrative, let us pause a little and consider the real state of the problem of a new planet at the epoch at which we have arrived, or of the inverse problem of perturbations, as it has been called, that is, a problem in which, in place of determining the perturbations produced upon any one planet by another, whose orbit and place are given, to determine the orbit and place of an unseen and unknown planet, or to discover such a planet intellectually, by the perturbations which it produces on another planet. On the 30th of October, no mathematician, dead or living, had solved this problem, or was engaged in solving it. Alexis Bouvard had tried it, and might

have succeeded had he not been told that it was impossible. The illustrious Bessel had resolved to grapple with it, and Mr. Airy, with all the data at his elbow, and with his powerful mind and high intellectual genius, might have anticipated them all, had he withdrawn himself from less legitimate pursuits. *Mr. Adams alone had solved it.* He communicated his solution to the Director of the Observatory at Cambridge, and to the Director of the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, in order that, as practical astronomers, they might discover the planet whose existence and whose locality he had demonstrated. So anxious was he *to give the PUBLIC the benefit of his discovery*, (that is, to have the planet seen in the heavens, the only possible benefit in which the public, or even astronomers were concerned,) that he made two journeys to Greenwich to accomplish it. Mr. Adams has, therefore, the sole and undivided merit of being the first discoverer of this remarkable body. No act on his part, and no subsequent researches on the part of others, can affect this great truth. He, and he alone, *first* solved the problem and pointed to the star. Had he even kept his secret, or embalmed it, according both to French and English custom, in the folds of a sealed packet, intrusted to the private keeping of credible witnesses, or deposited it in the archives of an academical body, his merit as the *first* discoverer, and the magnitude and interest of the discovery would still have been the same. The only effect of such a secret disposal of his discovery would have been in favour of those who might be engaged in the same research. It would have increased the probability that any *second* discoverer had not been acquainted with his previous labours. Let us just add to this supposition one equally important, that in October 1845, Professor Challis and Mr. Airy had, one or both, directed their telescope to the 325th parallel of longitude, and seen the planet;—then we should never have heard more of the claims or even of the labours of others, for at that date no other philosopher had entered upon the research. With what justice then can their negligence, or apathy, or failure, have any influence whatever over the reality and importance of the finished labours of another? As truly might we maintain that the heat and sunshine of to-day have been reduced by the cold and darkness of the morrow, as that the glory of Mr. Adams could be dimmed by the absence of Professor Challis, or the invisibility of Mr. Airy.

Leaving these questions for future discussion, we shall now proceed with our chronological narrative. M. Le Verrier, a young French mathematician of great genius, had distinguished himself by a series of admirable memoirs on the most difficult topics of physical astronomy. His memoirs on the great inequality of Pallas—his new determination of the perturbations of Mercury, and his researches on the rectification of the orbits of comets, had

won for him the favour of the Academy of Sciences, and must speedily have gained for him an European reputation. In the summer of 1845, M. Arago, with his usual ardour for the promotion of science, represented to M. Le Verrier the importance of studying the perturbations of Uranus. A great number of hypotheses, as M. Le Verrier remarks, had been invented to explain them, and it had been doubted whether the motion of this planet was subject to the great principle of universal gravitation. Abandoning the researches on comets which he had undertaken, our author devoted himself to the task suggested by his friend, and on the 10th November, 1845, he communicated to the Academy of Sciences his *First Memoir on the Theory of Uranus*, which was printed in the *Comptes Rendus* of the same date, and which, according to the Astronomer-Royal, did not reach England till December. After determining the perturbations produced by Jupiter and Saturn, and correcting the elliptic elements of the planet, he found that there still existed irregularities, which, to use his own words, "might depend on other causes, the influence of which he would appreciate in a *second Memoir*."* "This Memoir," to use Mr. Airy's words, "placed the Theory of Uranus on a satisfactory foundation;" and such was the estimation in which it was held, that when a vacancy had occurred in the Institute in the Section of Astronomy, by the death of Cassini, M. Le Verrier was, on the 19th Jan. 1846, elected in opposition to M. Edouard Bouvard, by a majority of forty-four to nine votes.

The year 1845 closed, and five months of 1846 passed away before M. Le Verrier produced his Second Memoir, and till the first of June 1846, when that Memoir was published in the *Comptes Rendus* of that date,† the idea of a new planet, as the certain cause of the irregularities of Uranus, was never once stated or published. His second Memoir, entitled *Researches on the Motions of Uranus*, contains an able reduction and discussion of all the observations of Uranus, ancient and modern. Le Verrier shows that there is "a formal incompatibility between the observations of Uranus and the hypothesis that that planet is subject only to the action of the Sun and the other planets acting conformably to the principles of universal gravitation;" and he proceeds to examine the different causes to which this discrepancy has been ascribed. "No sooner" says he, "was it conjectured some years ago, that the motion of Uranus was modified by some unknown cause, than all possible hypotheses were hazarded respecting the nature of that cause. Each, it is true, followed sim-

* *Comptes Rendus*, Nov. 10, 1845, tom. xxi., p. 1055.

† Tom. xxii., p. 907.

ply the bent of his own imagination—without adducing any arguments in support of his assertion. One imagined the resistance of ether, another spoke of a large satellite accompanying Uranus, or even of a planet yet unknown, whose disturbing force ought to be taken into consideration. Another went so far as to suppose, that at this enormous distance from the Sun the law of gravitation might lose something of its rigour. In fine, might not a comet disturb Uranus in its course?" The idea of a resisting ether, in which the Cambridge undulationists believe, receives no favour from our author, because traces of it have been scarcely recognised in the motion of bodies of the smallest density, that is, in the circumstances most suitable for exhibiting the action of such a fluid. The action of a large satellite is equally excluded by the consideration that if it were large it would be seen, and if it did act upon its primary, the inequalities which it occasioned would, contrary to observation, be of a very short period. The probable impulse of a comet is an idea equally incompatible with the observations, and as for a relaxation in the law of gravity, our author regards this as the last resource to which an astronomer could have recourse. He is therefore driven to the hypothesis that the disturbing cause is an unknown body, changing in a very slow manner the motion of Uranus; and after showing that its orbit cannot be between Uranus and Jupiter, he proposes to himself the following question: "*Is it possible that the inequalities of Uranus are due to the action of a planet situated in the ecliptic at a mean distance double that of Uranus? and if it is so, where is this planet actually situated? what is its mass? what are the elements of the orbit which it describes?*" Our author then gives a rigorous solution of this problem, which he shows is not susceptible of more than one solution—that is, that there are not two quarters of the heavens in which we can place the planet at a given epoch. He determines its heliocentric place on the 1st Jan. 1847 to be in the 325th degree of Longitude, and he asserts that in assigning it this place he does not commit an error of more than 10°.

Such is the solution of this great problem as published to the world by Le Verrier on the 1st June 1846. The place which he has assigned to the planet—the only result of the Memoir—is within a degree of the place which Mr. Adams had assigned to it *seven months* before, and communicated to Prof. Challis and Mr. Airy. Neither the mass, nor the elements of the planet's orbit—both of which had been also given by Mr. Adams in October 1845, are given in Le Verrier's second Memoir; but he supplied these essential particulars in a third Memoir, which appeared in the *Comptes Rendus* of the 31st August 1846, and is entitled,—*On the Planet which produces the anomalies observed in the motion of Uranus—the determination of its Mass, of its Orbit, and its*

actual position. The following are the elements which he obtained in this investigation :—

Major semiaxis of the orbit,	.	.	36.154
			Years.
Duration of the sidereal revolution,	.	.	217.387
Eccentricity of the orbit,	.	.	0.10761
Longitude of perihelion,	.	.	284° 45'
Mean longitude on the 1st January, 1847,			318.47
Mass $\frac{1}{9300}$ of that of the sun,	.	.	0.0001075
True Heliocentric longitude, 1st January, 1847,			326° 32'
Distance from the sun,	.	.	33° 06'

This value of the true Longitude, founded on more numerous data, differs very little from 325°, the result which he obtained in his earlier researches. "It places," says Le Verrier, "the new star about 5° to the east of the star δ of Capricorn."

The following are the limits, or extreme values, between which he finds that the preceding elements may vary :—

Major semiaxis between	35° 04' and 37° 90'.*
Duration of sidereal revolution between	207 and 233 years.
True Heliocentric longitude between	325° and 335°, or 345°.
Mass between	$\frac{1}{4700}$ and $\frac{1}{14500}$.
Eccentricity between	0.125 and 0.200.

In order to determine the visibility of the new planet Le Verrier assumes it as probable that its density is equal to that of Uranus, and taking the mass of the new planet as $2\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than that of Uranus, and the angle subtended by the disc of Uranus when nineteen times as distant as the earth is from the sun, as 4", he concludes that at the time of opposition on the 19th August 1846, the disc of the new planet would be 3"3, and therefore visible in good telescopes.

Before this interesting Memoir was received in England, viz. on the 2d September, Mr. Adams communicated to the Astronomer-Royal two new sets of elements, founded on different assumed values of the mean distance of the new planet. They were as follow :—

HYPOTHESIS I.

Assumed mean distance = $2 \times$ that of *Uranus*.

Mean longitude 6th October, 1846,	.	.	325° 7'
Longitude of perihelion,	.	.	315° 57'
Eccentricity of the orbit,	.	.	0.16103
Mass, that of the sun being 1,	.	.	0.0001656

* These limiting values of the mean distance are very wide of the truth. As the real mean distance, deduced from Professor Challis's observations by Mr. Adams, is only 30.198.

HYPOTHESIS II.

Assumed mean distance = $942 \times$ that of Uranus.

Mean longitude 6th October, 1846,	.	323° 2'
Longitude of perihelion,	.	299° 11'
Eccentricity of the orbit,	.	0.120615
Mass, that of the sun being 1,	.	0.00015003

The residual errors resulting from these two hypotheses, satisfied Mr. Adams of the extreme probability that the mean distance of the new planet should be assumed as nearly equal to the mean distance of Uranus, $\times \frac{1}{574}$, or 1.742 , that is, the mean distance of the new planet should be $19.2 \times 1.742 = 33.44$.

With this brief abstract of the theoretical labours of Mr. Adams and Le Verrier we must close this part of our article; but we cannot do this without noticing the fact, arising no doubt from the author's anxiety for the discovery of the planet, that the part of his investigation in which Le Verrier considers the action of the new planet is not wrought out with that elaborateness which characterizes the former part, as he omits terms far more important than the additional ones which he has taken into account when determining the perturbations produced by Saturn. In Mr. Adams' method, on the contrary, these terms are much smaller, on account of the superior degree of convergency of the series which expresses the perturbations in mean longitude. In justice to Bouvard, too, whose views and labours have contributed to this great discovery, we must express our regret that Le Verrier has thought it necessary to speak with such excessive severity of his Tables of Uranus. The most important errors which he attributes to them were actually pointed out by Bouvard himself about *twenty* years ago, and shown to be errors—not in the Tables themselves, but in the Introduction merely.*

Such is, we trust, a faithful and accurate account of the respective labours of Mr. Adams and Le Verrier. The facts and dates which we have recorded, have not yet been matters of dispute; and therefore the intelligent reader can have no difficulty in making up his mind respecting the *four* points of priority of research—priority of solution, or theoretic discovery of the planet—priority of communication to public functionaries—and priority of publication to the world. In all these points, save the last, the priority of Mr. Adams is, we believe, universally acknowledged.

We now approach a very interesting part of our subject. Astronomers occupying public situations, charged with astronomical functions, and possessing ample means of verifying the predic-

* See *Astronomische Nachrichten*, Band ii., No. 48.

tions of theory, had been informed, both by private and public announcement, that a New Planet existed in the Ecliptic, and in the 325th degree of longitude. How did they receive this remarkable intelligence? How did they proceed to verify the sublime prediction? How did the scientific institutions which they guide, and the Government which they counsel and prompt, reward and honour the men who had made such a contribution to knowledge, and shed such glory on their country? We shall endeavour to furnish an answer to these interrogatories with as much temper as we can command; but we fear that the only parties who will stand the ordeal of public opinion are the European sovereigns, who on this as on all similar occasions, have recognised the claims, and done homage to the dignity of intellectual greatness.

The University of Cambridge, within whose precincts the theoretical discovery of the new Body was first made, possesses an observatory ably directed by Professor Challis, and furnished with instruments well adapted for the detection of a planet. Regarding as we do the intimation made to Professor Challis in September and October 1845, that a planet might or would be found in the 325th degree of longitude, as a message which would have thrilled through every fibre of our heart, and taxed every function of our brain, we cannot understand how he did not *instantly* apply his telescope to the first spot of azure that unveiled Capricorn to his view, and surrender every other inquiry to so grand and exciting a pursuit. He believed that the theory gave only a rough indication of the planet's place, and that the search for it would be long and laborious. The planet had passed its opposition. He had had little communication with Mr. Adams, and from October 1845 to midsummer 1846, he considered it his duty to devote himself to the observation of the new planet Astræa, Biela's comet, and several other comets. The appearance, however, of Le Verrier's Memoir of the 1st of June 1846, and the fact mentioned by Mr. Airy at the Greenwich Board of Visitors, that Le Verrier had given nearly the same longitude to the new planet that Adams had done, led Professor Challis to carry into effect a previous resolution, known to Mr. Adams, of searching for the planet. On the 9th and 13th of July he received from Mr. Airy a letter recommending the employment of the Northumberland Refractor in a systematic search for the planet, and enclosing suggestions for conducting the observations; but such was the distrust of the theory which haunted both, that the Astronomer-Royal contemplated in his suggestions the examination, by *at least three successive sweeps* of a part of the heavens *thirty degrees long and ten broad*, and Professor Challis "purposed to carry the sweep to that extent!"

Having been furnished by Mr. Adams with a paper of instruc-

tions for finding the planet, and learned from him that it would not be less bright than a star of the ninth magnitude, Professor Challis began his search on the 29th July, *seven weeks before any other astronomer had looked for it.* On the 4th and 12th of August he directed the telescope to the planet's theoretical place, as contained in Mr. Adams' instructions, and as will afterwards be found, he *saw the planet and obtained two positions of it!* These observations were continued till September 29th, when Professor Challis became acquainted with the results of M. Le Verrier's last researches. Professor Challis then followed his suggestions, and observed the stars within the limits he assigned. Among 300 stars which passed through the field of vision *one only* fixed his attention. He desired his assistant, who was recording his observations, to write, *It appears to have a disc.* This was the planet, with a lustre of a star of the 8th or 9th magnitude, and its approximate place was—

	Right ascension.	South declination.
September 29, 10 ^h . 10 ^m . 1", } Mean time at Greenwich.	21 ^h . 52 ^m . 48 9." } 13° 26' 30".	

On the 30th September he had not an opportunity of verifying his conjecture, and on the 1st October he received intelligence of the discovery of the planet by Dr. Galle of Berlin.* Upon comparing the observations of July 30th and August 12th, he found that a star of the 8th magnitude—No. 49 in the series of August 12th, was wanting in the series of July 30th, and this consequently, according to the principle of the search, *was the new Planet.* After determining the place of the planet on August 12th, he readily inferred that it was also among the reference stars taken on August 4th. Hence it follows, as Professor Challis has stated, that the planet was *secured*, and two positions of it recorded, six weeks earlier than in any other observatory,—and in a “systematic search expressly undertaken for that purpose.” Such were the proceedings of Professor Challis when he did enter upon the research; and if we have been obliged to blame his early inactivity and his distrust of astronomical prediction, we must now admire his diligence and success, and applaud the generous ardour with which he has striven to secure for Mr.

* These facts were communicated to M. Arago, by Professor Challis, on the 5th October, 1846, and published in the *Comptes Rendus* of the 12th October, 1846. In M. Arago's discussion of the question of priority in the same work for October 19, he charges Professor Challis with having made two different and irreconcilable statements respecting the use he made of Mr. Adams' MS. instructions, and of Le Verrier's printed suggestions. In comparing the letter in the *Athenæum*, with the letter to M. Arago, it will be seen, that Professor Challis used Mr. Adams' instructions *before* the 29th September, and Le Verrier's *after* it. His statements are, therefore, quite reconcilable.

Adams the credit of his discovery, and to Cambridge the honour of having first detected the planet. Though he did not know it, he was the first who saw the planet and secured its being known; and when we consider that on the 29th September, before Galle's discovery of it was heard of in England, he had recognised it by its disc, it may be a fair question—though we do not now raise it—whether he or Galle were the first discoverer. Had no other telescope ever been turned to the heavens, and no other observer than Professor Challis looked for the planet, astronomers would have found it in the observations recorded at Cambridge on the 29th of July and the 4th and 12th of August.

We have already animadverted upon the chilling reception which Mr. Airy gave to the completed elements of the new planet which Mr. Adams left at the Royal Observatory: let us now see how he received the communications of Le Verrier. From the end of October 1845 till the 23d of June 1846, a space of *seven months*, he kept in his pocket the elements and *place* of the new planet without pointing a telescope to the spot—without directing his assistants to look for it—and without summoning to the search any of the numerous astronomers of England, who would have cheerfully obeyed the call. During these seven months the Royal and Astronomical Societies held their weekly meetings, and yet the Astronomer-Royal of England, doubtless an office-bearer in both, never mentioned to them the extraordinary fact that a new planet, exterior to Uranus, was declared to exist in the 325th degree of longitude! Le Verrier's Memoir of the 1st June, in which he first announces his investigations, and which contains only the place of the planet, reaches Mr. Airy on the 23d June. The apathy and distrust with which he received Mr. Adams' prediction, pressed upon his notice by two personal visits, and by Professor Challis' testimony to Mr. Adams' "character as a mathematician and practice in calculation," is now converted into a glow of faith and hope. "I cannot," says he, "sufficiently express the feeling of delight and satisfaction which I received from it. The place which it assigned to the disturbing planet was the same to one degree as that given by Mr. Adams' calculations, which I had perused seven months earlier." The old question, however, about the perturbation of the Radius Vector, which he asked of Mr. Adams seven months before, and which Mr. Adams did not answer because it was virtually answered in his solution, again haunts the still doubting philosopher; and in a letter to Le Verrier, dated 26th June 1846, he puts the same question to the French mathematician, who on the 28th June gives the same reply which Professor Challis has since done for Mr. Adams. "The Radius Vector," says he, "is rectified of itself, without its having been taken into consideration in a direct manner." "Errors of the Radius Vector," said Professor Challis.

"were as readily deducible from Mr. Adams' first solution as from the others."*

Believing that the Astronomer-Royal would have availed himself of the opportunity of being the discoverer of the new planet, M. Le Verrier writes to him on the 28th June 1846,—“If I could hope that you would place sufficient confidence in my researches, to seek for this planet in the heavens, I should be anxious to send you its exact position as soon as I shall have obtained it.” To this offer no reply seems to have been made; but in his observations upon Le Verrier's letter—which is lauded for qualities which equally characterized the communications of Mr. Adams—Mr. Airy says, that his “approaching departure for the continent made it useless to trouble M. Le Verrier with a request for the more accurate numbers to which he alludes.” If the Astronomer-Royal was obliged by the essential duties of his office to leave the Observatory, the *exact position* of the planet thus offered to him might have been gratefully received, and placed in the hands of his assistants, or communicated to British Astronomers: But in place of evincing any desire to make, or to have made, such a discovery, his mind seems to recoil from the very idea of it, till he pays a visit in July to the Dean of Ely, who doubtless recommended that application to Professor Challis which we have already recorded.

Mr. Airy's subsequent zeal for the detection of the disturbing body, and his liberal proposal to supply Professor Challis with an assistant, which he declined, form doubtless some atonement for his previous indifference, and as such we willingly view them; but we cannot find any apology for the repeated eulogies which he lavishes upon Le Verrier, and withholds from Mr. Adams—for the expression of sentiments calculated to diminish the honour so justly due to both, and for the unjust decision in favour of Le Verrier's claims, which he pronounces in a private letter to the French mathematician, and of which M. Arago has availed himself in order to put down the claims of Mr. Adams by the weight of the Astronomer-Royal's name. To these three points we must invite the more particular attention of our readers.

In M. Le Verrier's confidence in his indication of the limits between which the new planet would be found, Mr. Airy “*sees a character far superior to that of the able, or enterprising, or industrious mathematician.*” “*It is here,*” he adds, “*that we see the philosopher.*” If this, then, be the high character of Le Verrier's researches and predictions, as we believe it to be, and if it be also

* Mr. Adams did not think that it could be supposed possible that the errors in longitude could be so perfectly accounted for during 130 years, as he had shown them to be, without those of the Radius Vector being also accounted for. He has shown, indeed, in Art. 59 of his Paper, that by far the larger part of this correction is deducible almost by inspection from the correction of the longitude.

the character of Mr. Adams' labours, as Mr. Airy should have averred it to be, and as we think it is, how can we reconcile this exalted estimate of individual merit with his subsequent declaration, "*that the discovery of this new planet is the effect of a movement of the age?*" If such a movement did exist, we should be able to insulate the small motions which were superposed—to count their number and to estimate their force. If there was a tide of planetary discovery, carrying along with it the astronomical mind, how is it that the Royal Observer of England, and the astronomers of France too, were not perched on its advancing crest, but lay motionless on its breast—as immovable as the fixed stars in the stream of Aquarius—without even any proper motion of their own? To Adams and Le Verrier *alone* do we owe the discovery, which England and France will ever claim as their own.

Under the influence of the same delusion which led Mr. Airy to confine his eulogies to Le Verrier, he addresses to him the letter to which we have already alluded, and which no Englishman can peruse without unmingled pain. It was written on the 14th October 1846, after he was cognizant of all the bearings of the question, and had received from Professor Challis a full account of the detection of the planet, both by its motion and by its disc. "I do not know," says Mr. Airy to Le Verrier, "if you have heard that collateral researches made in England have led to precisely the result obtained by you. I shall probably be called upon to explain myself upon these researches. If, in this case, I give praise to others, I beg that you will not consider it as weakening in any manner *the opinion which I have of your rights*. YOU OUGHT, WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, TO BE CONSIDERED AS THE PERSON WHO HAS REALLY PREDICTED THE POSITION OF THE PLANET. I may add, that the English investigations were not, I believe, so extensive as those which we owe to you. I knew them, besides, before I was informed of yours."*

In this strange letter, never intended, doubtless, for the public eye, *the priority*, not of publication but of *prediction*, is, contrary to truth and to his own knowledge, given to Le Verrier;—and M. Arago has dexterously placed this letter among the documents from which he draws the conclusion that "Mr. Adams has no right to figure in the history of the discovery of the Planet Le Verrier—neither by a detailed citation *nor even by the slightest allusion!*"

We have already seen that Le Verrier had published the place of the new planet on the 1st of June, and yet no attempts seem to have been made for nearly five months, either by himself or others, to find it. His published Memoir was therefore as ineffectual for this purpose as Mr. Adams' personal applications to his astrono-

* *Comptes Rendus*, 19th October 1846, tom. xxiii., p. 748, 749.

mical friends. A month, indeed, after the publication of that Memoir—namely on the 28th June, 1846—he tells Mr. Airy that he will send him “the *exact position* of the planet as soon as he has obtained it.” This *exact position* was published on the 31st August, and on the 18th September was communicated to M. Galle of Berlin, who actually discovered it as a star of the eighth magnitude on the 23d September, the same evening on which he received the letter. The discovery was made by means of No. xxi. of the Berlin Academy Star Maps, prepared with so much care and accuracy by Dr. Bremiker. The place of the planet was as follows :—

Mean time at Berlin, 1846,	Observed R. Asc.	328° 19' 16''·0
September 23, 12 ^h 0 ^m 16 ^s .	South declination,	13° 24' 8''·2
	Geocentric longitude,	325° 53'
	Reduction to Heliocentric longitude,	0° 59'
	Heliocentric place, 23d September,	326° 52'
Motion in 0.275 of a year,		32'
Heliocentric long. on the 1st January, 1847,		327° 26'
Long. deduced by Le Verrier from perturbations, and given in the <i>Comptes Rendus</i> of the 31st August, 1846,		326° 32'
Difference,		0° 52'

The following are the most correct elements of the planet, as calculated by Mr. Adams, for the epoch of 1846, Aug. 8, 0—mean time at Greenwich :—

	Deg.	Min.	Sec.
Heliocentric long. of the planet, referred to the mean equinox of 1847,	326°	41'	12''·3
Heliocentric motion in long. in 100 days,		36	5·52
Heliocentric latitude, south,		30	34·4
Change of heliocentric latitude in 100 days,		1	4·44
Longitude of descending node,	310°	3	44·0
Inclination of the orbit,		1	46 49·1
Distance from the Sun,	30·008		
Half the Latus Rectum of the orbit,	30·228		
Eccentricity of orbit, 0·06 probably, but not greater than	0·18		
Probable longitude of perihelion,	49	58	
Probable true anomaly,	276	43	
Sidereal period, 167 years, with a probable error of about 2 years.			
Apparent diameter to that of Uranus, as 3 to 4.			
Bulk to that of Uranus, as 8 to 5.— <i>Second Report, &c.</i>			
<i>&c., to the Syndicate, p. 4.</i>			

Thus has the prediction of Mr. Adams in October 1845 been verified by Professor Challis and M. Galle; and thus has the prediction of M. Le Verrier, uttered seven months later, on the 1st of June 1846, been verified by the same observers. In results so strange in the history of science, mathematical truth has had a double triumph—a triumph, however, not of unmingled satisfaction; for amid the conflicting claims of the earlier and the later prophet, moral truth has been exposed to danger. We deeply sympathize with these distinguished men, when we think of the emotions which must have agitated their minds, when each found in his turn that he had a rival in the field, and that but a divided laurel could fall to his share. But our sympathies are deeper for Mr. Adams, when, but for the incredulity and inactivity of his friends, he might have pointed to his own planet in the heavens, before a fellow-labourer had even appeared on the field. Nor will this deeper sympathy be limited to individual bosoms. The generosity of another age will atone for the injustice of the present; and stern truth, which never yet compromised its rights, will not fail to vindicate and establish them even after centuries of wrong.

We have seen in the course of our narrative how the researches of Le Verrier have been received by English astronomers; let us now see how the intelligence of Mr. Adams' researches, and of Professor Challis' observations were received in Paris. Previous to the arrival of it, M. Arago, when announcing the discovery of the planet by Galle, took occasion to pass a just eulogium on Le Verrier, and to announce to the Academy, that having received from him a very flattering delegation, *the right of giving a name to the new Planet*, he had decided on calling it *Le Verrier*. "Some reforms," he adds, "must be the result of this resolution. *Herschel* will dethrone *Uranus*, *Olbers* will be substituted for *Juno*. It is never too late to tear in pieces the swaddling-bands of routine. I bind myself never to call the new planet by any other name than that of the *Planet of Le Verrier*. I believe that I shall thus give an unquestionable proof of my love of the sciences, and follow the inspiration of a legitimate nationality."*

Without questioning either the original or the delegated right to give to any Planet the name of the Man who first discovered it, and without challenging those noble impulses of social and national feeling which dictated the resolution of M. Arago, our readers cannot fail to anticipate the consequences of a decision so premature and hazardous. The news from England fell like a thunderbolt upon the justly triumphant minds of the Academicians; and the priority of Mr. Adams—the actual vision of the

* *Comptes Rendus*, Octobre 5, 1846, vol. xxiii., pp. 659-662.

planet by Professor Challis, and their concurrence in giving it the name of *Oceanus*, rendered it necessary to put forth a claim of right in favour of M. Le Verrier. M. Arago undertook the task, and communicated to the Institute the remarkable paper, entitled *Examination of the critical remarks, and the questions of priority, which the discovery of Le Verrier has occasioned*.* Our limits will not permit us, nor are we very desirous, if they did, to analyze the interesting details which this paper contains, or to examine the reasonings which it founds upon them. Our readers will see from the concluding passage of the Memoir, that all discussion with the author would be fruitless, and that we shall best fight the battle of Mr. Adams with M. Arago's allies, the English savants and zealous defenders of the claims of Le Verrier.

"M. Challis," says M. Arago, "exaggerates to such a degree the merit of the *clandestine* research of Mr. Adams, that he attributes in a certain degree to the young Geometer of Cambridge the right of naming the new star. This pretension will not be admitted. The public owes nothing to him from whom they have learned nothing, and who has not rendered them any service. What! M. Le Verrier has placed the whole learned world in the confidence of his researches; every person might have seen the new planet peeping under the first formulæ of our learned countryman, developing itself rapidly and then appearing in all its lustre, and now we are called upon to divide the glory so loyally and legitimately won, with a young man who has communicated nothing to the public, and whose calculations, more or less incomplete, are, with two exceptions only, totally unknown in the Observatories of Europe! No, no! The friends of science will not permit the consummation of such crying injustice! Journals and letters which I have received from several English philosophers prove to me, that in that country also the rights so respectable of our countryman will find zealous defenders. In conclusion, Mr. Adams has no right to figure in the history of the discovery of the new planet Le Verrier, neither by a detailed citation, nor even by the slightest allusion.

"In the eye of every impartial man this discovery will remain one of the most magnificent triumphs of astronomical theories, one of the glories of the Academy, and one of the noblest titles of our country to the gratitude and admiration of posterity."†

To this decision against the claims of Mr. Adams we must add that of M. Biot, more deliberately and recently given, after all the facts of the case were before him, but in our estimation equally hostile, and unjust to Mr. Adams—and the more unjust, as it is pronounced under no generous impulse for Le Verrier, but under the avowed absence of national feeling, and under the cover of a cruel sympathy with the man whom it injures.‡

* *Comptes Rendus*, Octobre 19, 1846, tom. xxiii., pp. 741-755.

† *Id. Tit.* p. 794.

‡ Not having seen the original, we give this opinion as translated in the *Athenæum* of the 3d April, 1847.

"Thus, in the first week of October 1845," says M. Biot, "precisely eight months before M. Le Verrier's first announcement, the new planet was predicted by the figures of Mr. Adams, and he alone was in the secret of its celestial position. These calculations, reconciling so approximately the observations of Uranus—excepting those of 1690—with the theory of attraction, were well worthy, from that fact alone, of being communicated without loss of time to the scientific world, whose attention and interest they would have greatly excited. Or, if it were wished to make a local property of them, means should at least have been taken to find the planet. A large equatorial ought to have been liberally placed at Mr. Adams' disposition, with a request that he would employ all his nights in seeking for it. The opportunity was eminently favourable. The planet had just left its point of opposition, as at the period of its discovery last year; and several months might have been employed in seeking for it near the place defined by the calculation, before the sun again entered this region of the heavens. The search might have been continued after the passage of the luminary, and the planet would certainly have been found. I do not speak here in accordance with the narrow sentiment of geographical egotism, so improperly called patriotism. Minds devoted to the culture of science have, in my estimation, a common intellectual country, embracing every degree of polar elevation. In this case, I see only a young man of talent whom the chance of circumstances has for the time ill-treated, and whom we must applaud in spite of fate. I shall say to him, therefore: 'The laurel which you have been the first to deserve has been merited also by another, who has carried it off before you had the courage to seize it. The discovery belongs to him, who proclaimed and published it to all, while you reserved the secret to yourself. This is the common, inprescriptible law, without which no scientific title could be assured. But, in your own mind, you are conscious that the new star was known, theoretically, to yourself, before any one else knew of it. This inward success ought to give you the consciousness of your power, and excite you to direct it to the many other great questions yet remaining to be resolved, in the system of the world; and if my years give me the privilege of offering advice, I shall express it in one word—PERSEVERE.'"

We are not among those who profess to be callous to the impulse of national feeling, or insensible to that nobility of mind, and that generous admiration of a fellow-pilgrim in science, which have in a moment of disappointment dictated opinions so extreme and untenable as those given by M. Arago. When hearts are enchained by intellectual and national ties, we can admire the warmth of their embrace, and the synchronism of their pulsations, even though we may be the victims of their alliance. But, under the same influence, and in the same proportion, must we condemn those ignorant *journalists*,* and those *zealous* but unpatriotic *de-*

* The *Quarterly Review*, in an able article on Mr. Faraday's discoveries, has taken occasion to do justice to Mr. Adams. See No. 157, p. 98, note.

fenders of foreign claims, who have purposed the surrender of their country's glory, and done violence to the highest interests of truth and knowledge. The mind of England has been perverted and misled by the example of English Institutions—her Institutions, the nominal champions of science, have been betrayed by those who direct them; and, influenced by the general paralysis, the Government looks sullenly on, with its usual indifference to intellectual merit. A few individuals only, and these free from all personal and local prepossessions, and ardent admirers too of the genius and labours of Le Verrier, have yet dared to lift the standard of truth, amid the broken ranks of the followers of Newton, scared by a foreign cry, and crouching under a foreign yoke. These strictures are severe. That they are just, we shall prove.

The Royal Society of London, presided over by a nobleman of high honour and exalted patriotism, but managed by irresponsible agents, and often moved by secret influences, awards annually the COPLEY MEDAL, which though physically the lightest is morally the weightiest of all its medals. Sir Humphry Davy has justly pronounced it to be the *Olive Branch of the Royal Society*. It was founded in 1709, by Sir Godfrey Copley, in trust for the Royal Society, to be laid out *in experiments, or memoirs, for the benefit of the Society*. In 1710, the treasurer was ordered to receive the £100 thus bequeathed; and the Society undertook to be *responsible to the directions of Sir G. Copley*. In 1717, the executors paid the money, on the condition that the Royal Society should FOR EVER cause one *experiment, or more, to be made before them at some meeting, and an exact description of it to be read to the Society, and registered in their books*—a condition accepted by the president and council. In 1726, strangers were invited to offer and propose any new experiment, and various resolutions of the council were passed from time to time, always adhering to the condition of *an experiment, and its publication in the Transactions*. The medal, in short, continued to be awarded for the best paper printed in the Transactions, and consequently for the benefit of the Society, till 1820, when a Copley Medal was illegally awarded to Professor Oersted. Another was awarded to M. Arago in 1825, a third to M. Becquerel in 1837, and a fourth to Mr. Gauss in 1838. These four adjudications were utterly illegal, as not one of the medals was given for an experiment or for a paper printed in the Transactions, but for general discoveries, which would have been more appropriately rewarded by the Royal Medals, which are not fettered with conditions by the founder. Out of nearly *one hundred* legal adjudications of the Copley Medals, these *four* will, we trust, stand alone, as warnings to future councils that it is the duty of honourable men to fulfil the conditions of a trust which they have undertaken to administer.

On the 30th of November, 1846, when the adjudication of the annual medal is announced to the Society and to the public, they perpetrated the same unlawful deed. Forgetting the conditions of the trust, but in the full knowledge that Mr. Adams had communicated to two of the Fellows his theoretical discovery of a new planet, and that Le Verrier had made the same discovery *seven months later*, they adjudged the Copley for 1846 to *Le Verrier*, without in the slightest degree acknowledging the merit or the *researches* of their own countryman. The council was cognizant of the historical details of Mr. Adams' discovery, which had been given more than a fortnight before by Mr. Airy, in the Astronomical Society; but in breach of a trust committed to them—in despite of the prior claims of Mr. Adams—and in violation of historical truth, they confer upon his rival the highest honour which it is in their power to bestow.

The Astronomical Society of London, with councillors equally reckless of justice, made a narrow escape from the same snare. A *majority* of the council did actually vote for giving their medal of 1846 to Le Verrier, to the entire exclusion of Mr. Adams' claims; but as the laws of the Society required a majority of three-fourths of the council, no medal was adjudicated. The Society assembled as a body, with the view of giving effect to the wishes of the majority of the council, and when this desire was frustrated, an attempt was made to have one medal awarded to Le Verrier and another to Mr. Adams. This compromise of principle, which would have still thrown Mr. Adams in the background, was overruled by a large majority, and consequently the medal for the year was refused to Le Verrier.

As the Astronomical Society is doubtless more competent than any other Institution to judge in an astronomical question, the determination of a large majority of that body not to give their medal to Le Verrier, even though another was given to Mr. Adams, cannot fail to be regarded by the public as a condemnation of the rash proceedings of the Royal Society, and as a justification of our strictures.

The appreciation of Le Verrier's merits by his own countrymen, and the honours conferred upon him by foreign states, form a singular contrast with the treatment experienced by Mr. Adams. A month had scarcely elapsed, after the discovery of the planet, when the Faculty of Science in Paris resolved to commemorate the discovery by the establishment of a Chair in *Celestial Mechanics*. M. Dumas, as the senior member of the Faculty, submitted the scheme to the Minister of Public Instruction, and proposed that M. Le Verrier should be the first occupant of the Chair. The Government responded to the generous suggestion, and a royal ordonnance immediately appeared, carrying into effect

the wishes of the Faculty. The different Academies of Europe hastened to follow the same noble example. The Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg resolved that the first vacant place in their body should be filled up by Le Verrier. The Royal Society of Göttingen admitted him into the number of their Foreign Associates. The King of Denmark has made him a Commander of the Royal Order of Dannebrog, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany has presented him with the new edition of the works of Galileo and the Collection of the Memoirs of the Academy del Cimento. We trust that still greater gifts will be showered down upon M. Le Verrier; and if we had orders, or honours, at our disposal, we should cheerfully confer them on the second theoretical discoverer of the new planet.

The total exclusion of Mr. Adams from the just honour which belongs to him as the first theoretical discoverer of the planet,* leads us to solicit the particular attention of our readers to those important questions, which have been raised, both in our own and in foreign countries, respecting the relative value of *priority of discovery* and *priority of publication*. It is allowed by all that Mr. Adams first predicted, and theoretically demonstrated, the existence of the planet, and that he gave its exact place, and the elements of its orbit, to two astronomers, seven months before any similar prediction or demonstration was heard of. It is admitted that he did not first publish his discovery *to the world* in a printed form; but it is maintained that he did publish it, or make it public, by communicating the results of his researches to various persons in Cambridge, and to the Astronomer-Royal, who, by their conversation and correspondence, may have, or might have, communicated it to the world, in the same sense that any fact is communicated which is not considered as a secret. But supposing that Mr. Adams had communicated his discovery *as a secret* to Mr. Challis and the Astronomer-Royal only, two credible witnesses, whose testimony is sufficient to vouch for the most important fact, his claim to be the theoretical discoverer of the new planet became an established truth—an *eternal truth*—a feature in space—an event in time; which no subsequent act of Mr. Adams, Mr. Challis, or Mr. Airy, could efface. What is done is done. A discovery once made cannot be made again. It may be confirmed and extended by others. It may be lost, and re-discovery may follow. But no other person can be held to be the discoverer of a planet in the same sense as the person who first discovers it. A record of a lost discovery

* The King of Prussia has conferred on M. Galle, the actual discoverer of the new planet, the Cross of the Red Eagle.

may again be found, and the re-discoverer falls back into the position of what we improperly call the second discoverer. It is almost always *possible* that the second discoverer may have received intelligence of the researches of the first discoverer, or may have even unconsciously learned so much as to invite him to the same research, or aid him in its prosecution. But even in the case when a discovery is made in England two days before it is made in America, the Englishman must be regarded as the undoubted discoverer, while we award to the American in his misfortune our deepest sympathy, and place his genius on the same level with that of our more fortunate countryman.

We have already said that Mr. Adams *published* his discovery in a more useful manner than if he had sent it to the *Times*. Neither Mr. Airy nor Mr. Challis would have dreamt of instituting a laborious search, as they deemed it to be, if every other astronomer could have set himself to the same task. Mr. Adams' object was to engage an active astronomer in the search for his planet, and by intrusting it to one or two men he had reason to believe that he was taking the readiest step to give the *public* the benefit of his researches, that is, to obtain the discovery of the planet. In support of this opinion we have only to state the fact, and a remarkable point it makes in our argument, that the *publication* of Le Verrier's Memoir did not lead astronomers to search for the planet, and consequently Mr. Adams' publication of his results would not have done so either. Le Verrier did, in short, the very thing that Mr. Adams did—he writes to the Astronomer-Royal of England, and expresses his desire that he will search for the planet, offering to send him its correct place, if he would promise to undertake the task; and having received no answer, he makes an application to M. Galle of Berlin, who undertakes the duty, and discharges it. *The planet was discovered, therefore, by personal application to astronomers, and not by the publication of theoretical researches.* M. Galle's discovery was the fulfilment of Mr. Adams' prediction as much as it was of Le Verrier's, and the relative merits of the two rivals would not have been in the slightest degree affected had Mr. Adams written to M. Galle and influenced him to undertake the search. In like manner, had Mr. Challis alone discovered the planet, his discovery would have verified M. Le Verrier's prediction as much as it would have done the prior one of Mr. Adams, and in this case nobody would have doubted that Mr. Adams was the true theoretical discoverer of the planet.

But though it cannot be denied, *as a matter of fact*, that Mr. Adams' mode of making known his discovery, was in reality the useful mode, and the one really more effectual than that of simple publication, we must now discuss two important questions,

1st, What kind and degree of merit belongs to M. Le Verrier, for having first published his investigations; and, 2d, How far *priority of publication to the world* can affect the claims of the *original and undisputed discoverer*. With regard to the *first* of these points, it will be admitted, without hesitation, that there is *no intellectual merit in priority of publication*: The *genius*, the *mens divini*or lay in the *investigation* and *prediction*. Le Verrier's early or hurried publication of his researches, before he had determined the elements of the planet's orbit, or even "its exact position," as he himself confesses,* "may have been dictated by two motives, either by the interested, though very proper motive, of fixing the date of his labours, or from a *generous* desire to extend the benefit of his researches to all the world, and to give the astronomers of every clime a chance of being the visual discoverer of the planet." We believe that the first was his motive; because we are sure it would have been ours under similar circumstances. But we shall admit that our author was a cosmopolite in his physics, and was as desirous to give the first glimpse of Neptune to our friend Mr. Caldecott at Trevandrum, or Mr. Mitchel at Cincinnati, as to Mr. Airy and M. Galle, to whom he made a personal and direct application. Let him then be extolled and rewarded for his *generosity*. Let orders thicken upon the breast of the world's friend, and let every observatory from Paris to Pulkowa, not forgetting the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, erect a monument to his name with the following inscription:—

*To the Generous Astronomer
who gave us the earliest opportunity of discovering the planet
which he predicted, after it had been predicted by
another Astronomer, though, not confiding in the prediction,
we did not embrace the opportunity.*

The only objection which we feel to the strongest expression of gratitude for scientific philanthropy is, that philosophers must adopt new methods of publication, and new epochs at which they must publish their discoveries—to the injury of their own reputation—to the discouragement of calm and deliberate research, and to the utter extinction of scientific enterprise. If priority of publication is to carry off the laurel from priority of invention or discovery, the philosopher must rush upon the world with his first conceptions—frequently the germs of great discoveries; and if the secret thus thrown to the wind does light upon good soil, the harvest will pass into an alien granary, should the seed have escaped from the grubs of science, or the parasitic monads that pick the brains of philosophers.

* Letter to Mr. Airy, 28th June, Proc. Ast. Soc., pp. 133, 134.

Nor is this the only danger of premature publication. The philosopher who inhabits a country where science is not endowed—where it is fostered by no organized Academy, where the sovereign sheds upon it no honours, and the Government no smiles—is peculiarly exposed to danger by the early disclosure of his discoveries. If he lives by literature, if he follows a learned profession, or dwells in a counting-house, or discharges grave official duties of any kind whatever, it is only by fits and starts that he can devote himself either to experiment or research. Should he publish his early results to secure for them priority, they pass into the hands of men whose pleasure and duty it is to verify and pursue them; and as they have often done, they will appear for the first time in a foreign language, with a scarcely intelligible recognition of their author, and with important additions, which the original discoverer had himself previously made. The academicians of Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, so amply endowed, and so admirably qualified and equipped for original research, will not allow a ray of light to stop in its path till it has returned for analysis to the seat of its emanation.

There is, we trust, however, genius enough in the simplest-minded philosopher to *evade* the several robbers who would thus demand from him his intellectual property. Our Scottish philosophers would contribute their genius to *Johnny Groat's Journal*, in the far north, or to the Gaelic Magazine, which enlightens the Hebrides, while their Irish friends, Dr. Robinson, Dr. Lloyd, and Dr. Maccullagh, would embalm their discoveries in some Celtic periodical, which may sooner or later be civilizing the wilds of Connemara. In these dark-lanterns of knowledge, which exclude the vernacular eye, the discoveries of science will be as secure from depredation as if they were fossil tablets in strata not yet upheaved, or scrolls of disinterred MSS. among the ashes of Pompeii, or the lava of Herculaneum.

In other countries where such depositaries of scientific secrets are not to be found, the inventive philosopher, in the eager strife between *early* and *earlier* publication, must contrive new modes of despatch and diffusion. In order to appear in the *Comptes Rendus*, or in *Poggendorff's Annalen*, or in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, he must put in requisition the express railway train; or if he inhabits some mountainous region, where the post pays its angel visits, he must trust his despatches to the instinct of the carrier-pigeon, or to the sagacity of a balloon, which, with well regulated fuses, may drop its scientific budgets upon the seats of knowledge and of newspapers.

If our friends in Paris should not admit the force of these representations, we must appeal to the Republic of Letters—to its laws and to its practice. M. Biot declares that it is “the *common and imprescriptible law*, without which no scientific title could

be assured, that a discovery belongs to him who proclaims and publishes it to all, and that the laurel which one man has been the first to deserve, may be merited also, and carried off by another." These declarations will surprise our English, and we hope also our foreign readers. We pronounce them to be in direct antagonism to the common law of all nations and of every age—to that law which every scholar has studied, and every hero and sage obeyed. "*Palmam qui MERUIT ferat.*" No man, excepting by fraud and robbery, can carry off that which has been first gained and merited by another. M. Biot has stated that Mr. Adams had not the courage to seize the prize which he gained, and has added, what is utterly untrue, that *he kept the secret to himself!* Mr. Adams did seize, and now holds the prize. That prize, more valuable than stars of gold and monuments of brass, is the eternal and immutable truth that he was the first discoverer of the New Planet.

The doctrine laid down by M. Biot has been enunciated in England under another form. It has been said, "that the modern law relating to discoveries is, that they take their date from the time of their first publication to the world." We agree with the Astronomer-Royal,* in explicitly denying the existence of such a law, and in denying also its general reception, if any unauthorized tribunal, or any self-appointed judge has ventured to give it forth. If it is a modern law, as it is alleged to be, it will be no difficult task to point out its date, and to tell us by what parliament of science it was enacted, and on what grounds it was made to supersede the law or the custom of earlier times. It is not competent, surely, for any national Academy, however influential, or for any of its organs, however eminent, to dictate laws for regulating the intellectual property of the civilized world;—and we are glad to be able to assure our readers that no Academy has ventured to exercise such a function, and that no Solon has dared to usurp it. It is true, indeed, that individuals have, in modern times, brought forward the dogma that prior publication supersedes prior invention, when it secures some temporary object of their own; but it is equally true, that the same parties, when it suited their purposes, would as readily repudiate it.

Seeing, then, that there is no written code which regulates the rights of scientific discoverers, let us try to find in the Patent-laws of Europe, and in the decisions founded upon them, those general principles which will guide us to a just decision of the case under our consideration. A patent right for the most valuable invention or discovery is held to be void, if the invention or

* *Athenæum*, March 20, 1847, No. 1012, p. 309

discovery has been previously made and *published*—not printed with types, and communicated to the reading public, but made public to such an extent that the community may be regarded as in *possession* of the invention or discovery. The disclosure of an invention to only *one* person is not held in law to be *publication*, but the disclosure of it to *two* persons has been so held, and the patent subsequently obtained was reduced. The previous sale of any article to *one* person, has also been held as *publication*,* or as having fairly given the public the benefit of the invention. Nay, a patent has been reduced when the *previous publication* had been nothing more than the exhibition of the article in a window *for sale*, although it had not been purchased. The principle of law, therefore, on which these decisions rest, is, that an invention or discovery, communicated to more than one person, or placed within the view or knowledge of the public, even though they have not seen or known it, is published to such an extent, that no future inventor or discoverer can claim any right of a beneficial character. It extends even further than this: the public are held to be so thoroughly in possession of it, that the very original inventor or discoverer cannot afterwards take out a patent, because every patent right is granted as a compensation for a secret not in the previous possession of the community. Now, in the case of Mr. Adams, his discovery was known to various persons in Cambridge, and was freely communicated to *two* public functionaries, for the very purpose of giving to the public the benefit of his discovery.

The history of the invention of the Achromatic Telescope, furnishes us with another illustration of our argument. The celebrated optician, John Dollond, invented the achromatic telescope, and obtained a patent for it in 1759. An attempt was made to reduce the patent, on the ground that Mr. More Hall, a gentleman in Essex, had previously invented and constructed the very same instrument about 1729, and had completed several achromatic object-glasses in 1733. A British jury very properly sustained Mr. Dollond's patent, on the ground that Mr. Hall had never in *any form* communicated his invention to the public. The merit of Mr. Dollond as a second inventor stands unimpeached; but though he was allowed the beneficial rights of his labours, owing to the cause which we have mentioned, yet the priority of Mr. More Hall will ever be honoured in the records of science, and if he had left, along with his admirable object-glasses, a written account of the experiments and researches which led him to their construction, there is, we believe, no living philosopher that

* *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Patents*, vol. xvi., p. 338.

would not prefer the priority of Mr. Hall to the secondary claims of Dollond, though attended with all the beneficial advantages which he enjoyed. In so far, therefore, as the Patent-laws can guide us, we are entitled to conclude that Mr. Adams *published* his discovery, and that to such an extent, that had it involved a beneficial interest, M. Le Verrier's subsequent claims to such an interest could not have been maintained.

We come now to the most important point of our argument—to ascertain what *has been*, and what *now is*, the practice of philosophers when they wish to secure a priority in research, or to fix the date of their discoveries. After Galileo had discovered the satellites of Jupiter, an attempt was made to rob him of the honour by one Simon Mayer, who pretended to have discovered them a week earlier. In order to prevent the repetition of such attempts, and probably also “from a desire,” as one of his biographers remarks, “to repeat his observations with better telescopes,” he resolved “to announce his discoveries under the veil of an enigma, and to invite astronomers to declare, within a given time, if they had observed any new phenomena in the heavens.”* In his first enigma or anagram, he *published* his discovery of what he called the triple structure of Saturn. Kepler and others tried in vain to decipher it; and it was not till the Emperor Rudolph requested the solution, that he gave the following explanation of it:—

“*Altissimam planetam tergemynam observavi.*”

I have discovered that the most distant planet is triple.

In like manner he announced his discovery of the Phases of Venus in a series of letters of the alphabet, which concealed the following sentence:—

“*Cynthiae figuras æmulatur mater Amorum.*”

Venus rivals the phases of the moon.

In the disputes which arose respecting the discovery of the spots on the Sun, between Galileo, Fabricius, and Scheiner, and in subsequent discussions respecting the claims of our countryman Harriot,† the claim from priority of publication has never been urged. Galileo's priority is founded on his having exhibited the solar spots to his pupils in 1610, and to his friends in 1611. Fabricius had the merit, whatever it may be, of first publishing his discovery of them in a separate work in 1611. Scheiner published his discovery of them in 1612; but though Galileo did not

* BREWSTER'S *Martyrs of Science. Life of Galileo*, chap. iii., 2d edit. p. 34.

† The dates of Harriot's observations appear only in his recently discovered MSS.

that date, yet the sole honour of their discovery has been universally assigned to Huygens. The great truth concealed in the anagram was then displayed in this remarkable sentence :—

*“Annulo cingitur, tenui, plano, nusquam coherente ad eclipticum inclinato,”**

He is surrounded with a ring, thin, plane, nowhere adhering, and inclined to the ecliptic,

—a sentence which, though concealed in its unmeaning elements for more than three years, has preserved for Huygens the date and glory of his discovery, as effectually as if he had proclaimed it with a trumpet tongue, or published it in all the Gazettes of Europe.

In the discussions relative to the discovery of the law of Refraction—doubtless one of the most important in optical science—the claim of Descartes, founded on priority of publication, has been universally disallowed. Willebrord Snellius, a young geometer of high merit, who filled the chair of mathematics at Leyden, had discovered the true law of refraction, previous to his death in 1626. He never even *communicated* his discovery, in so far as we know, to his friends, and still less to the public; and the very words in which it is recorded have never been published. The evidence of his prior claim rests on the *testimony* of Hortensius, Huygens, and others who had seen the MSS.; and though Descartes gave a trigonometrical form to the expression of the law, by substituting the ratio of the sines in place of what we regard as the more beautiful ratio given by Snellius, and had the advantage of being the first to publish to *all* the great discovery, yet the scientific world, which received the benefit of it, has unanimously, or rather with one exception, namely that of Biot, transferred the undivided honour of the discovery to the Dutch philosopher. The historians of science, Montucla, Bossut, Priestley, Playfair, and Whewell,—and the distinguished philosophers Huygens, David Gregory, Muschenbroek, Smith, Robison, Hutton, and Dr. Young, have all concurred in placing the valued laurel on the brow of Snellius.—Here, then, we have a jury which time has impannelled from all nations and from every period of modern science—a jury distinguished by personal honour and exalted genius, promulgating to the world their unanimous decision, that priority of discovery, even when that discovery has neither been communicated to friends nor published to the world, supersedes the claims of priority of publication. Had Mr. Adams died in October 1845, and left to posterity only the legacy of his researches, or merely the scrap of paper which con-

* HUGENII, *Opera Varia*. Syst. Saturn, pp. 526, 566.

tained the place of the new Planet, and the elements of its orbit, the jury whom we have named, would have hailed him as the discoverer, and honoured him with the prize.

The celebrated dispute between Newton and Leibnitz, respecting the invention of the method of Fluxions, or the Differential Calculus, furnishes us with new arguments against the heresy in scientific law, which we have been combating. That Newton was in possession of the method of fluxions so early as 1665, is now generally admitted, though the truth of the fact rests on the testimony of individual witnesses, to whom he intrusted it in confidence. He refused to publish his methods to the world; because he had not perfected them; but, in order to fix the date of his discovery, he communicated to Leibnitz, through Oldenburg, the fact, that he was in the possession of a general method of drawing tangents, which is the method of fluxions; but he concealed the method in two anagrams. In two or three months after Leibnitz could have received this letter, namely on the 21st June 1677, Leibnitz sent to Newton the principles of his differential calculus, but he did not publish his method till the year 1684, when it appeared in the Leipsic Acts. Now, Newton's claim to priority of discovery rests, not on publication, but on communication to his friends, and to Leibnitz in his anagrams; and the date of Leibnitz's independent discovery, as we believe it to be, of the differential calculus, is universally acknowledged to be that of his letter to Newton in 1677, and not that of his paper in the Leipsic Acts for 1684. Hence it appears, that in those palmy days of mathematical discovery, the doctrine of fixing dates by publication to the world was absolutely unknown, and would have been universally rejected. The date of an anagram was sufficient; and had Leibnitz transmitted his differential calculus in an anagram to Newton previous to 1655, and had never published a word on the subject, his claim to priority of discovery would have been universally conceded to him. If, on the other hand, priority of publication to the world is held to supersede priority of invention, then must we draw the conclusion, which has never yet been drawn, that Leibnitz has the undivided honour of being the first discoverer of the new calculus. Had Mr. Adams, therefore, published his great discovery in an anagram in October 1845, without communicating it to a single friend, the date of that anagram would have been the date of his discovery, and would have excluded all future claimants.

The disadvantages of the Anagram as a secret receptacle for scientific truth, must have been long ago perceived; and we believe, it has been seldom, if ever, used either in the last or the present century. Should the philosopher who uses it, die without

having committed his discovery to writing, no ingenuity could rescue it from its alphabetic tomb; and while he thus became a loser in fame, the public would become a loser in knowledge. But, independent of this objection, there are many discoveries and inventions which could neither be properly represented nor satisfactorily reproduced by the transposition of any considerable number of letters. The omission or the addition of a letter might alter or destroy the meaning of the whole, and by thus throwing discord among a mob of letters, might occasion that very breach of the peace which the anagram was intended to prevent.

Men of science were, on grounds doubtless like these, led to adopt other methods of fixing the date of their discoveries, when their *publication to the world* would have been either inconvenient or premature. On some occasions they have communicated their results confidentially in letters to a friend—or exhibited and explained them to one or more credible witnesses—or read them to a philosophical society—or had them signed by office-bearers of the same body—or taught them to pupils—or promulgated them in lectures—or recorded them in a manuscript journal.* In all these methods, except the last, the evidence may be so complete as to place the fact of priority beyond a doubt, and entitle the claimant to all the rights of original discovery. But the most efficacious of all methods, and the one actually adopted in modern times, is, to consign the discovery in a *sealed packet*, which is deposited at a registered date in the archives of a philosophical society. The first germ of an important discovery is thus preserved from those who lie in wait for ideas, and pursue the game started by another. The author follows at his leisure the train of research into which it may lead him, till he has completed his investigations, and is ready to publish them to the world. This mode of fixing the date of a discovery has been frequently adopted in this country. We cannot say how often, or in what precise form it has been done; but we have had occasion to know that sealed packets of this kind have been deposited in the archives of the Royal Society of London by Professor Faraday, Professor Wheatstone, and Sir David Brewster; and it is well known that similar packets, *paquets cachetés*, are deposited with the same object, and almost weekly, in the archives of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, both by members of the Institute and by other individuals who may transmit them in conformity with the rules of the Academy. This method is in such high estimation in France that it has been reduced to a regular system, and

* This method of fixing a date is the least satisfactory of all, because it is always possible that a forgery may be committed. It was tried and rejected in the Watt and Cavendish Controversy. See this Journal, vol. vi. p. 493.

so extensively is it adopted, that in the year 1845 no fewer than *seventy*, and in 1846 no fewer than *ninety paquets cachetés* were deposited with due formality in the archives of the Institute. The sealed packet, bearing the author's name, is forwarded or delivered to the secretary. It is laid before the Academy and accepted, and its acceptance is recorded in their minutes, and published in the *Comptes Rendus*, &c. When the author wishes it to be opened, its opening is authorized by the Academy, and it is opened and read in their presence; or it may be withdrawn when the author has published the invention and discovery which it contains. In order to illustrate the operation and effect of these sealed packets, let us suppose that M. Biot had deposited one on the 1st January 1846, containing the fine discovery of Professor Faraday on the action of a magnet in producing the structure which gives circular polarization, and that Professor Faraday had made the same discovery *six months* later, and published it on the 1st of June of the same year. Is there a philosopher in Europe, beyond the pale of French or English feeling, that would not have hailed M. Biot as the first discoverer, and pre-eminently entitled to all the honours of original genius? Is there a patriot in France, justly proud of the scientific renown of his country, that would not have denounced the rapacity of England, had she claimed the glory of the discovery? And is there a philosopher in Britain—we know there is none—who would have dared to challenge the immutable truth that it was to a foreign sage that nature surrendered her secret, and that none but he could wear the laurel which was won? If we now substitute the name of Adams for that of Biot, and the name of Le Verrier for that of Faraday, the same questions must receive the same answers, whether they be asked in France, in England, or throughout the civilized world.

Such are the facts, and such the arguments upon which we rest our conclusion—that Mr. Adams was the first discoverer of the new planet;—that he is entitled to all the honour and advantages of an original discoverer;—that he actually published his results to such an extent as to give the public the full benefit of his labours, and that his merit would not have been lessened nor his rights affected had he concealed his discovery in an anagram, or swathed it the bandages of a sealed packet.

As we have striven with some anxiety to state the facts of this important case with all the correctness which we could attain, and to judge of it without personal or national prepossessions, we feel assured that we have impressed our own opinions upon our readers, and we confidently trust that the astronomers and philosophers of other lands will concede to truth her rigorous demands—to Mr. Adams his inalienable rights—and to Cambridge the

well-merited glory of being the intellectual birth-place of her second Newton. These concessions have to a certain extent been already made. The authority to give a name to the planet, so prematurely transferred from M. Le Verrier to M. Arago;—the resolution of the latter to call it by no other name than that of *Le Verrier*—and the determination of both to facilitate the adoption of this name by changing the name of *Uranus* to *Herschel*, have produced an effect upon the minds of European astronomers, the very reverse of what was expected. A resolution, almost unanimous, has been taken to adopt the name of *Neptune*, first chosen by Le Verrier. Mr. Adams, Professor Challis, and the Astronomer-Royal, in England, the astronomers of Italy, and, as the celebrated Encke informs us, the first astronomical authorities in Germany and Russia, have pronounced in favour of the name; and in a letter addressed to Professor Challis by M. Struve, the distinguished astronomer of Poulkova, he has given the following noble and disinterested testimony to the priority and merit of Mr. Adams:—"The Poulkova astronomers have resolved to maintain the name of *Neptune*, in the opinion that the name of Le Verrier would be against the accepted analogy, and against historical truth, as it cannot be denied that Mr. Adams has been the first theoretical discoverer of that body, though not so happy (fortunate) as to effect a direct result of his indications."

The nature and object of this article have necessarily led us to speak more of the labours of Mr. Adams than of those of M. Le Verrier, and the discussions which it contains may be viewed by a careless or a prejudiced reader as depreciatory of the merits of the French Geometer. If such a sentiment has found its way into the minds of any of our readers—we disavow it as ours, and deprecate it if it be theirs. Our esteem for M. Le Verrier, and our admiration of his genius, cannot be affected by the issue of a controversy in which neither his honour nor his talents are impugned. The originality and independence of his researches have never been questioned. In the records of fame, his name will stand beside that of Mr. Adams, and will never be dissociated from the planet which they intellectually discovered. We lament the collision of gigantic minds, even when personal interests and feelings are alone concerned. We lament it more when national passions gather round the contest, embittering its dialectics and procrastinating its settlement. But there is always this consolation in the intellectual warfare, that however furious be the onset, and violent the shock, the conflicting elements can neither be crushed nor destroyed. Truth springs purer from her ordeal however fiery, and, like the storm-lashed oak, stands firmer on a once tottering pedestal.

We think it is impossible for an English reader to peruse with any degree of intelligence these controversial pages, without the most painful conviction that the scientific institutions of his country are utterly inadequate for the defence or promotion of its scientific interests, or for the encouragement and development of its native genius. How mortifying is the contrast between the proceedings of the Royal and Astronomical Societies of London and those of the Academy of Sciences in France; between the noble position—extreme though it be—taken by the Director of the Royal Observatory of Paris, and that of the Astronomer-Royal of England—between the generous activity of the French Government and the tardy apathy of our own. Unity of feeling, of action, and of glory characterize all the proceedings of organized and endowed institutions;—while vacillation of purpose, collision of sentiment, and the restlessness of combinations not in definite proportion, engender that physical inaction and moral imbecility which afflict every voluntary association for the advancement of science and literature.

The injury done to Mr. Adams by the institutions of his country will not be easily repaired. Local honours may gather thick around him,* and restore him to his right position among the great men who do honour to his University, and those who in other localities assist them in sustaining the scientific honour of their country;—but it is only by an act of true liberality on the part of the Government;—it is only by a national recognition of his merits, that Mr. Adams can occupy his true place in the eyes of the civilized world. We trust, therefore, that Lord John Russell—the intellectual head of a Government that nobly seeks for reputation in the extension of education and knowledge—will seize this opportunity of doing justice to his countryman, and of emblazoning, in the sight of Europe, the intellectual renown of England.

* The College of St. John's has done honour to Mr. Adams by endowing a Bursary which bears his name; and the United Colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, have offered him their vacant Chair of Natural Philosophy, a compliment which was never before paid but to Dr. Chalmers, when he received the Chair of Moral Philosophy in that Institution.

- ART. IX.—1. *Correspondence from July 1846 to February 1847, relating to the measures adopted for the Relief of the Distress in Scotland.*
2. *Correspondence from July 1846 to January 1847, relating to the measures adopted for the Relief of the Distress in Ireland. (Commissariat Series.)*
3. *Do. do. do. (Board of Works Series.)*
4. *Do. from January to March 1847. (Commissariat Series.)*

WE feel as if it were somewhat daring to have assumed such a title for our Article as "The Political Economy of a Famine," a revolting and unnatural conjunction it will be thought by many; as if bringing the severest infliction which can be laid on suffering humanity, bringing it under the inspection and placing it at the disposal of a hard and unfeeling overseer. We adopt the title notwithstanding, and this expressly because we want to make the earliest possible declaration of war against such an imagination. Political Economy is no more responsible for the perversities and errors of its disciples than is any other of the sciences. It is true that it is a science, not a sentiment; and that as a science it is conversant with truth alone. It has been variously defined; but let us at once take up the view, that its object is to discover and assign the laws by which the increase and distribution of wealth are regulated—surely a fair and competent field of inquiry; and presenting, it may be, a subject in every way as accessible, and as capable of being strictly and fully ascertained, as any other subject of human investigation. Now, surely, Political Economy might be left with all safety, nay often with great advantage, to the accomplishment of this service, without damage or disturbance to the other, and it may be the higher objects of national policy. We might take her lessons upon wealth, and yet not give in to the false and ruinous principle that wealth is the *summum bonum* of a people. There are other and far greater interests, not to be sacrificed at the shrine of wealth, but to which wealth should be made the subordinate and the tributary. National independence is one of those interests which most men will think is paramount to wealth, and therefore ought to be provided for at the expense of adequate naval and military establishments. National virtue is another of those interests which many men, and ourselves among the number, will also think is paramount to wealth, and ought to be provided for at the expense of good institutions. But, to come nearer the case in hand, the preservation of human life is a far higher object than

any which comes within the range or contemplation of Political Economy; and rather than that so much as one of our fellow-countrymen should perish of hunger, no expense should be spared to prevent a catastrophe so horrible. It is for Humanity to give the word of command in this matter. And yet Political Economy has a word in it too—the word of direction as to how the command can be most fully and effectually executed. We might refuse altogether her authority as a master, and yet avail ourselves to the uttermost of her services as a guide—for in this latter capacity her lessons are invaluable; and it is high time to put a decisive check on those senseless outcries which, both in and out of Parliament, have been lifted up against her. There is no such mal-adjustment in the constitution, whether of man or of things, as that, for the sake of his wellbeing, a violence must be done either to reason or to principle. On the contrary, it will ever be found—that, in like manner as truth and beauty, so truth and benevolence, or truth and all virtue are at one.

And yet scarcely a paragraph can be written on the existing distress without a fling at Political Economy—as if all the ills and sufferings of society must be laid to the door of this the most maligned, while perhaps the least understood of the Sciences. And so in how many a newspaper do we read of “the cold maxims of a heartless Political Economy,” of the numerous deaths by famine being “holocausts offered at the shrine of Political Economy.” “The poor,” we are told from Dingle on the 9th of February, “are at the mercy of the famine-mongers, who have advanced the price of meal from three to four shillings, and we have but a small supply even at these prices. Our bakers are making exorbitant profits. It is a pity we have not the same law here as in Turkey, where they are nailed through the ears to their own doors.” In like manner, the *Galway Mercury*, after recording a death, goes on to observe that “thus another of our fellow-creatures has been offered up a holocaust to the doctrine of Political Economy, now so much in favour with our Whig rulers.” Similar reflections to these occur every day in the Irish newspapers. But to us the far most interesting specimen is that given forth in the verdict of a jury on a coroner’s inquest in Dublin, as fully described in Saunders’ News-Letter of February 16. The following is part of that verdict.—“The jury, without entering into any political questions, sincerely deplore that the existing Government, however kindly and well disposed towards this country, should for a single moment adhere to a cold-blooded system of Political Economy, which thus allows famine to invade the very heart of our metropolis, and is rapidly decimating the people throughout the entire island.” The verdict closes thus—“In conclusion, the jury, whilst fully sensible of past exertions,

respectfully implore in the name of their fellow-citizens, that the Government will, at all costs, at once adopt comprehensive, energetic, and above all immediate measures, to stay the effects of the famine now ravaging and desolating our unfortunate country."—A most impressive utterance, and in a spirit too wherewith one can fully sympathize—given in truly solemn and affecting circumstances, and worthy of all duteous and respectful consideration. We feel inclined to make it the text of our whole Article, though perhaps differing in our views from the right-hearted men who have furnished it; and disposed to think that neither Government nor Political Economy is so chargeable with their country's ills as they seem to apprehend.

We confess our toleration and even our sympathy for such outbreaks as these, when they proceed from the sufferers themselves; but not when uttered, as they sometimes are, within the walls of Parliament. The privations and the high prices, which are sufficiently accounted for by the famine, it might be venial and certainly not unnatural for parties out of doors to charge upon the famine-mongers. But what we can feel the utmost indulgence for, when heard at a popular meeting, or given forth from a jury-box, might be a disgrace and utter folly, if spoken in the Senate-house. And yet it is but the other day, when, if the reports might be credited, a distinguished and aspiring statesman could tell, with seeming complacency, of a law by which the dealers in corn, because dealers of course in the miseries of the people, were hung up at their own doors—an invective pardonable enough when uttered, as at Dingle, by a voice from among the dead and the dying; but not pardonable, because mischievous and wrong, when thus re-echoed to from the high places of our land. It is certainly not the way to encourage commerce, or to facilitate the diffusion of its blessings, thus to summon up the terrors of Lynch law wherewith to overhang and overbear its operations. We know not in how far the starvation of Ireland might be owing to the dread of such outrages, and to the insecurity attendant on the conveyance of the requisite supplies from one locality to another; but it is our strong persuasion that, with a due liberality on the part of Government, along with a wise and well-principled administration of its grants, not one of these starvations should have occurred. For the explanation of this opinion, however, we must draw on the lessons of Political Economy, against which, so loud is the popular and prevailing cry, that but few will listen to them. As if the famine were not of itself sufficient to account for the present miseries of Ireland, it is this hateful and hated Political Economy which must bear all the blame of them; about as reasonable as when an ora-

tor in Conciliation Hall ascribed them all to politics—telling us that it was now the 46th year of the Union, and that such was the state to which that measure had brought their ill-governed country. This might pass in an assembly of demagogues and agitators; but it is truly wretched to hear of such clap-traps in our House of Commons, whether uttered as fetches for popularity, or in sheer ignorance—an ignorance most unseemly among those, who, whether men of wisdom and high talent or not, should at least be men of education.

Let us now endeavour to lay down, with all possible brevity, what we have termed the Political Economy of a Famine.

A famine may be either general, by which we do not mean a famine extending over the whole world, but over a whole country; or it may be local, that is, a famine confined to special parts of the country.

The Political Economy of a general famine might be soon told; and let us accordingly tell it in as few words as we can, that more room might be left for what is specially, and at this particular moment, the matter in hand.

The effect of a scarcity on prices is obvious to all; and even to most men the reason of this effect is alike obvious. The first alarm of it induces an earnest competition among the families for food. There are many other articles of expenditure, the use of which can be greatly abridged, or even might be altogether dispensed with. But to dispense with food is impossible, and neither can the use of it be much abridged, without the feeling of a sore inconvenience. It is thus that a proportion of the money which in ordinary years went to the purchase of other enjoyments, will, in a year of scarcity be reserved for the purchase of necessities. In other words, a greater amount of money is brought to market than usual, and this over against a smaller amount of food; and so a rise in its price is the inevitable consequence. It were well if the rationale of this process could be brought clearly and convincingly home to the apprehensions of all men; and so as that we could reconcile the popular understanding to the conclusion which might be drawn from it. In particular, it were well if they could be made to see how far the price of an article is the fiat, not of the dealers, but the fiat of the customers; or that such is its price, not because the dealers exacted, but because the customers offered it—inasmuch that the collective will of the latter, and not of the former, is primarily and efficiently the cause of prices. It is quite palpable that it is the more intense demand of purchasers which raises prices; and that this calls forth larger supplies, which is the dealer's part of the operation, and has the direct tendency to lower them. All this, as being part

of the alphabet of their science, is familiar to the economists; nor do we think it impossible to be made as familiar to the people at large. For this reason we have long desiderated that Political Economy should hold a pre-eminent place among the lectureships of a Mechanic School—where, instead of a tyrant or a disturber, it would be regarded, and at length become a tranquilizer of the commonwealth.

But not only are high prices in seasons of scarcity a present necessary evil. There is a great ulterior good to which they are subservient. There are few of any pretensions to scholarship or general reading, who are ignorant of Adam Smith's effective illustration upon this subject—when he compares a country under famine to a ship at sea that had run short of provisions, and so had to put the crew upon short allowance, who although thus for the time being made to suffer, were enabled thereby to live on to the end of the voyage. Such is the precise effect of a high price, when there is a scanty supply of food in the land. It puts the country upon short allowance, by operating as a check upon consumption—when families, that they might get the two ends to meet, are reduced to their shifts and expedients for the economizing of food. Were it not for this salutary restraint, were the inadequate stock of provisions sold off at the usual price, the consumption would go on at its usual rate; and the premature exhaustion of the food on hand, though it should take place only a single month, or even a single week before the coming harvest, would land the country in all the horrors of a general starvation. We are quite sensible how difficult it were to persuade a hungry population, nay how provoking it might be when such a lesson is read out to them in all the pride and confidence of reasoning. The economist would adventure himself on a very serious hazard indeed, were he in all the coolness of his argument to attempt such a demonstration in the hearing of an angry multitude. Nevertheless it is even so, helplessly and necessarily so, in the nature of things and by the constitution of human society. The truth of it is quite palpable within the narrow compass of a ship, however lost sight of on the wider field of a country. Should one or more of the sailors intimidate the store-keeper, and force a larger allowance for themselves, the indignation of the crew, when it became known, would be directed against the purloiner—on whom, perhaps, for the general good, they would carry the Lynch law into effect, and hang him up at the yard-arm. Such were the likely proceeding at sea, but on land they would order the matter differently. They would hang the store-keeper—for such the corn-dealer or meal-seller virtually is—who by means of his high prices deals out their short allowances to the people. It is true, it is not their good, but his own gain, that

he is looking to all the while. He is but the unconscious instrument of a great and general benefit which he is not counting on and not caring for. "He meaneth not so." It is the doing of a higher hand, of Him who ordaineth both the laws of Nature and the laws of human society; and who can not only make the wrath of man to praise Him, but who can make even the selfishness of individuals work out a country's salvation. "The foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men."

At the same time there is one important modification of this doctrine, which neither Adam Smith nor almost any other economist has adverted to; and which we state all the more willingly, that it might serve to restrain the unqualified, and sometimes injurious confidence, which is now so generally expressed in the virtues of Free Trade—as if this were to be the grand panacea for all the ills that can befall a country or a country's population. What we refer to is a peculiarity that belongs to the necessities of life, in regard to the degree of variation which their price undergoes, as affected by the variation in the quantity brought to market. The one variation greatly exceeds the other. For example, so small a diminution as one-tenth in the grain of a country would induce a much larger augmentation of its price, so as to make it perhaps one-third dearer than before. The deficiency of a third in the crop would probably more than double the price of grain, while if approaching to one-half it would infallibly land us in famine prices. It is thus that in articles of prime necessity the price describes a much larger arc of oscillation than does the quantity, or fluctuates far more widely and beyond the proportion of those fluctuations which take place in the supply. And the principle of this is obvious. Men can want luxuries and even comforts; but they cannot want necessities. They can limit themselves to a much greater extent in the use of the former than in the use of the latter. Should the crop of sugar be deficient by one-third, they could, if they chose, easily put up with one-third less of sugar—so that there might be no rise of price, and the whole loss incurred by the deficiency would fall upon the planters. Should the crops of grain be deficient by one-third, men could not so easily put up with one-third less of bread; and, rather than this, would make a larger outlay for food than usual, so that more money might come into market for less of the article, and, instead of loss, there would be gain to the farmers. It is thus that, generally speaking, the keener competition in years of scarcity for the necessities of life, causes the deficiency to fall with redoubled pressure on the consumers, who have both less to eat, and more to pay for it.

It is not then exactly, and in all cases, true—that the interest of the dealers coincides to the full with the interest of the pub-

lic; or that the former will take care to sell at prices sufficiently low for there being enough of consumption to carry off their stocks, and so as not to be landed in such a surplus at the end of the agricultural year, as with the supplies of the coming harvest might cause that grain shall be a drug upon the market. The truth is, and on the strength of the principle just explained, that if, instead of reserving a surplus, they had agreed to destroy it, such high prices might have been maintained throughout the year on the reduced quantity brought to market, as that the dealer should be more than indemnified. The elevation of price would more than compensate for the reduction in the quantity—so that could they agree in doing what the Dutch merchants are said to have done with their spiceries, lay aside a certain general surplus to be burned or cast into the sea, it might be greatly more than made up for by the enhanced prices which they would obtain for the remainder. But then the difficulty, or in the corn trade the impossibility, lies in getting them to agree. What might be effected by a small party of monopolists, is utterly beyond the power of a general combination on the part of dealers spread over a whole empire, and acting without any adequate control or cognizance of each other's operations. Our great security then, in all our larger markets, and wherever there is enough of competition among parties acting separately, and out of sight from each other, is the difficulty of combination. It is in these circumstances that the doctrine of Free Trade might be practically carried forth in its utmost perfection—and this with the greatest possible advantage to the community at large. The commerce might be left, or to use a still stronger word, might be abandoned with all safety to its own operations. And all which Government has to do is this—refraining from those interferences by which it has so often done mischief—to remove those obstructions which itself may have placed in the way either of arrivals from all parts of the country, or of arrivals from all parts of the world.

Yet there is one important exception, peculiarly applicable to the state of matters at present, and but for this indeed we should not have lengthened out our article by any explanation of it. The argument in favour of Free Trade, and against the interference of Government, requires, not only that there shall be an unshackled competition, *but that there shall be enough of it.* Now there are many places in our land, and more especially in that part of it on which the present calamitous visitation has lighted, where this postulate is altogether wanting—as in sequestered villages, or small and remote islands, where a single meal-shop might suffice for all the customers within its range. Now it is in these circumstances, that one or even a small number of

dealers, if but few enough to lay their heads together, could easily so manage as to realize the most unconscionable profits. They have but to impose their own prices, and they have the people at their mercy. It is true they might in this way greatly limit the consumption, to the severe hardship and suffering of all the families, and it may be with some deaths by starvation to the bargain; but although they should thus abridge the sales, they would, if there be truth in our principle, greatly more than make up for this to themselves by an overpassing enhancement of the prices. They might sell one-third less than at a fair price they would have done, but this by a doubling of the price, and so a tripling or quadrupling of their own profits. Yet notwithstanding this cruel monopoly of theirs, we would not just hang them up at their own doors; but, with all deference to the Free Trade principle, should not object if a Relief Committee made free to take the business for a time out of their hands, by importing grain and selling it at the cost prices. This were in the face of all principle in those places where there is enough of competition, both in the retail and wholesale business. But what is at all times sound doctrine for London or Liverpool might in particular emergencies be the very reverse for Owenmore or Tobermory—in the former of which places, we learn from a private source that rice has been selling at 36s. per cwt., when in Dublin it was selling for 24s.; while in the latter, it appears from one of the volumes under review, and on the information of Sir Edward Coffin, that the people were “much gratified with the prospect of obtaining the needful supplies through the intervention of the Government, and at cost price, instead of being obliged to make their purchases at Glasgow or Liverpool, or to pay the exorbitant prices exacted by the few local dealers.”—(P. 53 of *Scotch Correspondence*.) There is no disparagement in this to the wisdom of the very enlightened Resolutions on the part of the North Leith Parochial Board, when the recommendation was laid before them of laying in stores of provisions; and they very properly decided against it, on the ground “that the saving of the retailer’s profits would be nothing to the advantage of their funds.” But while very true that the competition in such a place as Leith is a sufficient guarantee against extortion, we believe that what Captain Pole tells us of Skye is just as true,—even that “the dealers there had raised the price of food exorbitantly;” or, as he expresses it in one of those admirable summaries wherewith he closes his letters, that “the market is destroyed locally by the famine prices of the dealers.” We therefore fully sympathize with Mr. Rainey, the patriotic owner of the island of Raasay, when he complains that “his people, who are obliged to go to market at Portree, are charged exorbitantly for every article.” And hence, too, the

Marquis of Lorne who, fully aware of what the sound Political Economy is on the general question, writes thus to Sir George Grey the Home Secretary, "That interference with the 'ordinary channels of trade' is in itself objectionable there can be no doubt; but when there is just ground to fear that those channels will not convey to any district a sufficiently accessible supply of food, it becomes one of those cases of necessity which demand extraordinary measures. The fact is that, as regards the most distressed districts of the islands and western coasts, these 'channels of trade' have never been cut."—(*Scotch Correspondence*, p. 26.) The wisdom, therefore, which we have just ascribed to the North Leith Resolutions, does not conflict with the equal wisdom of the Argyleshire Resolutions, in which we find it stated, that "there are localities, where, from the great redundancy of population, and great scarcity of food, distance from market, and the nature of the occupation of land, it is practically impossible to command a supply sufficient; that, under these circumstances, Government should be requested to establish stores of food in the localities alluded to, such as Oban or Tobermory, so as to be accessible to proprietors to be purchased by them." Yet what was thus requested and rightly for the Hebrides, was deprecated, and just as rightly, for the Shetland isles—where the framers of a truly enlightened memorial tell us that they wanted no interference with the retail dealer, on whom their ordinary supplies depend, because they felt assured "that it may safely be left to mercantile enterprise and competition, to import a sufficient quantity of food at the cheapest rate, provided the means for paying such can be afforded to the people."*—(*Scotch Correspondence*, l. 154.) It is all a matter of selection, and dependent on the circumstances of each locality, whether there should be a Government depôt or not; and in these islands, as we are afterwards informed, there was no occasion for one—because there was there enough of competition from the frequent interchanges that took place between Lerwick, the capital of the group, and various ports in the south. To point out the exceptions to a doctrine is often a higher effort of discrimination than to understand the doctrine itself. And so we can imagine a number of new-fledged economists in the metropolis parroting over their last gotten lesson of Free Trade, and contending that *in every instance* the supply of what is needed should be left to "private speculation and individual enterprise." And we do admit that

* Let the reader mark the importance of this last proviso. It is but doing the thing by halves to establish depôts in such places as Skibereen or Schull, where, if the food was only to be distributed by purchase, yet the people were not provided with the means of paying for it, they behaved to die in hundreds, although within sight of plenty.

the general principle is a sound one. Yet we rejoice in the practical good sense which led to the actual instances of a deviation from it in the west of Scotland and still more throughout Ireland—thus carrying it over a philosophy which has not yet learned to take proper cognizance of its own limits, or to distinguish aright between what are and what are not its legitimate applications.

But we must not linger thus at the threshold; but, keeping in remembrance our allotted limits, enter at once on our main subject—the subject, not of a General, but of a Local Famine. This is the character of our present visitation. One-fifth, perhaps one-fourth, of our people, now labour under the almost total privation of what constituted their main food. It is not that the other ordinary articles of agricultural produce, beside what themselves eat, are not raised upon their territory. But these are generally sold off; and the price of them reserved for the payment of rent, and the purchase of a few indispensable necessities. In as far as the rent is helped out by the sale of their potato-fed pigs, this too has entirely failed them—so that the revenue of the landlords has been greatly impaired, while the subsistence of the peasantry has utterly gone. Behold, then, several millions of people thus circumstanced—the great bulk of them in Ireland, with one-quarter or one-third of a million in the Highlands of Scotland—without food, and without the money to purchase it.

Meanwhile the rest of our people, amounting to three-fourths or four-fifths of the whole, have been living in the enjoyment of their wonted abundance. We ground this assertion, not on any reckoning of last year's crop, which some contend to have been above, and others somewhat beneath an average. We ground it on the palpable fact, that although the price of their staple food be high, the general rate of wages, both throughout England and in the Lowlands of Scotland, is proportionally higher. We can find no such record of the wages in different kinds of employment from year to year, as we have of the prices of different kinds of food. Yet though in defect of all arithmetical statements on the subject, we might confidently affirm notwithstanding, that the working-classes, in all those parts of the country where there is but a partial and limited dependence on potatoes, are comparatively well off—we mean comparatively, not with our starving Irish or Highlanders, but comparatively with themselves in other and ordinary years. They at this moment, generally speaking, have fully their usual command over the necessities of life—while no one will deny, that, on ascending upwards in the scale of society, we witness as full a command over its

comforts and luxuries; and that in the splendour, and profusion, and varied gratifications of the affluent and higher classes there is no abatement.

These then are the data upon which our question is founded—a territory consisting of two parts, whereof the one, being much the smaller of the two, is famine-stricken to the extent of several millions being in total want both of food and of money to buy it with; and the other, of about four times larger population, is in the full enjoyment of at least its wonted or average abundance. And the question is, In these circumstances can all be kept alive; or by what process of supply and distribution is it possible to avert so dreadful a catastrophe as that a single human creature shall perish of hunger?

This is truly the matter in hand, the first and foremost of all the things which have to be provided for, the instant cry and demand of humanity, admitted and felt in all quarters to be the paramount object, and by none more honestly and intently we believe than by the Government themselves and the leading officials whom they employ. This appears in every page of their published Correspondence, the perusal of which would serve in the mind of every candid reader greatly to mitigate the charges which have been preferred against the heartlessness of our Rulers and the cold-bloodedness of their Political Economy. "The condition of the people in the smaller and more remote islands, who may be overtaken and overwhelmed before their destitution is known or provided for, will require especial attention."* "The population must be fed."† "The people cannot *under any circumstances* be allowed to starve."‡ The italics are in Mr. Trevelyan's own hand, whose humanity and intelligence, and the skilful adaptation of whose counsels to the ever-varying cases on which his judgment was called for, cannot be too highly appreciated. Into whatever mistakes his constituents may have fallen, or whatever their want of boldness and decision in the encounter with those oppositions to which they may have too easily given way—certain it is, both of him and of them, that their predominant feeling all along has been earnestness for the preservation of human life. To achieve this is, clearly and undoubtedly, what they would if they could, and if they knew but how.

And yet how has the matter actually sped? The number of deaths, and this too in their cruellest and most appalling form, has been quite fearful. We know not, if since the dawn of modern civilization, there has been such a record of starvations in any country within the limits of Christendom. On this distress-

* The Lord-Advocate.

† J. R. Macdonald, Esq.

‡ Mr. Trevelyan.

ing subject, it were endless and quite unnecessary to go into detail—although we have by us a very large collection both of newspaper and private informations, thinking at the outset that these might be required to authenticate our statements. Our feeling now is, that in a thing so palpable and notorious, all authentication is quite uncalled for. We have read of the Indian and Chinese famines which carried off their millions; but such tragedies on the great scale, and so near home, have not been realized amongst us for many generations.* And we feel, not merely that our sense of humanity, but that our sense of national honour is affected by it—for the question still recurs, Might these starvations already past have been prevented; or can they yet be prevented for the future, and how?

It might help us to resolve this question, did we imagine the famine to have been of another sort than that by which we have been actually visited—and this with a view to trace the effects of it. Let us conceive then for a moment, not that it had been greater than our present famine in regard to its degree, but that, exactly of the same amount, it had only varied from it in regard

* With every allowance for newspaper exaggerations, the melancholy evidence is now too palpable to be resisted of their general truth upon the whole. In the large miscellany of extracts with which we have been favoured, the one perhaps which has taken the most powerful hold of our memory, is the account of Captain Caffin's visit to Schull. Of all the traits which are given in these numerous descriptions, to us the most painfully affecting is when visitors have been attracted to the miserable cabins by the cries of famishing children inside; and horror is superadded to compassion when, on the occasion of some of these entries into the houses of the dying, we read of the unnatural fights that had been going on between the nearest relatives for the last remaining morsel of food. The details of a recent field of battle covered over with the wounded and the dead, are not so frightful as the details of a famine. Our allotted space absolutely forbids the introduction of these; but let us present the following from one of the several hundred slips which lie before us.

" LIMERICK.—FRIDAY, MARCH 5.—COUNTY CROWN COURT.

" MELANCHOLY INSTANCE OF DESTITUTION.

" William and Margaret Casey, a miserable couple, whose wretched appearance called forth the commiseration of the entire court, were indicted for stealing one sheep, value ten shillings, the property of Arthur Hassett, at Castle Roberts, on the 1st of March. Mr. Fleetwood, Clerk of the Crown.—'What say you to this indictment, William Casey, are you guilty or not?' Prisoner.—'We are guilty, my lord; two of our children died of starvation, and we had nothing to eat for the other three creatures!' Sir David Roche knows me, my lord.' (Here the prisoners burst into tears, which much affected the learned judge.) Sir David Roche, High Sheriff.—'Indeed, I knew the poor man for many years; and I am sure nothing but the brink of starvation would have led him to be guilty of the act. Two of his children died.' Prisoner.—'They did, my lord, with the hunger.' Mr. Sergeant Stock.—'And where are the other three children—what has become of them?'—Both prisoners, in tears.—'We don't know, my lord; maybe they are all dead now!' Sergeant Stock, deeply affected.—'Would you be any service to them, if you were set at large?' Prisoner.—'I would, my lord.' Sergeant Stock.—'Let them be discharged,'"

to its distribution. One can easily figure of this said scarcity, that without being greater on the whole, it had been more equally spread—or that, instead of being concentrated upon only one of our crops, so as to have nearly destroyed the principal food of one-fourth or fifth of our people, it had been shared among all the crops, and this to the effect that all the staple foods throughout the British islands had been reduced to one-fourth of their usual quantity. At this rate our Irish and Highlanders, instead of having lost nearly the whole of their potatoes, would still have had three-fourths left to them—while our Lowlanders would have been obliged to put up with three-fourths of their usual supply of oatmeal, and the English with three-fourths of their wheat-loaves. In other words, instead of an intensely local, we should have had a general famine, of lighter because of equalized pressure over all our population. And this seems to have been very much the state of matters in the severe, yet generally diffused scarcities of 1800 and 1801—the average price of wheat in the latter of these two years having been £5, 19s. 6d. a quarter, whereas at present it has not averaged since November much more than 70s. per quarter; and certain it is, that at the actual rate of wages for the last twelve months, the great majority of our people, throughout the great majority of our land, have not been reduced to the necessity of any hard economical measures, but lived up to their usual rate of sufficiency and fulness. It was quite different at the commencement of this century—when we might with perfect safety affirm that there was an equal deficiency of food upon the whole to what there is at present, but more equally divided, and so borne in like proportion throughout all parts of the country. And thus all were put on their short allowance; and we read of severe privation everywhere, but of starvation nowhere, at least no such wholesale starvation as now makes Ireland—and we might add the whole nation of which Ireland is a part—a spectacle to the world. In 1800 and 1801, the system of fewer and scantier rations was extended over the whole of the ship's company; and at the expense, doubtless of painful suffering to all, they were all carried through to the end of the voyage, and after much of destitution and distress reached the port in safety. In 1847 there is a different arrangement; and with no greater scarcity on the whole than at the former period, we behold the wonted jollity and abundance along the deck of the vessel, the wonted luxury under the awnings of the quarter-deck or in the officers' cabins—while all those wretched men who have their berths in the fore-castle are left to languish and die. Providence equalized the visitation of about fifty years back; and the consequent equality of distribution which laid the necessity of spare living upon all, might be regarded as the effect at

once of a direct ordering from God. Providence has laid upon us now, not a heavier visitation than then, but has laid the full weight of it on the distant extremities of our United Kingdom; and left the task of equalization—if there be enough of wisdom and mercy below for the accomplishment of the task—to the ordering of man.

But do the means really exist among us for such an achievement as the preservation of all from death by famine? Have we available resources, notwithstanding the deficiency of our potato crop, for keeping all our people alive? We have no doubt on the subject—resources as great certainly, and we think greater than in 1801, when the universally high prices, far higher in relation to wages than now, put all upon short allowance; and so all were borne through, without those mortalities by starvation, or by disease consequent on starvation, which are now going on. And what a general short allowance did then, it could do still—and not so short, we believe, as that which was weathered and endured for two years at the beginning of this century. But greater or smaller, it would equalize, or rather it would tend to equalize the pressure over all parts of the country. And the question is, How shall this be brought about? or, By what means, by what method of going about it, can this equalization, or rather this approach to an equalization, be effected?

A certain, and we believe a very large approach, is made to it by spontaneous benevolence. Such indeed is our faith in the efficacy of this natural provision, that, in *ordinary times*, we could fearlessly confide to it the whole care and guardianship of the poor—we mean not of all the diseased, but of all the merely indigent poor. One of our chief reasons indeed for deprecating the interference of Law in this department of human affairs, is, that it tends to supersede and lay an arrest on the otherwise effusive kindness to the destitute of their relatives and neighbours; and it is our honest conviction that on the gradual cessation of the compulsory system by a process which has been often pointed out, an overpassing compensation for the withdrawal of poor-rate allowances would accrue, from the simple restoration to their own proper and original force of those principles in our constitution,—the law of self-preservation and the law of compassion,—which have to so great an extent been disturbed in their natural workings by the provisions of a legal and artificial charity. And in this conviction we have been greatly strengthened and confirmed by all that we have read and observed on the subject of the present famines, both in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. For, over and above the countless instances of the poor helping the poorer, or of neighbours who had little, sharing their scanty stock with next-door neighbours who had none, till

themselves brought down to their last meal—over and above what has taken place, and is still taking place in every little vicinity, where compassion within a right acting distance from its objects, and unable to withstand the spectacles of imploring agony and distress, leads to the noblest sacrifices, and this on the part of men and women in all ranks of society—but, over and above these blissful operations of the home charity, let us contemplate its workings farther off, when, instead of neighbour sharing with neighbour, we behold country sharing with country, for that the appeals of suffering humanity, though necessarily becoming fainter and fainter with the lengths through which they are carried, are still found to tell on the hearts and the sympathies of other lands. We speak not only of those broader and more conspicuous streams of liberality which flow from our great metropolitan committees to those places which send forth the loudest cry; but also of those numerous and unseen supplies which are sent through the channels of private correspondence, and are never heard of beyond the parties that are immediately concerned. Why, it is but the other day when an Irish bank was applied to for the facility of suffering any English remittances that came its way, to pass without the usual charge, and it turned out that they had been in the habit of doing so for months, and that through their one office the sum of twenty thousand pounds had been handed over either to the dispensers or receivers of charity. And it is only of late that on a larger scale, the glorious discovery was made of remittances in the same way to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds from Irish emigrants in America to their famishing countrymen. There is a like movement of generosity, and it is most refreshing to be told of it, amongst the Americans themselves—all riveting the confidence that we have ever had in the productiveness and native power of compassion, adequate, as we think, to every fair claim of indigence in ordinary times—insomuch, that with a feeling of perfect security we could leave to its sole guardianship and care those poor of whom our Saviour hath said, that they are always with us, would but a cold and withering legislation keep off its hand, and not overbear the will to do them good.*

But we must not stop longer on this argument. What may suffice in ordinary, clearly will not suffice for the present overwhelming visitation. There is an imperious call for the Government to come forward—and this not to supersede the liberalities of the public, but to superadd thereto the allowances of the State;

* Mark xiv. 7. Our Saviour devolved the care of the poor on the *will* to do them good. The law of England makes that which was left to will a matter of compulsion.

or rather, for the State to be the principal almoner in such a dire emergency, and its distributions supplemented to the uttermost by the charities of the benevolent. At all events, humanity calls for such allowances as might guarantee in every instance the preservation of life. It is for Political Economy to say, whether there be funds and stores in existence, out of which such allowances can be made; and what were the effect of granting them on the economic state of society at large.

First, then, as to the existence of sufficient stores, we have a good *prima facie*, and, to speak our own convictions, a conclusive evidence in the fact, that although there has been an almost total destruction of food in certain parts of our territory, yet, if instead of being thus concentrated, the scarcity had been generalized, all would have been put upon short allowance; but all would have been kept alive—seeing that throughout the whole of this dreary season, as far as it has yet gone, at least three-fourths, we should incline to say four-fifths, perhaps even five-sixths of our population have been averagely fed. Had the present famine been equalized, the country could have weathered it more easily than it did the general famine of 1801. And further, not looking, for the present, to importations from abroad, but looking exclusively at home, the destruction laid upon food last year by the hand of nature, is not equal to the destruction laid upon it every year by the hand of man; so that, could man have been prevailed upon to abstain, for the time, from the work of a destroyer, the whole deficiency might from this source alone have been repaired. Had the distilleries been stopped as they were in 1800 and 1801, and as we believe they would have been now, if the famine, though not greater in amount, had only been general, this, alone, would have gone far to repair the deficiency. If, over and above this, the breweries had been stopped, and so for a season all malting been put an end to, this would have greatly more than covered the deficiency.* A humane and virtuous despotism could and would have done it at once. But, as matters stand, Government would demur because of the revenue,

* From M'Culloch's Tables it would appear that duties were charged on malt in 1844, throughout the United Kingdom, to the extent of 37,187,178 bushels, or 4,648,397 qrs. And from a recent memorial of the Scotch distillers, it further appears that the amount of spirits distilled from raw corn is about fourteen millions of gallons, the manufacture of which requires 770,000 quarters of grain, making the whole amount used in breweries and distilleries to be upwards of five millions of quarters, and this exclusive of the quantities consumed in illicit distillation. One quarter of grain is understood to be a large allowance for each individual overhead of the population. It should be remarked that the distillation from raw corn is chiefly carried on in England and Ireland, whereas they chiefly distil from malt in Scotland. Altogether, the amount of grain consumed in regular breweries exceeds, by more than three times, the amount consumed in regular or legal distilleries.

and the agricultural interest for its own factitious good would have reclaimed against it; and the popular voice in Britain we fear have been lifted up in opposition, from a public not themselves goaded on to it by the agonies of hunger. For ourselves we should have rejoiced had there been a sufficient energy at head-quarters to overrule all this—and not the less but the more, if by an entire stoppage of the distilleries, the beastly intoxications of Scotland had been suspended. We should even have been glad had the malting of our grain, if not wholly abolished, been, at least greatly abridged and limited by a heavier taxation—although we should thereby trench upon the more decorous indulgences of which the working-classes participate so largely in the beer-shops of England. As it is, what between the class interests of our grandees, and the low and loathsome dissipation of our common people, the cry of famishing millions has been overborne. Altogether it presents a most piteous and painful contemplation—recalling our old image of the ship, where the full consumption of all sorts of pastry was suffered to go on in the cabins, and the full allowance of grog was served out to the sailors on the deck, while the wretched occupiers of the fore-castle, perhaps the helots of the company, were left in lingering agony to live or perish as they may.

But there is the semblance of a public interest in one of the considerations which have been just alleged against the stoppage of the distilleries—we mean the damage that would thereby accrue to the revenue. This brings us from the question of the *sufficiency of stores*, to the second question, the *sufficiency of funds*—which latter question, notwithstanding its substantial identity with the former, occupies so distinct and almost exclusive a place in the reasonings of merchants and financiers and practical statesmen, as to require that a separate treatment should be bestowed upon it. And besides, it is in the handling of this question, that we come in sight of the method, the business method, by which the degree of equalization for which we have been contending can at all be effected—that is, by which adequate supplies might have been transferred from one part of the United Kingdom to the other, from the region of comparative plenty to the region of famine, so as to have prevented these horrid starvations; or, in other words, so as to extend that system of short allowance, by which no doubt we should have stinted the livelihoods of all, in itself an evil certainly, but with the greatly overpassing good that we might have saved the lives of all.

Did we continue to discuss this matter in the terms of our first question, we should say, let us share with them of our abundance, and give to these starving creatures the requisite supply of food. But we are now discussing it in the terms of our se-

cond question ; and we therefore say let us give them the requisite supply of money or means to purchase food. And it is not necessary for our argument, that in every instance the money should be actually put into their hands. It might, when given in the form of wages for work done by the able-bodied. But when in the form of gratuitous charity, it might be given not to the final recipients, but to Relief Committees to be expended for them—because perhaps they choose, and very properly, to grant all their allowances to the destitute in food only. But this is not material to the effect. In either way the same amount of purchasing power would be transferred to Ireland—whether placed in the hands of distributing committees, or of the people themselves. And what we particularly want to impress upon our readers is the effect which this increase of purchasing power must infallibly have upon prices. Say that Ireland is enabled, in virtue of what is done for her, to expend in the course of the year ten millions more than she otherwise could have done, on the purchase of food. Conceive that when Irishmen are left alone, either to live on their potatoes as in ordinary years, or to die for want of them as in this tremendous year of famine—that then the expenditure for food over the United Kingdom is fifty millions ; but that when not left alone, when their wants are supplied to the extent of being enabled to come into the food market with ten millions of purchase money—then the whole sum brought to market would instead of fifty be *toward* sixty millions. Let us suppose the full sixty millions ; and then there is no power on earth which could restrain the prices from rising, and that in the proportion of fifty to sixty. Let sixty millions of money come in place of fifty into all the food markets of this country, and meet there with but the same quantity of food ; and then by an uncontrollable necessity, this is the ratio in which prices behove to rise. A Government could, in such a state of things, no more prevent an ascent in the price of grain, from 70s. to 84s. a-quarter, than it could repeal a law of nature.*

It is thus that, in proportion to the magnitude of our aids to

* The sum of ten millions given to the destitute would not all come back upon the market for the purchase of food—as so much of it would be reserved by them for the purchase of second necessities. And neither when prices had been raised would the old fifty millions in the hands of the ordinary consumers be expended on grain—for the effect of the now higher price would be to induce a general economy in the use of it. And, besides, so far as importation was induced by the rise of price, this would tend to lessen the rate at which it would advance. Notwithstanding, however, that these various influences must affect the numerical calculation, we trust it is quite palpable that in proportion as we enlarge our grants to the destitute, they must react on the corn market, so as to raise the price of food all the more, and generalize the short allowance in virtue of our now having a greater number of customers to share it with us.

Ireland must be the rise of prices—an evil in itself certainly, but an evil incurred for the sake of a greater good, the preservation of the lives of our people. Had we let them die, we might have retained to ourselves the whole benefit of our own average crops, and at average prices. We might have gruffly refused to share with them of our abundance; and in this way could have kept down prices—an advantage no doubt to us, but no sensible advantage to those millions in Ireland, who, after losing their potatoes had lost their all; and so, having no money for the purchase of other food, it signified little to them whether the grain was to be had at 50s. or at 70s. per quarter. There was no other remedy for this state of things, than the transfer either of the meat to feed them, or of the money to buy it with. Of these two methods we prefer that Government should take the latter; and after having placed the money there, there was no danger but that the merchants would go in quest of it, and so in time the meat would follow.* It is for this reason that we confess our partiality for much larger and more liberal grants than have been actually voted by Parliament. We had a longing eye, for example, on Lord Bentinck's sixteen millions, though not on his railways which we could have dispensed with for the present—counting it much better that the money had all been expended, both on the enforcement of their current agriculture, and on the extension of it, that larger breadths of territory might be taken in for the grain crops of the coming harvest. It is thus that the urgent demand of Ireland for food would, in the language of the economists, have become an effective demand. But then the inevitable consequence would have been all the larger rise of prices—and so as to stint our people everywhere, but this in order that they should starve nowhere. A most righteous and humane policy we do think—the only expedient by which we could keep off from all parts of our land the horrors of extreme famine—and yet which could not by any possibility be carried into effect

* Yet it was well that Government dealt to a certain extent in food, and established their depots in various quarters. Had they but given the money, the meat might have followed in *time*, but in very many places not in due time. Our regret is, that the meat was paraded in these depots before the eyes of the families at Skibereen and Schull; but as these had not the money the meat did not reach them. No wonder at the curses poured by them from their inmost souls on Political Economy. But ere blame can alight anywhere, the question must be resolved, on whom did the obligation lie of furnishing the money? Government bestowed a great deal of money—and with the honest purpose of its descending to the very poorest; but much of it was intercepted by the less poor, and so the poorest were left to die. The Correspondence on which we have bestowed much and earnest attention convinces us, that though Government had enlarged its grants tenfold, the want of preparation and of arrangement and of local agencies was such that in the disorderly scramble of multitudes for the largest possible share of what was going, many in the various fastnesses of Ireland would still have died.

without such a rise in the markets, as was sure to bring down all sorts of contumely and execration upon famine-mongers.

And there is nothing so recondite in this process, but that it was felt and complained of by practical men. In a newspaper speculation of some months back, the warning was held out, lest by doing too much for Ireland we should be landed in famine prices ourselves. In a recent petition from Blackburn in Lancashire to the House of Lords, the increase of pauperism there and in other parts of England is attributed to "the excessive price of provisions consequent on the vast drain to Ireland"—a drain which behoved to be all the greater, the greater our liberalities to Ireland, whether in Government grants, or in the benefactions of private charity. Nay we find one part of Ireland reclaiming against the subscriptions made in it for the benefit of other parts in Ireland; and we are told that the wealthy in Dublin should leave the care of the poor in the provinces to their own natural protectors, the owners of the land, and should expend all their incomes in Dublin itself for the sake of the traders and shopkeepers there—that "the clear and imperative duty of the residents in Dublin is to expand and not to contract their outlay,"—"to enlarge their expenditure,"—"to spend their money freely,"—for that distress at their own doors would ensue from "a general extinction of innocent gaieties." It is on some such ground too, that an argument is raised for keeping open the distilleries—for that cows were fed on the refuse of them; and that the citizens of Dublin could not be adequately supplied with milk, unless we consented to the wholesale destruction of food for human bodies by turning it into a poison for human souls. It is thus that in defence of their own near and partial interests, men will strain at a gnat whilst they swallow a camel. And even the distillers themselves in the stout defence which they make for their own manufacture, can tell us, that doubtless the price of grain is raised by it, but that this is a great public advantage, for that high prices stimulate the importation from abroad—as if because such a supply in consequence of our high prices is good, the supply without such high prices would not be still better. The truth is, that the stoppage of the distilleries, if accompanied by an enlargement of the grants to the destitute, would have effected for them the same double benefit on a large scale, which they obtain on a smaller scale from those benevolent individuals, who retrench the food of their families, and make over the price of that retrenchment to a charitable fund. It is really not possible in such years of scarcity that aught like a general or effectual relief can be made out for the very poorest, without bringing hardship on the less poor than they, and without the burden of sacrifices more or less

painful on the community at large. Even in the north of Scotland where the grain was dear, it was right that part of it should be taken away for the supply of those places where the grain was dearer, and still more where the people were in greater want than themselves. It requires a strong as well as a humane Government to repress the outbreaks of local selfishness. Nevertheless it is right they should, because right that one and all in the nation should suffer rather than that any in the nation should starve.

We repeat that the high price of grain is not a good *per se*, but *per se* an evil. And yet, notwithstanding there might be two most valid reasons, why, in times like these, this said high price should gladden the heart of a philanthropist, if he had but the faculty of looking both far enough behind and far enough before him. It might either have been produced as the necessary effect of one good thing which greatly more than compensated the evil, and ought therefore to be rejoiced in; or it might operate as the certain cause of another good thing, which not only more than compensated the evil, but which limited and laid a check upon the increase of it, and ought therefore to be further rejoiced in. But let us explain ourselves, with an earnest request at the same time for the close, even though it should be the painful attention of our readers to what might be felt by many as our dull argument. And first then it had surely been a good thing, if all those wretched creatures who have died of starvation, amounting already by the latest computation that we have faith in to a quarter of a million of human beings, it would surely have been a very good thing had they all been kept alive. But this could only have been done either by giving a requisite amount of food to the people, or of money to buy it with—whether this money was put directly into their own hands, or into the hands, be it of Relief Committees for the destitute, or of paymasters for the able-bodied, and who enforced work in return for it. In whichever of these ways we should have brought no less than four millions of additional customers upon the corn-market—for this is the number, we are credibly told, who in ordinary years would have lived on potatoes alone, but who this year deprived of their potatoes have no other food than grain to subsist upon. And we ask, not at the mouth of Political Economy but at the mouth of common sense, how is it possible that the four millions of additional buyers, not all of course in their own persons but in the persons of their parents or representatives—how is it possible that all these could have come into the market, and with money in hand too for making good their purchases, without a rise of prices? It is true that we could have kept provisions low enough for ourselves, much lower than they

are at present, had we just let these people all die off. But we count it greatly better that they should not all die, and better still, if we had so enlarged our liberalities that none of them had died. We observe, at the moment we are writing, that the Irish papers are in a tumult of delight because of the falling markets, while, contemporaneously with this, the deaths by starvation are as frequent as ever. It is very well for those who have any money that prices should fall; but it signifies little to those who have no money at all whether the Indian meal should be selling at 70s. or 60s. a quarter. Now as we are pleading not for the less poor but for the very poorest, we confess that rather than lower prices along with numerous starvations, we should like to have higher prices, and no starvations. What we want is that the most wretched occupiers of Ireland's lands should be provided with the means of purchasing food, or having it purchased for them—even though it should bring the prices up again. The returning dearness, we most readily admit, were in itself an evil; but if brought about in this way, we should perfectly rejoice in it as the symptom and the effect of a greatly surpassing good, in that, though all should suffer, yet none would perish.—Thus much for a high price of grain viewed as the effect of one good thing. But it might, and we may indeed say must, be also the cause of another good thing. Not to speak again of the universal economy which it induces in the consumption of food, so as to cause that our scantier stock than usual shall serve by a sparer maintenance than usual to the coming harvest—let us only reflect on the additions which a high price makes to this stock, by the mighty stimulus it gives to importation. Had any one but watched, as we have done, the progress and fluctuations of the sensitive corn-market in America—not however more tremulous and sensitive there than by the very nature of the commodity, in all other parts of the world, and observed how constantly and surely every report of falling prices in this country checked the business of exportation, and even led, in some instances, to the relanding of its cargoes—had it thus been made palpable to him, that they are our high prices and these alone which have brought and continue to bring the richly-laden flotillas of the New World to our shores—this would have mitigated, it is to be hoped, his invectives against the famine-mongers, and somewhat disarmed his fell and fierce antipathy to the “rogues in grain.” But let it again be distinctly understood, that we should like it infinitely better to have the supplies without the high prices; and thus it is that we shall ever mourn over the non-stoppage of the distilleries, as far the least defensible part in the policy of Ministers—even though Dublin should have been thereby stinted in milk for its families, and England been abridged of its beer

and brown-stout, and Scotland reft altogether of its mischievous whisky. It is utterly beyond the endurance of human nerves, that these indulgences should have been kept up at their usual rate, or rather for the last twelve-month to a greater excess of dissipation and drunkenness than ever—while Highlanders all the while have been writhing in the agonies of extreme hunger, and Irishmen in thousands have been dying.

They seem to have ordered this matter better in France. We cannot allege aught like precise information on the statistics of the scarcity there—yet the higher price of grain in France than in Britain, a fact of itself most pregnant with inference, is fully in keeping with all that we have heard and all that we conceive of the state of matters there. As first, that theirs should be a less deficiency than ours—it amounting to a shortness from their usual yearly produce, of forty-five days' consumption, or one-eighth of the whole, whereas ours might be estimated at perhaps one-fifth and certainly not less than one-sixth of the whole—and yet with them a higher price notwithstanding. This might be due in part to theirs being a general, and not as with us a provincial famine; and so an eager competition for food all over, among those who have the means of purchasing—a very different thing truly in its effect on prices, from the cry of distress, however urgent, among those who have not the means. And then the very generality of the famine intermingles to a greater extent, the more with the less needy, and so brings them within a better acting distance, both for the excitement and the exercise of compassion. And last of all more ostensibly, though not perhaps more efficiently than either of these causes in its operation upon prices is the munificence of their public treasury. As far as the following private letter can be depended on, all these causes have been powerfully at work in France, and might account for the higher prices there.—“Never before, not even during the reign of the cholera, have charity and benevolence been displayed in a manner so spontaneous, so generous, so profuse, so effective. Money is contributed, and relief is administered, not with the character of almsgiving, nor doled out with reluctance and parsimony and accompanied by reproach, but with a liberality truly admirable.” “One capitalist here expended, it was said, in charity in 1832, (during the presence of the cholera) £10,000 sterling. His disbursements in this year of suffering, will probably amount to double that sum. This spirit of benevolence, and this energetic observance of its dictates, are however and happily not confined to the wealthy and the great—the whole community participate in them. Even the soldiery divide their rations with the poor. There are no subscription lists, nor newspaper appeals to the beneficence of those who have to give, no stimulus of any kind. Every man gives all

that he can afford, and does it as a matter of course, with a good heart, and without ostentation. The consequence of this general movement will be, that few, perhaps none, will perish in France of starvation; that is a great matter; but the struggle to keep up the supply must be gigantic."—It then tells us of the supplies ordered in the ports of the Baltic and Black Sea, and of the United States; and, what is most instructive of all, of the immensely large orders for flour sent to England. And as the effect of all, we are told that they will have no "deaths by starvation" to register; and that the Government, the capitalists, the clergy, the public, are resolved upon that. It is of a piece with all this information, that we read of the Baron Rothschild's undertaking, in concert with the French Government, to the extent of millions for the importation of food from America. It will perhaps reconcile our own public to high prices, when thus made to perceive that had they been sufficiently high, it would have proved a defence against the importation of British grain to France, besides enabling us to cope on more equal terms with France, in our competition for the grain of other countries. We are aware of the cry that there is to prohibit exportation; but we should like it better that it were prevented rather than prohibited, and this by the largeness of our home prices, provided it were brought about, as in France, by the largeness of our home charities. We should have acquiesced all the more willingly in Lord John Russell's free-trade reply to the demands for prohibition, had he so far enlarged the national grants as to have raised our prices beyond the reach of customers from France. We confess that to put matters right both in Ireland and in our Highlands, we had a longing eye on Lord George Bentinck's sixteen millions, barring his railways—nay could have acquiesced in Mr. O'Connell's thirty millions,* rather than that

* Mr. O'Connell, in a letter of February 13th, to Mr. Ray, writes thus—"Parliament is not disposed to go far enough, there will not be sufficient relief given by the Parliament; and it will not be till after the deaths of hundreds of thousands that regret will arise that more was not done to save a sinking nation." Mr. O'Connell's predicted number of deaths has already been fully realized. Yet we cannot be blind to the fact that many not wholly destitute did thrust themselves upon the public works to the exclusion of as many who were altogether without the means of subsistence; and hence a number of the actual starvations. The allowances doubtless were a good deal too small. It was not enough that men should have been kept from dying. They should have been kept from wasting into skeletons. We should therefore have rejoiced in much larger grants, but still cannot rid ourselves of the persuasion, that although they had been increased threefold, still there would have been many deaths by hunger—first from the want of local agencies in Ireland, and secondly from the interception of the supplies by those who were less poor, so as not to reach them who were poorest. See Captain Wynne's Letter, Irish Correspondence, Board of Works Series, Second Part, p. 15.

In Saunders' News-Letter of April 5th, we read that "the 20 per cent. reduction

the whole civilized world should have been so scandalized by the great national outrage upon humanity which has been perpetrated within our own shores.

But we must not be carried away by the first aspect of things. Indeed we should prefer that if possible there were no reckonings with any party for the past, excepting for the practical objects of guidance and safety for the future. Certain it is, that the more we read of this voluminous correspondence, the less are we inclined to lay upon Government the guilt of these starvations. What we shall ever regret, as far the worst of the charges to which they have been exposed is that, whether for the sake of the revenue or in deference to the agricultural interest, they should after such awful tragedies have tolerated that wholesale destruction of human food, which goes on in our distilleries. Yet even this would not have prevented the spectacles of horror that have taken place in Ireland. There were difficulties which all the wealth of the Indies could not have surmounted; and we must take a calm and comprehensive view of these ere we can admit that in France there is either a larger-hearted Government, or a more generous people than our own.

But still we contend that the want of money ought never to have been felt as one of these difficulties. We have already stated our conviction that there was enough of food, even within the limits of the United Kingdom, whereby, though at the expense of a shorter allowance to the whole and the abridgement of certain luxuries, we might have mitigated, to a far greater extent than we have done, those extreme sufferings which have been endured, and are still felt, throughout the famine-stricken parts of our territory. We now affirm with equal confidence that we could have raised enough of means for the purchase of that food. We do not ourselves think that there is any *natural* necessity for a distinct argument on each of these topics. But the necessity is forced upon us by certain mystifications, or factitious difficulties, which are conjured up to the effect of obscuring the subject. We are told, for example, by Sir Robert Peel, in his opposition to Lord George Bentinck's proposal for raising the sum of sixteen millions, that it could not be done by loan without too violent a disturbing of the money-market—a consideration, we believe, not very well understood by the vast majority of those to whom it was addressed, but all the more fitted on that account

(of the men employed in the public works in the pay of Government) works well, inasmuch that it has put off many persons who were able to support themselves." Such men might be looked upon as the causes of the deaths by starvation of those who were excluded from the places which they had no right to occupy. It was very shameful.

to silence them, seeing that the whole mechanism of our Stock Exchange, and monetary system, stands at as great a distance from all ordinary and many superior understandings, as do the very highest themes of high transcendentalism. For ourselves we should have been willing to brave the hazard of disturbing, however violently, the money-market—rather than not have met the exigencies of our present visitation. But there is another and a better expedient, suggested too by Sir Robert himself, and which if fully acted on would help us out of this whole difficulty. When speaking on Lord George Bentinck's motion, and of the deficiency incurred by the outlay on Ireland, he tells us "that he knew no other method of providing for this assumed deficiency (nine millions), except that of making a vigorous effort at direct taxation, to be visited he presumed upon all parts of the United Kingdom." We most sincerely rejoice that he made this suggestion, and still more that it was received with loud cheers by the ministerial side of the House. But could not the same direct taxation which is to make up the deficiency so many months hence, could it not have prevented the deficiency by providing against it beforehand? And if by dint of vigour it can raise the nine millions, can it not by dint of greater vigour raise twenty or thirty millions, if indeed and rightfully called for? We think that it can; and that Great Britain has not yet aroused herself to an effort at all commensurate to the wants of this awful crisis, or commensurate to her own wealth. Rather than that this should not be done, we would acquiesce in a loan, with all its alleged inconveniences and evils; but our clear preference, and for more reasons than we can at present explain, is for direct taxation.

We first observe, then, of these two great rival methods for raising a public revenue—that is, either mediately by a duty upon commodities, or immediately and directly by a tax whether on property or income*—it is obvious that each has its own distinct and peculiar limit. In regard to the former way of it, it is easy to perceive that each addition to the duty lays a further check on the consumption of an article. The dearer that wine is made

* We have explained elsewhere our views upon taxation, and the reasons of our preference for a tax on property or income to a tax upon commodities. Our own opinion, and that on grounds altogether distinct from those of the French economists, is that all taxes fall ultimately upon land. It will be very long however before the public will be convinced, or Parliament will act upon this principle. Meanwhile, we hail every approximation to what we deem the optimism of this subject. It would mightily advance the cause, and make direct taxation greatly more popular, were it carried into effect by a small centage on property, rather than by a centage twenty times larger on income—in other words were the tax on property alone, and not at all on income.

by taxation, the less of wine will be drunk. It is thus that the wine-tax, with every new addition to the impost, tends to limit more and more the wine-trade till at length it ceases, notwithstanding the higher duties, to be so productive as before. It is at this point that the produce of the tax reaches its maximum, beyond which it cannot be carried without loss to the revenue—so that now the wine-trade is made to yield its uttermost to the National Treasury. But the limit in direct taxation, such as an Income-tax, shoots greatly a-head of this. It is true that the further it is carried the less will subjects have to spend, and the consumption of every article which can be dispensed with will be all the more restrained. One can imagine, in the consequent abridgement which must take place on the use of luxuries, that the consumption of wine might be limited, not merely to the point where it before yielded the greatest possible revenue to the State, but very much within this—nay that men might cease to drink it altogether, and so the wine-trade be annihilated. It is palpable, however, that as the effect of this process, a greater revenue might accrue to the State than ever—for, over and above all which it ever realized by a tax on the commodity, it by seizing on the whole price, gets hold not only of that part which furnished the tax, but the natural price of the wine to the bargain. The rapidly intuitive Charles Fox, when himself a Minister of State, had his eye upon this enlargement, and tells us in one of his speeches, that the only limit to the produce of an Income-tax, were the reduction of all the families in the land to the necessaries of life—a proposition this, however, which, to be guarded against all exceptions, would require to have some modifications laid upon it, for the statement of which we have no room at present.

But the abridgement, and still more the destruction, of trade, which we have represented to be the tendency and effect of direct taxation, carries in it a frightful aspect to many an imagination—as if on the decay and extinction of trade, the whole power and superiority of Britain were to decay and vanish along with it. There is an inveterate delusion here, and yet which a very simple consideration should put to flight. No manufacture, or no trade, yields more for the good of a nation, than just the commodity which it produces, or in which it deals. The wine-trade yields nothing but wine. The whole amount of what the stocking-manufacture renders to society is stockings. Our various export commodities, the preparation of which gives employment to so many of our people, contribute nothing more to the public interest than just the import articles which come back in return for them, as oranges, or figs, or India shawls, or tea, or coffee, or rum, or sugar. We are aware that the work of procuring all these

things, whether to array with them our persons or to lay them upon our tables, gives rise to a commerce which is dignified with the name of so many interests, as the manufacturing interest, and the shipping interest, and the East or West India interest. But let not the magnificence of these titles impose upon us, or lead us to imagine that any one branch of commerce yields more for the wellbeing of the community than merely its own article. But does it not, over and above, afford their maintenance to the people engaged in it? No, it gives them their employment but not their maintenance. This maintenance lies enveloped, not in the article which they produce, but in the price which is paid for it. It comes, as it were, from the other side of the exchange—not from the manufacturers who work up the article, or the traders who bring it to market, but from the customers who pay the price for it. The perpetual tendency is to accredit every particular trade both with its own proceeds and with the returns which they bring; and the most egregious example that can be found of this delusion is in that most mercantile of all politicians, William Pitt, who at the commencement of the revolutionary war prophesied the ruin of France's power from the ruin of her commerce, in the loss of which he could perceive nothing else than the loss of all her means for the payment and maintenance of armies. It was the destruction of her commerce which gave her her armies. She lost by it the luxuries which commerce yields; but the maintenance of the workmen whom commerce employs still remained with her. The effect was to transform millions of artizans and operatives, formerly in the pay of individual consumers, into as many soldiers, afterwards in the pay of the state. From the earthquake which engulfed her commerce, there suddenly sprung forth a host of armed men whom no man could number, who in a few months cleared her territory of all its invaders, and in a few years achieved the subjugation of all continental Europe to the bargain. The levies and conscriptions of France at that period should have taught our statesmen long ago what that is which constitutes the real strength and resources of a kingdom. The lesson we think is now beginning to dawn on the minds of certain of our statesmen, more especially of Sir Robert Peel, who already in a small way has made prosperous trial of vigorous direct taxation, and would recommend, for a time at least, the further extension of it, to meet the exigency of our Irish and Highland famines. It is our deep-felt conviction that did Britain but know the might and the magnitude of those resources wherewith Providence has blest her, she would not so quail and falter and be in sore perplexity before her present visitation. Had she but the full consciousness of her hand of strength, she would put it forth; and make the grand

comprehensive effort so feelingly and forcibly called for by the honest jurymen of Dublin—and, not by one measure only, but by a series of measures, accomplish both the new-modelling of our Highlands, and the reconstruction of Ireland, and this at one tithe of the expense which she has lavished on many of her wars.*

Let us imagine that, among the many things to be yet done for Ireland, there behoved, perhaps for years to come, to be a large importation of food from abroad, and this to provide against the unavoidable deficiencies which must arise from the neglected agriculture of the present year, and which may continue for several years to come ere the difference can be made good between a grain-fed and a potato-fed population. It seems quite clear that without such extraordinary supplies, we shall have again and again to incur the misery and disgrace of those hideous starvations which have scandalized the world—and all the more that they took place in one portion of the United Kingdom, while in the other portions of it the people from high to low were in circumstances for giving full swing, or at least to an extent as great as usual, to all sorts of luxurious and even riotous indulgence. And it seems equally clear that the whole expense of these supplies cannot be left, whether through the medium of grants to the helpless or of wages to the able-bodied beyond the value of their labour, cannot be left on the landlords, without entailing such an amount of ruin upon the order, and filling them with such a sense of despair, as to alienate from all co-operation, that body of men, through whom alone we can obtain such local agencies, as are indispensable for giving effect to the measures which have yet to be decided on, ere Ireland shall be conducted with safety and general advantage through the difficulties of her present crisis. Let us therefore hope that Government will feel the duty of lending their helping hand in this great national emergency; and that, to be enabled for doing so, they will have recourse to a vigorous direct taxation, both to meet a far larger prospective expense than they have yet contemplated, and to provide for the deficiency of the past expenses which have already been incurred.

* A direct taxation for the special object of putting Ireland and our Highlands right might be spread over several years of a transition process—just as among our city taxes, there often comes, and for a length of time too, a special charge for improvements—and which continues to be levied till they are all paid for. It were a noble exhibition of patriotism and public virtue would Parliament venture on such an imposition and the people willingly respond to it. Our own preference would be for the graduation of such a tax and in this way—to lay no tax on any income below £50, and then to tax all above this, not by laying the centage on the whole income, but only on the excess above £50. Thus a tax of 5 per cent, would amount to 10s. on all who had £60 a-year, to 20s. on all who had £70 a-year, &c. The produce of such a tax, if wisely administered, might transform both Ireland and the Highlands into prosperous countries in the course of a very few years.

On the principle that we have just announced, the people of our land are fully able for such an effort and such a sacrifice, provided only that those of them who have more than the necessities of life to live upon, are able to forego a part of their luxuries. And this we contend is the single, the only inconvenience, that would be suffered, had we only the boldness to face the present exigency in all its magnitude, and the determination by means and measures of commensurate magnitude rightly and fully to dispose of it. The tax-payers would drink less wine than before, in which proportion there behoved to be an abridgement of the wine-trade; but perhaps it will satisfy the worshippers of commerce as our all in all, to be told that in that very proportion the corn-trade might be extended; and our alarmists for the shipping interest to be told, that the same, nay a far greater amount of shipping, is required for the importation of grain than of the costlier articles which come to us from abroad. It is demonstrable that in the consequent state of things which would ensue from a heavy direct taxation on all above the working-classes, we should behold as great a population as fully employed and as well maintained as before; and that the whole effect of this altered direction in the expenditure of the country's wealth, were the loss of certain personal indulgences to the higher classes, but with the gain it might be in return for it, of nobler objects—as the defence of a country against foreign invasion, or the establishment of a better economy within its borders. We have long advocated the law of primogeniture, and can sympathize with the pleasure and the pride which were felt by Edmund Burke, in the glorious aristocracy of England. But nothing, we are persuaded, would more conduce to the stability of their order—nothing remove farther the evil day, when their candlestick shall be taken out of its place—than their willing surrender though but in part of such enjoyments as might well be suspended, to the demands of patriotism and the public weal. This willingness can only have its full expression and effect by the collective voice and through the organ of Parliament. They may provide for the stupendous design of setting up a right economy in Ireland by loans; and we should rather they did, than that Ireland should be left as hitherto to flounder on as she best may. But our own decided preference is for a vigorous and direct taxation.

But ere we carry our proposals any further, let us here advert to the probable effect which the establishment of the Free-Trade system is likely to have for a season on our economists and statesmen. The imagination is, that it will enlarge indefinitely the powers of commerce; and so the tendency in men's minds will be to magnify, we had almost said to deify, commerce all the more—as if it were the primary source and sovereign dispenser

of all the blessings which serve to strengthen or enrich a nation. The very famine wherewith we have been visited might serve to correct and sober down these anticipations ; and to convince us that commerce is not the fountain-head, but that agriculture is the fountain-head, and commerce but the derivative stream or the derived and dependent reservoir. Even Dr. Smith, notwithstanding his own masterly exposure of the mercantile system, was so far carried by his favourite principle, the more endeared to him that he himself was its parent and its discoverer, as unduly to exalt at times the prerogatives and powers of merchandise. And yet there is one memorable sentence of his which should help to keep us right—that the great end of all production is consumption. Did we but retain our steady hold of this maxim, and make at all times the right application of it, it would raise us to a higher and more commanding position for a correct survey of the whole question. Commerce would be assigned its true place, if we made our estimate of its importance to turn on the benefit which accrued from the use of its resulting commodities—if we fixed our eye on the *cui bono*, the *terminus ad quem*, of its various processes. It would reduce Political Economy to its just dimensions, so that it should no longer monopolize the whole field of vision, to the subordination or the exclusion of higher interests than its own. We are hopeful that had this consideration been present to the mind of Mr. Trevelyan, it would have saved him from the single error into which we think he has fallen throughout the whole of a correspondence, characterized all along on his part by signal ability and the most enlightened economical views—for then we apprehend that he would not, in mere deference to the Free-Trade principle have advocated as he has done the continuance of distilleries.* On the question—How is it best that our grain should be consumed ? Better, we shall ever contend, in a crisis like the present ; better in bread to the people, than in liquors for the good cheer of England, or the nauseous dissipations of Scotland, or even in the animal food on which Burke grounds his argument in behalf of distillation. Nay, so far do we carry our views on this matter, we should hold it greatly better that the families in the metropolis of Ireland were put on bread and water, instead of bread and milk or bread with butter on it, rather than that families in the provinces should be left without bread altogether. We make every allowance for the want of time and preparation and precise knowledge throughout the year that is past ; but it will be an indelible disgrace, if in another year the Irish shall be again left to die in thousands, that the Scotch might luxuriate in spirits, and the English in their potations of beer as usual.

* Irish Correspondence, (Commissariat Series) pp. 106, 117.

But we must now hasten to a close—yet not surely, it might well be thought, without at least breaking ground on the question—What is to be done for Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland?

And we are not ashamed to confess that at present we have no inclination to do more than break ground upon these questions. It might be a very lengthened process, and one of very many steps or stages, by which to come at last to the establishment of a good permanent economy for either of these countries; and therefore it might be presumptuous and premature to venture on an out-and-out description of the whole of it. But though unwilling, and perhaps unable, to furnish a guide-book for all the thousand miles of this way—yet if perfectly sure, though even of but the first mile, it were doubtless of importance to be told of it, more especially if at the end of this first mile, we shall be in all the better circumstances by the way opening before us as we proceed on it, for ascertaining the ulterior direction of the journey. It is good, nay indispensable, ere we go forth on an expedition for some distant landing place, that we should know what is the right point of departure, and how to make a right outset. The way to be wrong throughout is to make a wrong commencement.

First, then, we should hold it as a good outset principle that the question before us is clearly an imperial one, to be prosecuted and to a great extent carried into effect by imperial means—though to a certain extent by local means also, and this in as great a proportion as might secure the vigilance and helpful co-operation of the landowners, by the interest which they are made personally to feel in their wise and economical administration. We cannot image a worse preparative for any system of future ameliorations, than to begin either with such acts or such refusals as are fitted to strike despair into the hearts whether of our Highland or our Irish proprietary. Notwithstanding all the ungenerous, and all the flagrantly impolitic abuse that has been heaped upon them, particularly in Ireland, these are the parties on whom we must principally draw for good local agencies, without which Government will be utterly helpless for the right execution of its measures. But how can we expect that they will enter with any heart or hopefulness upon the task, if burdens are to be laid and measures to be adopted, tantamount in their belief to the confiscation of all which belongs to them? To decree such a revolution in property as this were to legalize a wholesale anarchy, and bring all into confusion. The clear wisdom of Government is to gain the confidence and good-will of those who *de facto* are lords of the soil; and this can only be done by convincing them that although it will not give way to indefinite rapacity and clamour, its honest purpose is so to devise

and to regulate as that their country shall be worth the living in, and their estates be still worth the having.

We exceedingly lament that this principle has been disregarded, or rather wholly traversed, in the late decisions of Parliament on the subject of an Irish poor-law.* We should have thought that there was enough to be done in devising for the present and pressing exigencies of this awful crisis—how best to provide relief for the destitute, and to enforce the current agriculture of the country, and so to extend it as to compensate for the loss of the potato. Amid such urgent and besetting cares, it seems to us that it was shooting too far a-head, too far into the prospective, to embark in a hasty and hap-hazard legislation, and this too in measures of a permanent character—mixing up

* The following is the testimony of a most unexceptionable and intelligent witness, to the effect of our new Scottish poor-law in the Highlands. "In regard to the bad feeling on the part of rate-payers towards the poor, the thing is so notorious, in Ross-shire, that you are welcome to give me as authority for it to any who ask. I know districts where the poor cottars formerly supported their pauper neighbours most cheerfully, and had the kindest possible feeling towards them, where a day rarely passed without a call from some pauper for food or lodging, and in many situations where the burden from these calls was very great indeed, yet borne without a single thought of complaint. In the same districts, now, when the legal assessment is in force, where it may not amount to 6d. in £1 of rent, these same individuals, who under the old system were contributing perhaps 2s. 6d. for £1 voluntarily, have come to hate the very sight of a pauper, and curse them openly and loudly. The very paupers themselves feel the change so much, that I have known some who have insisted on being put off the roll, for no other reason than the hatred shown to them by their former kind neighbours." Had it not been for this recent piece of English legislation, private charity in the Highlands would have flowed more sweetly and productively than it has done in the present distress. We may here state what our own preference would have been had there either been no poor-rate in Ireland; or had the poor-rate been held inapplicable to all cases of destitution which offered, after that the work-houses were filled. These we should have divided into two classes, the able, and the not able to work. The former we would have devolved on a legal fund made up of two-thirds from the Treasury, and one-third from the parties who whether in town or country are made liable for the poor. The fund thus raised would of course be expended on the excess of the wages above the value of the work, that value being paid for by those for whose benefit it was done. The latter class, or the unable to work, we should have devolved on the spontaneous charities of the benevolent, stimulated by an additional allowance from the Government of pound for pound. Such is a very general outline of our scheme; and we should be quite willing, that in what regards the first class, the parties who should support them and the proportions that should fall on each were regulated according to any other process of adjustment which might be deemed more advisable. But we hold it of capital importance that the legal and the voluntary should not be compounded into one sum, and expended jointly on the same objects. Upon this footing the voluntary dwindles into insignificance—whereas if provided with distinct objects of its own, and these devolved upon it wholly, it would rise with the actual necessities which it had been called upon to relieve, and prove itself equal to the task. We have no doubt that under such an arrangement the streams of benevolence flowing in upon the Voluntary Relief Committees from all parts of the empire would have adequately met the destitution in this branch of it. One incalculable benefit of such a division in the work is that it secures most important additions to the agency, and agency of the best sort too for the weak and the helpless—we mean that of ladies.

these with measures of immediate necessity. If the object was to compel an instant assessment on the land more commensurate to the existing destitution, could not this have been done by a special and temporary provision, without making a general and enduring change on the state of the Irish poor-law? Or is such a season of perplexity and pressure, when extraordinary visitations should be met by means alike extraordinary—is this the time for building up another system for the ordinary relief of the poor? Better, we do think, that emergencies like the present were met by the operation of some such expedients as did not leave one trace of themselves upon the statute-book. We are sensible of an honest anxiety on the part of rulers that the destitution should be provided for, but provided for with the lowest minimum of allowances from the Treasury. Of this we have had abundant experience in Scotland. Yet we cannot sympathize with the form of the complaint, that so little is doing for us, while so much is doing for Ireland. There is not too much; and it would comport better with the dignity of our great nation, and the amplitude of its resources, that it did a great deal more. Rather than that Ireland should fall into the hands of France, we would readily embark in a war of life or death, though at the expense as in other wars of five hundred millions—yes, and whether by dint of loans or rigorous direct taxation, we could summon into our national coffers every farthing of the money. After this, to speak of its not being a national object, that for a tithe of the sum which has now been specified, we should put Ireland into a right economic condition, or though at the expense of fifty millions spread over a few years, we should enter on that regenerative process by which to transmute our sister country into a prosperous and smiling land.

It is really not the way to govern a country, or to effect for it an extrication from its difficulties, that it shall be left to drift along, the sport and the plaything of merest accidents—for what else but accidents are those extemporaneous measures which are suggested on the spur of an occasion; and then further concocted or modified at random amid the impulses and stormy debates of a popular assembly. Better surely than these were the calm and leisurely and deliberate inquiries of a Parliamentary Commission, vested at the same time with administrative functions, and furnished both with adequate means and adequate powers for the fulfilment of the objects which are intrusted to it.* Such

* Of course when we speak of a Commission vested with the discretionary expenditure of money, we suppose the objects of this expenditure to be previously defined by Parliament, and a certain maximum sum intrusted for the wise and economical fulfilment of them. It may in the first instance be a Commission of Inquiry.

a delegated body should have a large discretion and dictatorship given to it, of defined boundaries no doubt, but still very ample notwithstanding—because with this guarantee for the safety of their proceedings, the weight and wisdom of those who had been selected to form it. They in fact should be the most choice men both of Britain and Ireland, not fixed upon because of any eminence they had won in the political arena, whether in or out of Parliament, for economics do not form the vocation of such—neither should we very confidently look for a sound economics at their hand. What we should most desiderate were men in our sister country, of such a type as Lord George Hill and Mr. Hamilton of St. Ernan, and without expressly naming any similar to these of our own country, we should greatly rejoice in a sprinkling of the Friends, those men of primitive worth and withal of careful and conscientious business habits, whose mission to Ireland is one of the noblest achievements in the annals of philanthropy. These are the very men who in all the outlays and improvements could institute a right composition between the Government and the land-owners. The expense on the whole to the State might turn out to be somewhat greater or vastly less than what we have ventured to name; but whether great or little, there is one guiding principle which they should never lose hold of—and that is, to repress the inordinate expectations both of Irish gentry and of the Irish common people, and this on the ground that no people can be effectually helped who will do little or nothing to help themselves. The *terminus ad quem*, in fact, of the whole movement should be to establish an all-sufficiency for the people in their own industry and their own good management. It should be a firm while a merciful regime that is to be exercised over them, under which none of the helpless shall be allowed to perish, and none of the able-bodied be exempted from the rule, that “if any will not work neither should he eat.” All rioting against the piece-work on which they might comfortably live, if judged to be better for them than the day’s wages on which they might idle and starve—must be vigorously put down. No Political Economy, however sound, can be of any avail, when there is either a weak Government or a worthless people. But we hope better things. We have no taste or sympathy for those tirades against the Irish which in the day of their sore visitation have so disgraced the hostile newspapers of England. Among them are many of the finest and noblest specimens of humanity; and thousands are the hearts and consciences there which will most readily accord with a Government resolved upon their good, though equally resolved not to falter on its path, nor be driven from the right and the reasonable in the accomplishment of its beneficent and well-laid plans. Never was there an

opportunity of greater likelihood for those measures which might usher in the future wellbeing of Ireland. All party and political violence is abated. All factitious grievances are forgotten in the overwhelming grievance that has been laid direct by the hand of God on this sorely stricken people. Now is the time for Britain to step forward; and, without the surrender either of authority or wisdom, to acquit herself generously, openly, freely, towards Ireland—and by her acts of princely but well-directed munificence to repair the accumulated wrongs of many generations. The chastisements of this dreary period have not been joyous but grievous; but thus might they be made to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who have been exercised thereby.

But ere that we bid adieu to the subject for the present, let us be somewhat more specific. They who have read the concluding article of our last Number will have acquired from it some idea of the manifold rectifications and adjustments that must be made, ere the confusion can be unravelled which obtains in the state of landed property throughout Ireland, and in the tenures by which it is held. We are aware of a Commission upon this subject, the report of whose labours, however, we have not yet seen. But the Commission that we would have, should have a great deal more to do than to investigate. It should be furnished with means to aid the disencumbrance of the land. For example, it might assist the minor proprietor by loan or otherwise to effect an equitable compromise with those who possess a tenant-right to very small holdings. Or it may help him to emigrate the superfluous families on his estate.* In the course of its statistical

* We are aware of an apprehension lest a Government Scheme of Emigration subject the country to expense for those who would otherwise emigrate of themselves. But who are they?—families that possess means of their own, and whose abandonment of Ireland is of no advantage to it. The distinction surely is in such instances palpable enough between those who have the means and those who have it not; and they are the latter of course only for whose emigration Government would undertake, in conjunction when possible with those landed proprietors whose estates would be relieved by it either of its squatters or its very small holders. The following is an interesting notice from Saunders' News-Letter of the 5th April. "From the Derry Castle and Burgess estate, Killaloe, 100 poor families, averaging 500 persons, gladly surrendered their small holdings to the proprietor, Francis Spaight, Esq., who this week provided 300 of them a free passage, with sea store for the voyage, on board the Jane Black from Quebec, where they are to be landed free of all charge, with the intention of settling in Canada as farm labourers. The remainder of this cottier tenantry, who grew up as mere squatters on the estate, will follow in other vessels this month, and right glad of the opportunity and conditions for which the poor people express their gratitude."

Such emigrations must facilitate the desirable ameliorations which have yet to be made on the system of leases, and we suspect also on the tenures of land. But how sadly a bad measure conflicts with a good one. The ordination of out-door relief in Ireland acts with antagonistic force on the wholesome desire of the people for emigration.

inquiries, which cannot be prosecuted too minutely or too thoroughly, other ameliorations will open on its view which with both the power and the will to do good, it might not only suggest but carry into accomplishment. In short, a complete survey, and as complete a study founded upon that survey, should be made of Ireland. Had we known as much a year ago, as we should now set ourselves to learn and might acquire in two or three months, it might have kept us from many errors, and perhaps anticipated all the starvations. In the face of such an argument as this, it were worse than strange, it were shameful, to decline the enterprise, on the score either of its expense or its difficulty. The lives of millions may depend upon it. Ignorance might be pled in extenuation; we are willing to entertain it as an excuse for the deaths of last year. Let these be repeated another year, and if from the same cause, our disgrace will be indelible. It was creditable to the science of Government when they overruled the paltry economy which would have laid an arrest on the Trigonometrical Survey. The call is vastly more imperative—the national honour, because the national humanity more loudly demands it—that Government should forthwith set themselves to know the subject with which they are dealing; and however costly or numerous the agencies for carrying forward the work piecemeal from county to county, and from parish to parish, they should from this moment institute and enter with all vigour on the Economical Survey of Ireland.*

* See an able and interesting paper by Samuel Ferguson, Esq., on the expediency of taking stock—a lesson as imperative, we should think, at the end of the coming harvest as of the last. We hold him to be perfectly sound on the stoppage of the distilleries, though we demur to his proposal for the prohibition of all exports of food. We prefer the doctrine of Mr. Hancock on the latter of these two questions, yet we cannot acquiesce in the reasoning by which he supports it—a reasoning that if sound would be equally valid against the stoppage of the distilleries—a measure that might also be conceived to bring down the prices from 70s. to 50s. a quarter, and so furnish Mr. Hancock with the very same data and guide him to the very same conclusion against the stoppage of the distilleries as against the prohibition of food exports. But to make it available for the relief of the very poorest we must do more than stop the distilleries—we must furnish them with money to purchase the now disengaged food. The mere fall of prices might be a relief to those who can afford to pay 50s. but not 70s. per quarter; but it were no relief to those who have no money at all. Say then that by public works or otherwise they get as much money in their hands as to purchase all the food which the distilleries would have consumed. Then there would have been no fall of prices. The money of these new customers would have had the same elevating effect on the corn-market which the money of the distillers had before. But if they received the same money without any stoppage of the distilleries, then the prices might have risen from 70s. to 90s., and the general community would have suffered. Let the distilleries be stopped, then the destitution might be more cheaply relieved and without the burden of a higher price on the classes above them. But let the distilleries not be stopped, then the destitution cannot be relieved without a rise in prices and so a burden on the higher classes. The Government money which went into the pockets of farmers' sons who ought not to have been on the works, and which went to the Savings' banks—this had no effect in raising prices. Had that money

Meanwhile we cannot imagine a more egregious impolicy than to have conjured up a new Poor-law for the occasion; or, in order to meet the exigencies of a passing and rare disaster, instead of a temporary make-shift, to have devised a thing of permanent institution, and ordained it to be of perpetual force and operation in all time coming. It was right to set up in every locality of Ireland a gateway of relief for the people from the destitution of this most extraordinary year. But it was not right, it is most grievously and we fear irreparably wrong, to tell the people that this is the very gateway by which they are to seek and to find relief in every future year which lies before them. It is not possible to conceive a likelier expedient for the wholesale initiation of a people into the worst of habits, or for plunging the country *instantly*, and from one end to the other of it, into a universal and inveterate pauperism. Verily, England has not yet gotten her own legislation for the poor into such a state of settlement and perfection as at all entitles her to palm it upon us; or to distemper, as she has done, the social systems both of Scotland and Ireland, by the contagion of her own inveterate malady. The method of relief for the present should have been made as peculiar as the emergency itself is peculiar—mainly we hold at the expense of Government, as say in the proportion of two to one; but partly at the expense of the land-owners, and which if they are not able to pay at the time, should be charged in the form of a mortgage upon their estates. Meanwhile all changes and improvements on the ordinary poor-law should have been kept in abeyance—so that every injurious effect would disappear, after that the special visitation had passed away, and the temporary as well as special apparatus raised to provide for it had been taken down and removed from the eyes of the people.

all gone where it was intended, to feed the really destitute and keep them from perishing of hunger, the prices would have risen more than they did, and we should have rejoiced in a rise proceeding from such a cause. Had the distilleries been stopped, and money to purchase the grain now consumed by them been transferred for the relief of hunger, prices would have been unchanged; and the simple unembarrassed question is this—Whether it be better that grain should have been consumed in distilleries, or consumed in the houses and by the families of the destitute? By the way, it must be gratifying to Mr. Trevelyan, who at an early part of the Correspondence reasoned so ably on the benefits of a high price, to observe the practical triumph of his argument in the magnificent importations since of food from America—to a tenfold greater extent than ever Government could have achieved. It remains, however, to be seen whether even these importations will make good an adequate supply for us.

It might perhaps reconcile Mr. Ferguson to a free trade in corn, were he to examine the Liverpool Tables issued from the Corn Exchange there. In one week last month taken at random there were exported from Ireland to Liverpool 381 quarters of wheat; but to balance this, there were exported from Liverpool to Ireland in the same week 4869 quarters.

Nevertheless our proposed Commission should, among their other labours, be tasked with the duty of fully preparing themselves on the question of a Poor-law. And most assuredly if either Ireland or Scotland is to be bettered by their inquiries and lucubrations on such a topic, England will receive a benefit from them also—as little independent as either of these countries of the further lights which experience or principle might cast upon the subject. This is a topic on which we would reserve ourselves for the ample opportunities that will occur for the discussion of it in future Numbers of this work. We would rather append any view or opinion of ours to the Report of a Commission than to the debates of a senate-house; and were men only content to wait the slow processes of diligent investigation, and of earnest patient thought, it would save us from a world of crude legislation in Parliament, as well as of crude and hasty speculation out of doors.

But one word more of this Commission—the only effectual sort of machinery, we do think, if but well put together and well worked, for effecting an extrication from our present difficulties—by leading to the establishment of a right economic state both in Ireland and our own Highlands. We in the first place would have it invested with an ample sufficiency of means, whether present or prospective, and in the conscious possession of these—so as not to shrink, as do all our Government offices at present, from every proposal which involves in it the least expenditure of money; but, with the feeling that its vocation is to work out reforms on a large scale, not to be startled by the magnitude of any scheme, or with sensitive alarm to throw it overboard, and without investigation, if at all likely to yield the money's worth for the money bestowed on it. But in the second place, we would have it armed with sufficient resolution and sufficient strength to put down the clamour and the cupidity, and it may be the occasional violence, excited by the imagination of its unbounded resources, and of the facility with which it might give way to every application. We hope that it would soon show itself to have no such facility; and that while conscious of the greatness of its means, it was alike conscious of the great things which it had to do with them. In the third place, we would have it ever to acquit itself as the resolute protector of the most helpless, both against the upper classes on the one hand, and against those of the lower classes who are not so helpless as they,—and this that not a human creature shall perish from want, an object on which the hearts of our rulers have been set from the first, but in which they have been thwarted by difficulties that we trust they will now know how to overcome. And lastly, as the reward of its perseverance in a right and reasonable way, we should calculate that the public respect and the public confidence

would at length go along with them, till they arrived at their landing place, the great *terminus ad quem* of their appointment—to relieve the countries on which they operate from the pressure that now lies upon them, and to effect such adjustments between the various orders of society, and more especially between landlords and tenants, as that, raised from the state of beggary and dependence, they might in all time coming be a well-conditioned and self-sustaining people.

There is one question on which grieved and outraged humanity seeks to be appeased, and demands satisfaction. Why is it that, on the one hand, there should be such numerous deaths by starvation, while, on the other, there is such abundance of means, and along with it the most earnest and longing desire that this fearful calamity should be mitigated to the uttermost? Several reasons might be adduced for this most perplexing and piteous phenomenon; but we shall only state two. First, the dispensers of benevolence from without, including Government among the number, are most naturally and justifiably afraid lest the benevolence from within should be at all slackened or superseded, or that in virtue of their interference the operation of home duties and home charities should at all be suspended,—while, on the other hand, there is a mighty, and we should even call it a natural it may be a pardonable disposition among the people themselves, to overrate the magnitude of what is doing, or to be done for them from abroad. Between this fear on the one hand, and this delusion on the other, thousands of lives have been sacrificed; and yet we are not prepared to say, but that if the fear had not operated so as to make Government wary in their proceedings, there might not have been ten deaths by hunger, for every one that is now recorded. Let us just imagine that they had made gratuitous distribution of their stores at Schull and Skibereen; and we have only to conceive the paralyzing effect which the report of this generosity would have had, not on the home charity alone, but on the home and inland trade* of Ireland,—after it had gone abroad that Government, with its inexhaustible treasury and its magnificent depôts, would overtake all and provide for all. There is no Government on earth that possesses the wealth and the power, and above all, the *ubiquity*, which might enable it to countervail the mischief of so ruinous a dependence, if it once pervaded, and among all ranks too, the entire mass of a country's population. But there is a single sentence in the last Report of the Friends, these noble-heart-

* In the Longford Journal of January the 16th, we read that in the neighbourhood of Castle-town "the report of a Government depot to be established, kept back the commercial people, and the whole district is now without food."

ed men of undoubted Christian worth, but of wisdom along with it, which throws a flood of light upon this question. No one will suspect them who went forth months ago on their pilgrimage of charity, and traversed the whole extent of Ireland—none will suspect them of hard-heartedness, or of callous indifference to the sufferings of their fellow-men; and yet let us hear their explanation of the fact, that of the forty thousand pounds which they had raised, augmented if we understand them aright, by twelve thousand more, the sum of twenty-four thousand pounds had been all that was expended—and this while hundreds were dying. “We cannot close this brief Report without expressing the satisfaction that we have in contemplating the proceedings of the Dublin Committee. We believe that if they had hastily distributed the money which had been committed to their charge, it would have been incalculably less useful. Some of those who have contributed money for a time have felt uneasy because their liberality has been husbanded, whilst hundreds of their fellow-creatures were dropping into the grave, but we believe that the larger the acquaintance they have with Ireland, her wants, and her national character, the more reason they will have to rejoice in the intervention of a committee, who, while they have known how to give, have known also how, by withholding for a time, to open the legitimate springs of assistance, which otherwise might have remained sealed, to the necessities of a famishing people.” Had all the springs of assistance flowed as they ought, and if the opening of one had not had the effect, as if by some sort of moral machinery, of shutting another, the whole even of this stupendous calamity might have been fully overtaken.

The second reason, which we shall only state, without commenting on it, is the want of sufficient local agencies in Ireland—the effect of which is that though adequate funds were raised, they might prove unavailable for the adequate supply and distribution of food, and this over whole breadths of country where, each family living on their own half acre of potatoes, all marketing for victuals was in a great measure unknown. This alone accounts for a great number of the starvations. It is well brought out in an extract given below from a letter of the Rev. F. F. Trench of Clough-Jordan after a visit to the parish of Schull.*

* The date of the letter is March 22, 1847. The following is but a small portion of it:—“Take for example the one parish of Schull, (and there are many like it.) Here there are scarcely any gentry, and none rich. What can one physician do amongst 18,000 people in such a state (and oats for his horse dear) ! What can the ordinary number of local clergy do in such an extensive district ! They cannot visit one-tenth part of the sick, even if they had horses, and oats to feed them, which some of them have not. Can Dr. Traill be expected to carry meal to the people in the mountains across the pommel of his saddle, as he has done ! Can Mr. McCabe, the curate, be expected to push in the door and look for a vessel, and wash

We confess it to be in this last reason especially that we read the prognostication and the omen of future, and perhaps heavier disasters, than ever yet have fallen upon poor unhappy Ireland ! It is easy for Parliament to ordain Relief Committees throughout all its localities ; but do there exist everywhere materials for their formation, and still more for the vigorous and effectual working of them ? Is not there room to apprehend a failure here ; and that from this cause alone, unless we become callous—itsself the most grievous moral calamity which can befall a nation—we might still continue between this and the coming harvest to be agonized as heretofore by these hideous starvations ? It is true that no single Government is responsible for such a want of local agencies, proceeding as it does from a state of society which is the result of the misgovernment of many centuries ! But has nothing been done even in our present session of Parliament to aggravate the evil ? Whether have they taken the right method to invite or to repel the willing co-operation of the most important class, and the best able by their position and influence to lend the readiest and the greatest service in this trying emergency—the landed proprietors of Ireland ? Was it the likeliest way for engaging them heart and hand in the work, thus to assimilate as has been done, the methods of temporary relief with the ordinary and permanent methods for the relief of the poor in all time coming—and this contemporaneously with the passing of a measure by which to accelerate ten-fold the growth and increase of an all-absorbing pauperism ? It is not only compelling them to vote away their own money, but to dispose of it so that it shall become the germ of a growing and gathering mischief—a deadly upas, which in a few years will be sure to spread its poison and shed its malignant influences over the whole land. But it is thus that England is ever for imposing on the dependent territories around her, her own wretched poor-law—as if this were the grand panacea for all our moral and social disorders, instead of being what it truly is, a distemp'ring and disturbing influence wherewith to complicate and derange whatever it comes in contact with. It will indeed form a most instructive result, if in France without a

the vessel previous to putting a drink into it for the sick, who were unable to rise, as he has done ! But let there be provided a sufficient staff of fit men to prescribe for the sick, and to place cooked food within the reach of the poor, and I feel confident that the supply of money that the public have proved themselves ready to give would pay for all, and so prevent absolute starvation, and restore health in many instances."

In a subsequent letter of Mr. Trench it appears that his appeal was quite effectual as far as the money was concerned ; but the staff of fit men still remained a desideratum. Conceive some hundreds of such localities in Ireland ; and we need not wonder if in a country so circumstanced, there should have occurred so many starvations.

poor-law, and the disadvantage of higher prices than our own, she come forth of her famine unscathed and without a death—while the enormous destruction of two millions of human beings, now coolly reckoned on as the likelihood in Ireland, shall be held forth to a wondering world, as England's trophy to the wisdom and the efficacy of her boasted legislation.

But with all the blunders of England's legislation, the heart of England is in its right place—bent with full desirousness on Ireland's large and lasting good. We do hope that ere the close of the Parliamentary Session she will make a clear demonstration of her purposes, by the appointment of a Commission that shall at once represent the largeness of her wishes and the largeness of her means—a Commission that will not let down its labours, till it has left and established in both countries, an unfettered proprietary, a secure and lease-holding tenantry; and, best of all, a population in circumstances, should they have the will, to earn a stable sufficiency for themselves by their own prosperous and well-paid industry. In the prospect of blessings such as these, Ireland would forthwith address itself with alacrity and hope to its present duties; and vigorously work even the existing Relief machinery, with all its defects, rather than that the country should sink, and its people die as heretofore in thousands under the burden of their present distress. With the guidance and guardianship of the Holy Providence above, a harvest of good will ensue from this great temporary evil; and Ireland, let us trust and pray, will emerge from her sore trial, on a bright and peaceful career to future generations.

Such are a few of the general views, we fear somewhat confusedly put together, which have been suggested by these interesting volumes of Correspondence between the officials of Government on the subject of the Scottish and Irish famines. The several hundreds of passages to which we had affixed our notanda as the topics of remark and reflection, must all be laid aside for the present, though rich in materials ample enough for two other Articles on "the Highlands in detail," and "Ireland in detail." Whether these shall ever be forthcoming or not, the subjects certainly will suffer no decline in point of urgency and importance for many months or perhaps years; and on the vista of Irish questions there opens upon our view an argument of as much higher importance than any that we have now touched upon, as the moral is higher than the economical or the physical,—what is best to be done for the *education* of a people, using this term in the most comprehensive sense of it, as education both for the present and the future world.

In our dislike to the work of condemnation, we have indicated

rather than pronounced our views in regard to the parties on whom the responsibility lies for these starvations in Ireland. It clearly does not lie upon the Government—but partly on difficulties in the state of the country itself, and partly, we grieve to add, on delinquencies of mischievous and extensive operation, on the part both of proprietors and people. We will never give in to any wholesale calumny on either of these classes; but how can we otherwise account for so great a failure of byegone measures of relief, than by a flagrant misconduct somewhere, when we read the following sentences from a Report of the Relief Commissioners just come to hand:—"We feel that as long as the number of the destitute continue to increase as they have done, at the rate of about 20,000 persons per week, and as long as every person sent to the work must be employed, and, no matter how idle, cannot be dismissed, except on account of insubordination or outrage, the overseers, the greater number of whom have been necessarily taken from the surrounding country, are unable, perhaps sometimes unwilling, to enforce regularity or system in works executed by a mass of unskilful, and frequently weak and even dying creatures."

It further appears from Reports and other documents, that all the instructions "which have been from time to time issued, either to reduce the number of persons upon the works, or not to employ persons rated at £6 and upwards, and every other regulation of similar import, have been found utterly inefficacious to check the inordinate increase of persons upon the Relief Works, and that a large proportion of the Relief Committees have recommended for employment upon those works, in considerable numbers, persons having no claim whatever to relief, and have latterly abandoned all attempt to investigate the claims of the applicants."

Well then are the Lords of the Treasury warranted in their conclusion, "that all effectual control over the increase in the number of persons employed, and over the manner in which the work is executed by them, has, for the present, been lost."

In these circumstances, we would implore the landed proprietors of Ireland to bestir themselves; and see to it, that there shall be a righteous and well-principled administration of the new methods of relief. Without a patriotic co-operation on their part, and on the part of Ireland generally, all effectual good, whether in the shape of relief or amelioration, will be wholly impracticable.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Memoir of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A., Translator of Dante. By his son the Rev. HENRY CARY, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford. In two volumes. London, 1847.

THE subject of this memoir, having graduated at Oxford, was presented to the vicarage of Abbots Bromley in Staffordshire in the year 1796. The first part of his translation of Dante was published in the year 1805—the fruit of the well-regulated labour of nearly the whole intervening period. Though it holds now so high a place in our literature, its first reception by the public was a cold and unflattering one. The sale scarcely extended beyond the circle of the author's personal friends. Nothing daunted, Mr. Cary prosecuted his task with unre-laxed diligence. On its completion in 1813, he offered the second part of his translation to the booksellers; but such had been the untoward fate of its predecessor, that none of them would incur the risk of its publication. At a time when he was ill able to do so, its author had to carry it through the press at his own cost. The second reception was as unpropitious as the first. The toil of nearly twenty years appeared to have been fruitlessly thrown away. To the pain of this disappointment that of severe family affliction was now added. Under this latter burden, which few men were ever less able to bear—mind and body both gave way. Relaxation from his ordinary employments, with change of scene and of society, became indispensable; and in the spring of 1818 he went to reside for a season in the retired village of Littlehampton, near Worthing. All hope as to his unfortunate volumes was now wellnigh gone—all thought about them swallowed up by the heavy calamity through which he had passed, and under which he still was suffering. He was engaged at this time in reading the classics with his son—the writer of the memoir now before us, who was then in his thirteenth year—and it was their custom, when the toils of their morning exercises were over, to walk out together on the sands, Henry carrying with him his copy of Homer, out of which he had to read aloud to his father as they walked. A stranger had frequently met and passed them on the sands while thus engaged. Mr. Cary, though personally unacquainted with him, recognised and pointed him out to his son as one of the greatest geniuses of the age. One day, however—instead of passing them as was his wont—the stranger placed himself directly in Mr. Cary's path, and accosting him when they met, said—"Sir, yours is a face that I *should* know—I am Samuel Taylor Coleridge." It was the first step towards a friendship destined to bear very precious fruits—so far at least as one of the parties was concerned. Coleridge was not slow in discovering the extensive learning and fine critical powers of his new friend, and they did not separate during the remainder of that day which had witnessed their first

introduction to each other. In the course of that evening's conversation Dante's "divine" poem was spoken of. Thirteen years had now elapsed since the publication of the first part of Mr. Cary's translation, and five years since the issue of the second part—but Mr. Coleridge had never heard of it till now. He took a copy of it home with him that night, and when he met its author the following day upon the sands whole pages of it came pouring from his lips. He was resolved, he said, to tell the public of its worth; and it was not long till he carried that resolution into effect. In the course of a series of lectures delivered during the same year in London—he made public announcement of the great merit of the neglected work. The effect was instantaneous. The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews re-echoed the applause which such an authority had pronounced, a thousand copies of the translation were almost immediately disposed of, and in less than three months a second edition was imperiously demanded by that public which had shown itself for so many years insensible to its worth.

Mr. Cary's literary reputation was thus made. His services were eagerly sought after by the conductors of the periodical press, and were secured by the publishers of the 'London Magazine,' with which he became connected as one of its regular contributors. This connexion introduced him to Hazlitt, De Quincey, Allan Cunningham, Carlyle, Hood, Clare, Procter, Darley, and 'Charles Lamb.' With the two last named his acquaintance ripened into a cordial friendship which endured through life, and of which many affecting memorials still remain. Mr. Cary, indeed, seems never to have lost a friend whom once he had fairly gained. The reader of his life may notice it—that they are the very same persons—the companions of his college days, to whom his earliest letters were written—to whom after the lapse of half a century his last published letters were addressed. That Coleridge retained his earlier regard for him unabated is sufficiently indicated by the letters given in the memoir—written during the years 1827–32. We cannot refrain from extracting one of these—as possessing the double interest of showing us, not only what he thought of Mr. Cary, but how he felt as to the defect which has often been alleged to exist in his own writings.

" November, 1830.

"My dear—and in the very centre of my being—respected Friend, Though I am so unwell as not without plausible grounds to suspect that your remarks may come too late for me to make any practical use of them; yet should it please God to grant me a respite, such a sufficiency of bodily negation as (His grace assisting) would enable me to redeem the residue of my time, it would be so great a help to my chance of being useful, to receive from a man like you some *data* on which I might commence a sincere attempt to ascertain the causes of the obscurity felt generally in my prose writings, whether in the way of expressing my thoughts, or in the injudicious selection of the thoughts themselves,—that I must press on you your kind promise to run your eye once more through my work on the Constitution. All I ask is, merely that you would mention the pages in the second edition which you did not fully comprehend; for I am quite certain that

on such a subject what you found a difficulty in understanding ought not, without an adequate preparative, to have been in the book at all. One cause of this defect I suppose to be the contrast between the continuous and systematic character of my principles and the occasional and fragmentary way in which they have hitherto been brought before the public. Yet when I look at my *second* Lay-Sermon, of which Mr. Green was saying yesterday, that any reader who had not looked at the date on the title-page would have taken for granted that it had been written within the last fortnight, and in which I cannot believe it possible that any educated man would complain of any want of common-sense thoughts in plain mother-English—I cannot sincerely and conscientiously attribute the *whole* of my failure to attract the attention of my fellow-men to faults or defects of my own. You will believe me when I say, that to win their attention for their own most momentous interests is the wish that so entirely predominates over any literary ambition as to render the existence of the latter *latent* in my own consciousness.

“My kindest love and regards to Mrs. Cary, and with every prayer of the heart for you and yours,

“I remain—yours truly,

“S. T. COLERIDGE.”

Mr. Cary had published a translation of the “Birds” of Aristophanes, and was engaged with his favourite Pindar, when in 1826 he was appointed to the assistant-librarianship in the British Museum. His public duties at that Institution left him little time for regular and continuous study. His miscellaneous notices of the early French and early Italian poets, furnished to the London Magazine, make us regret that he had not leisure to draw up, as he had designed, fuller histories of those periods, with the remains of whose literature he had made himself so familiar. After his retirement from the British Museum in 1837, he was unfortunately obliged to consult more the desires of the publishers than to follow out his own literary projects, and when at last the grant of a pension from Lord Melbourne in 1841 brought with it the opportunity, the power to avail himself of it was sinking fast away. He died in August 1844, and his remains now lie beside those of Samuel Johnson in Westminster Abbey.

The writer of the memoir now before us had a difficult duty to discharge, and he has done it with mingled delicacy and truthfulness. He has given us large extracts from Mr. Cary’s literary journal. Such dry records of daily readings will be tedious to not a few; but there are many who will take pleasure in them, and gather therefrom a higher idea than they otherwise could have got of Mr. Cary’s scholarship. And there are still a larger number who will look with a sympathizing eye upon that quiet picture of domestic and social life which the pages of this memoir present. That picture had many a dark shade thrown over it, and nothing draws us more in kindly feeling towards him over whom these shadows passed—than to see how peculiarly poignant and intense his grief was whilst under them,—for, gentle and placid above the common measure as was the ordinary current of

his affections, yet the stream ran very deep, and when checked or resisted, its back-flow was too strong for him to withstand. The heart warms towards the possessor of such a loving nature, and our only regret is, that under the severe lacerations to which his sensitive and most amiable spirit was exposed, the supports and consolations of the Gospel of Jesus Christ were not habitually leant on and enjoyed.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor. His Predecessors, Contemporaries, and Successors. A Biography. By the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, Incumbent of Bear Wood, Berks, Author of the *Lives of the English Sacred Poets*. London, 1847.

At the beginning of this century an autobiography and a collection of autograph letters by Jeremy Taylor were in the hands of a Mr. Jones, the Bishop's lineal descendant in the fifth degree. Mr. Jones died in 1818, and every attempt made since that time to recover these papers has failed. Bishop Heber, whilst engaged upon his life of Taylor, did his utmost to trace them, and carried his inquiry after them so far as to be convinced—though he does not tell us upon what grounds—that they perished in the fire by which the London Custom House was consumed. It has thus happened that, though living through the most eventful period of English history, and himself partaking largely of the vicissitudes which waited upon all the leading men of its two great parties, what little is now known of the outward incidents of Taylor's life may be told in a few sentences. He was born at Cambridge in the year 1613; in his fourth year became a pupil in an endowed school connected with Caius College; entered that College as a sizar in 1626, and had graduated and was one of its Fellows in the year 1634. A childhood and youth spent so unbrokenly within the shades of the Academy must have tinged all his tastes—may have helped even to mould his principles. Whilst yet only in his twenty-first year a college friend requested him to preach in his stead at St. Paul's, London, of which conspicuous pulpit, as well as of the many great men who at different periods occupied it, Mr. Willmott has given us some most curious and graphic delineations. His youth, his appearance, his manner, his wonderful eloquence, made the liveliest impression on his audience. The rumour about the young preacher reached Lambeth, and Laud summoned him to officiate in his presence. The patronage of the archbishop was immediately exerted in his favour—first in the way of his removal to Laud's own university of Oxford, and afterwards by his presentation to the living of Uppingham in Rutlandshire. The five years spent peaceably in the Rectory there were the only ones of outward quiet given to him in his public life. Even these were beclouded with domestic sorrow; for when driven from his parish under the Parliamentary Resolution of 1642, wife and child were left buried in its churchyard. He then joined the

royal army, and was appointed one of the private chaplains of the King. It is impossible to trace his steps through the course of the civil war. He was following the army of Charles, it is most likely, at the same time that Baxter was following that of the Parliament. A kindred feeling of dislike drove both of them from scenes so uncongenial with the deep and ardent piety which burned in either breast. Heber indeed supposes that another feeling may have also had its share in withdrawing Taylor from the army. It could not have been long after his withdrawal that he married a lady—a natural daughter of King Charles—possessor of a small property in Wales, to the neighbourhood of which he retired. The estate must have been very small—or it may not at the time have been available. He was reduced, at least, to the necessity of opening a common school in the village of Llanvihangel Aberbythic. It was here that, in conjunction with his two associates in the work of teaching, he published, in 1647, “*A new and easy Institution of Grammar.*” The same year produced his “*Liberty of Propheying,*” one of the earliest treatises in our language in which the great doctrines of religious toleration were broached and defended. Many replies to it were published. The ablest of its opponents was Samuel Rutherford, at that time professor at St. Andrews.

His residence in Wales introduced Taylor to Lord Carbery. Let us allow Mr. Willmott to tell us of the result:—

“God, was the beautiful and characteristic saying of Taylor, places a watery cloud in the eye, that when the light of heaven shines on it, it may produce a rainbow to be a sacrament and memorial that God and the sons of men do not love to see a man perish. His own history was a prolonged illustration of the image. In all the sorrows and weariness of his dark journey, he was cheered by friends who seemed to be raised up to bless the persecuted pilgrim of the Cross. He had the courage as well as the patience of a hero. ‘When the north wind blows, and it rains sadly, none but fools sit down in it and cry; wise people defend themselves against it with a warm garment, a good fire, and a dry roof.’ Through every storm, difficulty, and oppression he worked his way, climbing among the hills till a path opened before him, or some glimmering window guided him into hospitality and a shelter. Such a light streamed over his footsteps from the cheerful friendliness of Golden Grove, the seat of Lord Carbery, and situated in the same village in which his necessities had reduced his aspiring intellect to the drudgery of tuition. . . . It was at Golden Grove, that the genius of Taylor expanded into its full beauty and flower; under that fostering shade, he composed his *Holy Living and Dying*, a divine pastoral, in which the solemnities of piety and wisdom, like the painter’s tomb in Arcadia, breathe a tenderer seriousness over all the scenery of fancy, of eloquence, and of learning. All images of rural delight; the rose and the lily; the lark at heaven’s gate; the various accidents of sun and shade; the shadows of trees, the gilding of clouds, the murmuring of waters, whatever charms the eye or comforts the heart, or enchants the ear, is collected in these pictures of the religious character. In this work our love and memory of Taylor are bound up. . . . His ‘*Great Exemplar,*’ belonging to the same period of his intellec-

tual life, bears similar marks of the fruitful soil from which it sprung. Weary, to adopt his own image, with rowing up and down the seas of questions, he steered his course into the serener waters and stiller air of holier and more delightful studies. He turns aside from controversy, to that part of theology which is wholly practical; that which makes us wiser because it makes us better. In the *Great Exemplar*, as in all his works, he seeks to attract and please his readers. Earnest to advance by all means the necessity, and to explain the duties of a holy life, he endeavours to allure some by mingling what is profitable with what is agreeable; and 'others by such parts as will better entertain their spirits than a romance.' In the hope and desire of being useful, he abstained from embossing the argument with his usual profusion of figures and tracery. Perhaps his pencil never manifested so sweet and retiring a chastity of colour, as in this delineation of the Christian life. Rubens for a season is lost in Raffaele."

There was another mansion besides that of Golden Grove, to the friendship of whose proprietor Taylor was at this period of his life largely indebted. Upon the 12th of April 1656, we read of his dining with Evelyn, at Says Court, his seat near London, in company with Berkeley, Boyle and Wilkins. Nor was it the hospitality of his home alone that Evelyn extended to him. He charged himself with remitting to Taylor an annual allowance, which was continued even when the donor had difficulty in giving it. That Taylor, after being made aware of this, should yet have continued to receive it, only proves to us to what extreme necessities he must have been reduced. As one of the great charms of Mr. Willmott's volume lies in the brief sketches of the more eminent persons alluded to in the course of his narrative, we are tempted to extract here his parting notice of Evelyn:—

"Of a man who spent eighty-six years in a course of research, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence, it is not possible to speak without regard. His name quickened the fastidious languor of Walpole. He lived in times that heightened the expression of the intellectual features, and his figure occupies a place in the most picturesque and eventful scenes of our history. We behold him among the fiery Cavaliers of Charles, and the dark Puritans of Cromwell; in the brilliant festival of the Restoration; in the gloom of returning Romanism under James; and in the bloodless Revolution of William. The life of Evelyn is an episode in the annals of five reigns. Known by men of all parties, and beloved by whomsoever he was known, he exerted the authority of his character to protect the oppressed, and prevailed upon the friend of a regicide to assist the chaplain of a martyr. Few eyes have beheld more mournful or brighter visions of persecution and bravery. He witnessed the ruin of the Church and the plunder of the priesthood; and as in his manhood he saw Taylor driven from his parsonage into a village, and Laud from his palace to a block, so in his age he watched the departure of Ken from his cathedral, and Sancroft, grey with years and sanctity, retiring from Lambeth to a cottage garden at Fresingfield. . . . Evelyn owes the prominence of his literary position not so much to his tastes and attainments as to his virtues and his friends. The benefactor of Taylor, the correspondent of Cowley, and the companion of Boyle, he inspired the muses of eloquence, poetry and science. Without genius, or the dazzling

reflection of it, which may be called the highest talent, he ranks among the most distinguished persons of the seventeenth century. He turned his face to the light of knowledge in every direction, and examined with equal interest the travels of Chardin, the instruments of Flamstead and the drawings of Wren. His classical scholarship was small, but he could read Plutarch and enjoy Virgil; with the French, Italian, and Spanish languages he was sufficiently familiar. His love of art was lively, and his perception of its beauties not languid; whether gazing on the mild solemnity of Raffaele, the lustrous truth of Titian, or the crowded magnificence of Tintoretto. What he did for the embellishment of our homes, who can walk in the melancholy gardens of old houses without remembering? But the pre-eminent charm of his character, that which has recommended it to every gentle and reflective heart, is its natural and earnest piety; sincere and affectionate as it is compassionate and tolerant; not rejecting any decoration of literature, vapour though it be, which the ray of religious thought might warm and colour, nor regarding the refinements of taste and the curiosity of intellect as unfavourable to the reverential preservation or the invigorating action of that holy faith which conducted him through the trials of life into his mansion of glory."

In 1658, Taylor accepted a lectureship at Lisburn, near Belfast, an office obscure and unremunerating. In this remote but leisure-giving retreat he completed that treatise which it had cost him so many years of painful labour to perfect, and upon which he himself mainly rested his hopes of being remembered and honoured by posterity. The *Ductor Dubitantium* was published in 1660.

"The author," says Mr. Willmott, "did not live long enough to behold his great work receding into that twilight which has long hidden it from the common eye. Through all the trials of his various life it had risen before him, the guiding star of his thoughts and the continual theme of his prayers. In the solitude of a Welsh valley, in the tumult of civil warfare, among the endearments of friends, its growing outline was still present. Poor, persecuted, and sick, we see him stooping over the page. In the painfullest path of his journey, that high argument in all its beauty of completion drew on his footsteps. So transparent and bewildering is the atmosphere of hope, in which genius contemplates the objects of its creation or discovery."

At the Restoration, Taylor was nominated to the see of Down and Connor; and after a troubled episcopate of seven years, in which difficulties surrounded him, which, with more of honour to himself and benefit to his Church, he might somewhat differently have dealt with, he died at Lisburn, on the 13th August, 1667, in the fifty-fifth year of his life.

Mr. Willmott's biography must be unsatisfactory to the mere theologian. He never inquires what peculiar scheme of Christian doctrine was adopted by Jeremy Taylor; and he meets those complaints which Coleridge and others have preferred, of the Bishop's references to the redemption which is through Jesus Christ being few and unsatisfactory, by quoting passages from Taylor's works, which, so far as the doctrine contained in them is concerned, Dr. Channing might have

penned. The truth is, that beyond his clear and ample recognition of our Lord's divinity, and abundant though always general references to the atonement, Taylor's theology was pre-eminently obscure. As a descriptive and a devotional writer, we give ourselves up most willingly to his guidance. And he leads us into a truly magnificent edifice, like to the stately sanctuaries in which he himself so loved to worship. We walk through its pillared aisles and fretted vaults, our eye wanders with delight over the gorgeous tracery of dome and window, our spirit owns the deep effect of that light, caught indeed from the living sun, yet coming in upon us strangely and fitfully—sombre shadows, covered over at times with warm flushes of unnatural beauty—our ear is ravished with strains, swelling now into volumes of high-sounding praise, sinking oftener into low and plaintive melodies. But the circuit of the lofty building made—our wonder and admiration so far allayed, as to give us time for such a scrutiny, we search after the doctrinal foundation on which the glorious fabric rests—we search, but it is not to be found.

There is still another topic on which Mr. Willmott leaves us unsatisfied. Even in his own days Taylor was suspected of Romanist tendencies. His biographer resents these suspicions as most unjust; and having referred to Taylor's controversial writings against Popery, and having quoted some emphatic contradictions of the charge, made by the bishop himself in his own lifetime, he would have his readers to wonder at it that ever such aspersions could have been thrown out or got any credit. Recent events, however, occurring in that very Church with which Mr. Willmott is himself connected, have taught us to exercise here a wiser, and yet still withal a charitable, discrimination. Of the entire falsehood of the charge, that at any period of his life Taylor ever meditated joining the Church of Rome, we are very thoroughly convinced. His own testimony were enough to satisfy us. That he was a sincere and strenuous opponent of Popery as to many of its tenets, and these neither unimportant nor undistinctive, his controversial writings testify. His attachment to the Anglican Church as diverse from, and in some respects opposed to, that of Rome, was genuine and strong. Nevertheless, it may be permitted us to believe what we think could satisfactorily be established, that Taylor's Protestantism was neither thorough nor sound—and that if not so far gone towards Rome as Laud, yet he was clearly off that path which Latimer and Cranmer, which Luther and Zuinglius, had trodden. The main doctrinal hinge of the great controversy he very imperfectly, if at all, discerned. The sinner's instant, full, gratuitous justification through faith alone in the righteousness of the Redeemer, had he but clearly perceived, and heartily embraced it, it not only would have set him right in his attitude towards Rome, it would have changed that threne of infinite sadness, that dreary penitential cadence which runs through so many of his writings, into a freer, healthier, happier strain. Not that we stand in any doubt whatever of his altogether singular piety. It is the charm above all others which draws us to him, and wins for him our veneration and our love. Mr. Willmott does not go too far

when he says,—“ His sojourn among men was a journey to angels ; Heaven was round him not only when he entered the world but when he left it. Always, and everywhere, as student, priest, and bishop, persecuted or triumphant, joyful or weary, he beheld lights and faces which dwelt not in the common day, but shone down upon the traveller, who in the wilderness feels that he is in God's work and in God's house. So he went forward,—‘ By that vision splendid—on darkest way attended.’ ”

True from the beginning to the end, do we believe Taylor to have been to that divine attraction which drew him to the Cross ; and yet there were disturbing forces, which though they never had the power to drive him wholly out of it, yet made him “ tremble intensely ” along the orbit of a true faith.

But it would be unjust to Mr. Willmott to blame him for not entering more largely upon such topics as those above referred to. He has shielded himself from such a charge. “ The author hopes,” he says in his Preface, “ that the pictorial intention of his book will not be forgotten. All elaborate analysis of treatises or doctrines lay beyond the design, which only attempts to give the spirit of Taylor's genius.” In the execution of this design the skill of a highly accomplished artist is displayed. The descriptive and the critical—the one often vividly pictorial, the other often acute and original—are the warp and the woof out of which this volume is composed, and by their skilful interweaving a series of most graceful figures pass before the eye. Mr. Willmott, if not himself a painter, has made himself familiar with the works of the most eminent masters of that art. And he has learned something even in his own department of labour from that familiarity. “ My object,” he tells us,—and that object has been most successfully realized, “ was to present a picture, historical and domestic, in which the strongest lights should fall on one figure—Bishop Taylor ; some of his most illustrious forerunners, contemporaries, and successors, being grouped around him—representatives of that majestic company of devout and learned men

with beaming eye,
That, lifted, speaks its commerce with the sky,
who adorned our Church and literature during two hundred years.”

The Religions of the World, and their Relations to Christianity, considered in Eight Lectures. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. London, 1847.

By a codicil to his will, dated in the year 1691, the Hon. Robert Boyle directed “ that eight sermons should be preached each year in London, for proving the Christian Religion against notorious infidels,

to wit, Atheists, Theists, Pagans, Jews and Mahometans; not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves." The eight lectures which, in obedience to this direction, were delivered in the course of the year 1846, are presented to us in this volume. In discharging the office of Christian advocate, Mr. Maurice has wisely and successfully attempted to adjust his advocacy to the peculiar position in which Christianity has been recently placed. Till lately, at least all through the eighteenth century, the chief peril to our faith lay in the assaults of scepticism. All the great religions of the world with which Christianity was attempted to be confounded, were held up as so many gigantic systems of falsehood invented by designing men, and imposed by them, for priestly or political purposes, upon the weak credulity of their fellows. Faith in any of these religions was taken as a token of intellectual inferiority. Emancipation from their thralldom—a thralldom looked upon as one of the heaviest and most degrading burdens which oppressed humanity had to bear—was contemplated and striven after, as what would bring the highest and happiest benefits in its train. To shield Christianity effectually from the general and indiscriminate onslaught of the infidel philosophy, it behoved her apologists to make it clear that her pure and sacred truths and her well-authenticated histories had nothing whatever in common with the fabulous legends, the cosmogonies, and the mythologies of heathenism; and that the manner of her introduction, and the methods of her establishment in the world were such as altogether to preclude the idea of her being the offspring of human ingenuity or deceit. The present century, however, has brought with it a mighty revolution in the state of thought and feeling respecting Religious Systems generally. The most candid and the most thoughtful men have long since given up the idea that the religions of the world are the artful fabrications of the few, invented for the subjugation of the many. There are but very few who would count it a service rendered to any of their fellowmen to root up what faith they have in the things of an unseen world—leaving them nothing to look up to here, and nothing to look forward to beyond the grave. Faith—almost *any* faith—provided only it be sincere and strong, instead of a thing to be pitied or despised, has come to be respected, admired, and mightily applauded as a purifier and elevator of our nature. But with this great change in the public sentiment towards religion generally, a new peril to Christianity has sprung up. The enemies of all religious systems would have mixed her up with the rest, that with the rest she might be swept away. But the friends of all religious systems—is there no danger that they too may mix her up with the rest, and that in the homage paid to all, her peculiar and distinctive claims may be disowned and repudiated. "Is there not ground for supposing," (such are the questions which Mr. Maurice conceives that much of the erudite as well as of the popular literature of the day is giving secret birth to in many minds),—

"Is there not ground for supposing that all the religious systems, and not one only, may be the legitimate products of that faith which is so

essential a part of man's constitution? Are not they manifestly adapted to peculiar times, and localities, and races? Is it not probable that the theology of all alike is something merely accidental, an imperfect theory about our relations to the universe, which will in due time give place to some other? Have we not reason to suppose that Christianity, instead of being, as we have been taught, a revelation, has its root in the heart and intellect of man as much as any other system? Are there not the closest, the most obvious relations between it and them? Is it not subject to the same law of decay from the progress of knowledge and society with all the rest? Must we not expect that it, too, will lose all its mere theological characteristics, and that what at last survives of it, will be something of a very general character, some great ideas of what is good and beautiful, some excellent maxims of life, which may very well assimilate, if they be not actually the same, with the essential principles which are contained in all other religions, and which will also, it is hoped, abide for ever."

To bring such inquiries as these to trial—to ascertain, after minute and patient scrutiny, what portions of truth and what of falsehood they contain, is the leading object of the volume now before us. In fulfilment of his comprehensive design, Mr. Maurice subjects to analysis all the leading religious systems of the world, exclusive of Christianity, not with the desire to detect and expose their absurdities, but in search of the main characteristic principle by which each of them is distinguished. As a specimen of the manner in which the inquiry is conducted, and of the results sought in each case to be realized, let us take his treatment of Mahometanism—the first of the religious systems brought here under review.

To what, it is asked, did Islamism owe its wide and rapid conquest? what gave to it, in the season of its life and power, so strong a hold over so many millions of devoted adherents? Its victories were due to the discipline and prowess of its warriors; but that discipline and prowess was itself an effect, and cannot properly be assigned as the cause of the religion's spread. Man's proneness to be deluded by any new imposture, while it may account for many of the grosser absurdities of the Mussulman faith getting so ready a reception, it cannot account for the unbounded zeal and amazing energy displayed. Nor can that zeal and energy be accounted for by saying that Mohammedanism had borrowed much—let it be admitted had stolen all that was most valuable in it—from Christianity; it must have had something that was its own—something not to be found at least in that Christianity with which it came into conflict, or it would not have so fiercely opposed, and could not have so often triumphed over it as it did. Nor, assign to it what weight we may, can we attribute the large and continued triumphs of his followers to the personal character and influence of Mahomet himself. And though the doctrinal monotheism and hatred of all idolatry which he proclaimed, gave its origin and object to the great crusade, it was no mere spirit of opposition to error which nerved the arms by which so many idols were thrown down, and such multitudes of their

worshippers were slaughtered. Wherein, then, lay the secret of Islamism's strength? Not in the mere profession of monotheism, but in the strong and living sense of a divine Almighty Will, to which all human wills are subject, and before which, if they do it not spontaneously, they must be forced to bow. Amid the many controversies and speculations, and moral corruptions, and modes of false worship prevalent at the time among Christians, as well as among the worshippers of other gods, all true, deep, soul-stirring recognition of God's personal existence and reign upon the earth, and of the sovereignty, complete and absolute, of his all-controlling will, had nearly evaporated. That recognition—not in word only, but in mighty power—came upon the spirits of the faithful—that recognition they shall force all others to make also. "It was given," says Mr. Maurice, "to the soldiers of Mahomet to make this proclamation in the ears of men. They said by their words and acts—God verily is, and man is his minister to accomplish his will upon earth. This we shall find was the inspiring thought in the warriors of the crescent. This gave them valour, subordination, discipline. This, when it encountered no like or equal feeling in the minds of those among whom they came, made them invincible." There was some truth, it is conceded—some portion of vital eternal truth embodied in that deep sentiment, which stirred the heart of the true Mussulman. And the same—if we search far enough for it, and be candid enough in the search—the same will be found to be the case with all those religions which have had wide prevalence and extensive power. But what in this case of Mahomedanism shall we make of the general allegation, that the purely and properly theological is but the drapery—the outward environment—covering some simpler idea, some deeper theory of the universe,—which theological vestment being stripped off and cast aside, all that is worthy of being preserved, that is capable, indeed, of an enduring existence, is still left to us? That is not true as to Islamism. The very reverse is true. The theological is here the central essential element around which all else gathers, and by which all else is inspired. Take it away, and how much of Mahomedanism remains?—But Mahomedanism soon lost its earlier vivacity; it sheathed its sword, and when its hand was idle, the life-current from the heart ran slowly and feebly along. It was because it had taken up but a small fragment of the truth, a portion that could sustain it but for a season. It taught that God was—it told little of what he was. It was the bare power of his will, not the divine glories of his character or doings which it announced: and so, whenever its work of forcibly constraining men to acknowledge the Divine Supremacy was over, the truth which it had taken up became transmuted into a falsity. The sovereign will of a personal Deity passed into a blind Fate, and all the ministry of man demanded, was an abject and degrading submission to a power before which he bent the knee, but never in a grateful and willing homage bowed the heart. In what relation, then, to this religion does Christianity now stand? She does not need sternly and summarily to reject all that Mahomet has taught. Neither

here nor elsewhere, in order to sustain her own true character, is it incumbent on her to make out that all which every other teacher has been announcing is false ;—enough that whereinsoever any of them can be shown to be deficient, she can at once produce that whereby the deficiency may be made up. To the idea, then, of an absolute will, she adds that of a perfect justice, an infinite mercy, an immeasurable grace, residing in that Deity whom she sets forth for the love and worship of mankind. To the weakness, therefore, which age has inflicted upon Islamism, she can never be subject. And the place which Islamism is too feeble permanently to occupy, she can take up and hold even to the end.

Such is a brief outline of Mr. Maurice's treatment of one of the Great Religions of the world. We have followed him through his analysis of Hindooism, Buddhism, the Greek, Roman, Persian, and Egyptian systems, and in his exhibition of the manner in which Christianity comes in to the aid of all that is good in each of them, and for the displacement of all that is erroneous—of all that is decaying, and ready to vanish away. In following such a guide through a range so wide and for purposes so momentous, it is our comfort to find ourselves in the company of one who himself has laid the grasp of so firm and earnest a faith on the great and peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, and yet whose candour and catholicism of spirit leads him to look with a kindly eye upon whatever has ministered long and largely to the religious wants and longings of our nature.



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ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Charles Simeon, M.A., late Senior Fellow of King's College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge. With a Selection from his Writings and Correspondence.* Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM CARUS, M.A., Fellow and Senior Dean of Trinity College, and Minister of Trinity Church, Cambridge. London, 1847.

SENT from Heaven, but little thought of—locked up in that trite small-printed book, the Bible—lies the germ of moral renovation—the only secret for making base spirits noble, and fallen spirits holy. Received into the confiding heart, and developed in congenial affections, it comes forth in all the wonderful varieties of vital Christianity; and, according as the recipient's disposition is energy or mildness, activity or contemplation, it creates a bold reformer or a benign philanthropist—a valiant worker or a far-seen thinker. In bolts that melt as well as burn, it flashes from Luther's surcharged spirit; and in comprehensive kindliness spreads its warm atmosphere round Melancthon's loving nature. In streams of fervour and fiery earnestness, it follows Zuingle's smoking path, and in a halo of excessive brightness encircles Calvin's awful brow. In impulses of fond beneficence it tingles in Howard's restless feet, and in a blaze of in-door gladness welcomes Cowper's friends. But whether its manifestations be the more beauteous, or the more majestic, of all the influences which can alter or ennoble man it is beyond comparison the most potent and pervasive. In the sunny suffusion with which it cheers existence, in the holy ambition which it kindles, and in the intensity which it imparts to character, that Gospel is "the power of God."

And just as its advent is the grand epoch in the individual's progress, so its scanty or copious presence gives a corresponding aspect to a nation's history. When its power is feeble—when

few members of the community are up-borne by its joyful and strenuous force—when there is little of its genial infusion to make kindness spontaneous, and when men forget its solemn future, which renders duty so urgent and self-denial so easy—the public virtues languish, and the moral grandeur of that empire dies. It needs something of the Gospel to produce a real patriot; it needs more of it to create a philanthropist; and, amidst the trials of temper, the seductions of party, and the misconstructions of motive, it needs it all to give that patriot or philanthropist perseverance to the end. It needs a wide diffusion of the Gospel to fill a Parliament with high-minded statesmen, and a country with happy homes. And it will need its prevailing ascendancy to create peace among the nations, and secure the good-will of man to man.

The world has not yet exhibited the spectacle of an entire people evangelized; but there have been repeated instances where this vital element has told perceptibly on national character; and in the nobler tone of public acting, and higher pulse of popular feeling, might be recognised a people nearer God. In England, for example, there have been three evangelic eras. Thrice over have ignorance and apathy been startled into light and wonder; and thrice over has a vigorous minority of England's inhabitants felt anew all the goodness or grandeur of the ancient message. And it is instructive to remark, how at each successive awakening an impulse was given to the nation's worth which never afterwards faded entirely out of it. Partial as the influence was, and few as they were who shared it, an element was infused into the popular mind, which, like salt imbibed from successive strata by the mineral spring, was never afterwards lost, but, now that ages have lapsed, may still be detected in the national character. The Reformers preached the Gospel, and the common people heard it gladly. Beneath the doublet of the thrifty trader, and the home-spun jerkin of the stalwart yeoman, was felt a throb of new nobility. A monarch and her ministers remotely graced the pageant; but it was to the stout music of old Latimer that the English Reformation marched, and it was a freer soil which iron heels and wooden sandals trode as they clashed and clattered to the burly tune. This Gospel was the birth of British liberty. Its right of private judgment revealed to many not only how precious is every soul, but how important is every citizen; and as much as it deepened the sense of religious responsibility, it awakened the desire of personal freedom. It took the Saxon churl, and taught him the softer manners and state-lie spirit of his conqueror. It "mended the mettle of his blood;" and gave him something better than Norman chivalry. Quickening with its energy the endurance of the Saxon, and temper-

ing with its amenity the fierceness of the Gaul, it made the Englishman.—Then came the Puritan awakening—in its commencement the most august revival which Europe ever witnessed. Stately, forceful, and thrilling, the Gospel echoed over the land, and a penitent nation bowed before it. Long-fasting, much-reading, deep-thinking—theology, became the literature, the meditation and the talk of the people, and religion the business of the realm. With the fear of God deep in their spirits, and with hearts soft and plastic to His Word, it was amazing how promptly the sternest requirements were conceded, and the most stringent reforms carried through. Never, in England, were the things temporal so trivial, and the things eternal so evident, as when Baxter, all but disembodied, and Howe, wrapt in bright and present communion, and Allein, radiant with the joy which shone through him, lived before their people the wonders they proclaimed. And never among the people was there more of that piety which looks inward and upward—which longs for a healthy soul, and courts that supernal influence which alone can make it prosper; never more of that piety which in every action consults, and in every incident recognises Him in whom we move and have our being. Perhaps its long regards and lofty aspirations, the absence of short distances in its field of view, and that one all-absorbing future which had riveted its eye, gave it an aspect too solemn and ascetic—the look of a pilgrim leaving earth rather than an heir of glory going home. Still it was England's most erect and earnest century; and none who believe that worship is the highest work of man can doubt that, of all its predecessors, this Puritan generation lived to the grandest purpose. Pity that in so many ears the din of Naseby and Marston Moor has drowned the most sublime of national melodies—the joyful noise of a people praising God. The religion of the period was full of reverence and adoration and self-denial. Setting common life and its meanest incidents to the music of Scripture, and advancing to battle in the strength of psalms, its worthies were more awful than heroes. They were incorruptible and irresistible men, who lived under the All-seeing eye and leaned on the Omnipotent arm, and who found in God's nearness the sanctity of every spot and the solemnity of every moment.—Then, after a dreary interval—after the boisterous irreligion of the latter Stuarts and the cold flippancy which so long outlived them, came the Evangelical Revival of last century. Full-hearted and affectionate, sometimes brisk and vivacious, but always downright and practical, the Gospel of that era spoke to the good sense and warm feelings of the nation. In the electric fire of Whitefield, the rapid fervour of Romaine, the caustic force of Berridge and Rowland Hill, and the fatherly wisdom of John

Newton and Henry Venn—in these modern evangelists there was not the momentum whose long range demolished error's strongest holds, nor the massive doctrine which built up the tall and stately pile of Puritan theology. That day was past, and that work was done. For the Christian warfare these solemn iron-sides and deep-sounding culverines were no longer wanted; but, equipped with the brief logic and telling earnestness of their eager sincerity, the lighter troops of this modern campaign ran swiftly in at the open gate, and next instant huzza'd from the walls of the citadel. And for spiritual masonry the work was too abundant and the workers too few to admit of the spacious old temple style. Run up in haste and roofed over in a hurry, its earlier piety too often dwelt in tents; and before the roaming architect could return, his work would sometimes suffer loss. But when growing experience urged more pains, and increasing labourers made it possible, the busier habits of the time could still be traced in the slighter structure. The great glory of this recent Gospel is the sacred element which it has infused into an age which, but for it, would be wholly secular, and the sustaining element which it has inspired into a community which, but for its blessed hope, would be toil-worn and life-weary. No generation ever drudged so hard as this, and yet none has worked more cheerily. None was ever so tempted to churlish selfishness, and yet none has been more bountiful, and given such strength and wealth away. And none was ever more beset with facilities for vice and folly, and yet none has more abounded in disinterested characters and loving families full of loveliness. Other ages may surpass it in the lone grandeur and awful goodness of some pre-eminent name; but in the diffusion of piety, in the simplicity and gladness of domestic religion, and in the many forms of intelligent and practical Christianity, it surpasses them all. With "GOD IS LOVE" for the sunny legend in its open sky, and with Bible-texts efflorescing in every-day duties round its agile feet, this latter Gospel has left along its path the fairest specimens of talents consecrated and industry evangelized. Nor till all missionaries like Henry Martyn and John Williams, and all sweet singers like Kirke White and Jane Taylor, and all friends of humanity like Fowell Buxton, and Elizabeth Fry, have passed away; nor till the Bible, Tract and Missionary Societies have done their work, will it be known how benign and heart-expanding was that Gospel largess which a hundred years ago began to bless the land. Three evangelic eras have come, and two of them are gone. The first of these made its subjects Bible-readers, brave and free. The second made them Bible-singers, full of its deep harmonies and high devotion, and from earthly toil and tumult hid in the pavilion of its stately song,

The third made them Bible-doers, kind, liberal, and active, and social withal—mutually attractive and mutually confiding—loving to work and worship together. The first found the English commoner little better than a serf; but it gave him a patent of nobility, and converted his cottage into a castle. The second period saw that castle exalted into a sanctuary, and heard it re-echo with worship rapt and high. And the third blended all the rest and added one thing more: in the cottage, castle, sanctuary, it planted a pious family living for either world—diligent but tranquil, manly but devout, self-contained but not exclusive, retired but redundant with blithest life; and in this creation it produced the most blessed thing on earth—a happy Christian English Home.

Would our readers care for the short story how this last era began? Have they leisure for a flying sketch of the principal personages to whom, as the instruments of God, it owes its rise? Never has century risen on Christian England so void of soul and faith as that which opened with Queen Anne, and which reached its misty noon beneath the second George—a dewless night succeeded by a sunless dawn. There was no freshness in the past, and no promise in the future. The memory of Baxter and Usher possessed no spell, and calls to revival or reform fell dead on the echo. Confessions of sin, and national covenants, and all projects towards a public and visible acknowledgment of the Most High were voted obsolete, and the golden dreams of Westminster worthies only lived in Hudibras. The Puritans were buried and the Methodists were not born. The philosopher of the age was Bolingbroke, the moralist was Addison, the minstrel was Pope, and the preacher was Atterbury. The world had the idle discontented look of the morning after some mad holiday; and like rocket-sticks and the singed paper from last night's squibs, the spent jokes of Charles and Rochester lay all about, and people yawned to look at them. It was a listless, joyless morning, when the slip-shod citizens were cross, and even the merry-Andrew joined the incurious public, and, forbearing his ineffectual pranks, sat down to wonder at the vacancy. The reign of buffoonery was past, but the reign of faith and earnestness had not commenced. During the first forty years of that century, the eye that seeks for spiritual life can hardly find it; least of all that hopeful and diffusive life which is the harbinger of more. "It was taken for granted that Christianity was not so much as a subject for inquiry, but was at length discovered to be fictitious. And men treated it as if this were an agreed point among all people of discernment."* Doubtless there were divines,

* Bishop Butler.

like Beveridge and Watts and Doddridge, men of profound devotion and desirous of doing good; but the little which they accomplished only shows how adverse was the time. And their appearance was no presage. They were not the Ararats of an emerging economy. The zone of piety grew no wider, and they saw no symptoms of a new world appearing. But like the Coral Islands of the Southern Pacific, slowly descending, they were the dwindling peaks of an older dispensation, and felt the water deepening round them. In their devout but sequestered walk, and in their faithful but mournful appeals to their congregations and country, they were the pensive mementoes of a glory departed, not the hopeful precursors of a glory to come. Remembrance and regret are feeble reformers; and the story of godly ancestors has seldom shamed into repentance their lax and irreverent sons. The power which startles or melts a people is zeal fresh-warmed in the furnace of Scripture, and baptized with the fire of Heaven—that fervour which, incandescent with hope and confidence, bursts in flame at the sight of a glorious future.

Of this power the splendid example was WHITEFIELD.* The son of a Gloucester innkeeper, and sent to Pembroke College, his mind became so burdened with the great realities, that he had little heart for study. God and eternity, holiness and sin, were thoughts which haunted every moment, and compelled him to live for the salvation of his soul; but, except his tutor Wesley and a few gownsmen, he met with none who shared his earnestness. And though earnest, they were all in error. Among the influential minds of the University there was no one to lead them into the knowledge of the Gospel, and they had no religious guides except the genius of the place and books of their own choosing. The genius of the place was an ascetic quietism. Its libraries full of clasped schoolmen and tall fathers, its cloisters so solemn that a hearty laugh or hurried step seemed sinful, and its halls lit with mediæval sunshine, perpetually invited their inmates to meditation and silent recollection; whilst the early tinkle of the chapel bell and the frosty routine of winter matins, the rubric and the founder's rules, proclaimed the religious benefits of bodily exercise. The Romish postern had not then been re-opened; but with no devotional models, save the marble Bernards and de Wykhams, and no spiritual illumination except what came in by the North windows of the past, it is not surprising that ardent but reverential spirits should in such a place have unwittingly groped into a Romish pietism. With an awakened conscience and a resolute will, young Whitefield went through the sanatory specifics of A-Kempis, Castanza, and William

* Born 1714. Died 1770.

Law; and in his anxiety to exceed all that is required by the Rubric, he would fast during Lent on black bread and sugarless tea, and stand in the cold till his nose was red and his fingers blue, whilst in the hope of temptation and wild beasts he would wander through Christ-Church meadows over-dark. It was whilst pursuing this course of self-righteous fanaticism that he was seized with alarming illness. It sent him to his Bible, and whilst praying and yearning over his Greek Testament, the "open secret" flashed upon his view. The discovery of a completed and gratuitous salvation filled with ecstasy a spirit prepared to appreciate it, and from their great deep breaking, his affections thenceforward flowed, impetuous and uninterrupted, in the one channel of love to the Saviour. The Bishop of Gloucester ordained him, and on the day of his ordination he wrote to a friend, "Whether I myself shall ever have the honour of styling myself 'a prisoner of the Lord' I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I can call heaven and earth to witness that when the Bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the Cross for me. Known unto Him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into his Almighty hands; only I would have you observe, that till you hear of my dying for or in my work, you will not be apprised of all the preferment that is expected by George Whitefield." In this rapture of self-devotion he traversed England, Scotland, and Ireland, for four-and-thirty years, and crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, proclaiming the love of God and His great gift to man. A bright and exulting view of the atonement's sufficiency was his theology; delight in God and rejoicing in Christ Jesus were his piety; and a compassionate solicitude for the souls of men, often rising to a fearful agony, was his ruling passion; and strong in the oneness of his aim and the intensity of his feelings, he soon burst the regular bounds, and began to preach on commons and village greens, and even to the rabble at London fairs. He was the Prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers, but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience he eclipsed them all. With a full and beaming countenance, and the frank and easy port which the English people love—for it is the symbol of honest purpose and friendly assurance—he combined a voice of rich compass, which could equally thrill over Moorfields in musical thunder, or whisper its terrible secret in every private ear: and to this gainly aspect and tuneful voice he added a most expressive and eloquent action. Improved by conscientious practice,

and instinct with his earnest nature, this elocution was the acted sermon, and by its pantomimic portrait enabled the eye to anticipate each rapid utterance, and helped the memory to treasure up the palpable ideas. None ever used so boldly, nor with more success, the highest styles of impersonation. His "Hark! hark!" could conjure up Gethsemane with its faltering moon, and awake again the cry of horror-stricken Innocence; and an apostrophe to Peter on the holy Mount, would light up another Tabor, and drown it in glory from the opening heaven. His thoughts were possessions, and his feelings were transformations; and if he spoke because he felt, his hearers understood because they saw. They were not only enthusiastic amateurs, like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, but even the colder critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. Lord Chesterfield was listening in Lady Huntingdon's pew when Whitefield was comparing the benighted sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him when skirting the edge of a precipice, and he is left to explore the path with his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff this blind guide slips through his fingers, and skims away down the abyss. All unconscious, its owner stoops down to regain it, and stumbling forward—"Good God! he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, who had been watching with breathless alarm the blind man's movements, and who jumped from his seat to save the catastrophe. But the glory of Whitefield's preaching was its heart-kindled and heart-melting gospel. But for this all his bold strokes and brilliant surprises might have been no better than the rhetorical triumphs of Kirwan and other pulpit dramatists. He was an orator, but he only sought to be an evangelist. Like a volcano where gold and gems may be darted forth as well as common things, but where gold and molten granite flow all alike in fiery fusion, bright thoughts and splendid images might be projected from his flaming pulpit, but all were merged in the stream which bore along the gospel and himself in blended fervour. Indeed, so simple was his nature, that glory to God and good-will to man having filled it, there was room for little more. Having no church to found, no family to enrich, and no memory to immortalize, he was the mere ambassador of God; and inspired with its genial piteous spirit—so full of heaven reconciled and humanity restored—he soon himself became a living gospel. Radiant with its benignity, and trembling with its tenderness, by a sort of spiritual induction a vast audience would speedily be brought into a frame of mind—the transfusion of his own; and the white furrows on their sooty faces told that Kingswood colliers were weeping, or the quivering of an ostrich plume be-

spoke its elegant wearer's deep emotion. And coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of accepted prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which often paralyzed hostility, and a self-possession which only made him, amid uproar and fury, the more sublime. With an electric bolt he would bring the jester in his fool's-cap from his perch on the tree, or galvanize the brick-bat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down in crouching submission and shame-faced silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair; whilst a revealing flash of sententious doctrine or vivified Scripture, would disclose to awe-struck hundreds the forgotten verities of another world, or the unsuspected arcana of their inner man. "I came to break your head, but, through you, God has broken my heart," was a sort of confession with which he was familiar; and to see the deaf old gentlewoman, who used to mutter imprecations at him as he passed along the street, clambering up the pulpit-stairs to catch his angelic words, was a sort of spectacle which the triumphant Gospel often witnessed in his day. And when it is known that his voice could be heard by 20,000, and that ranging all the empire, as well as America, he would often preach thrice on a working-day, and that he has received in one week as many as a thousand letters, from persons awakened by his sermons; if no estimate can be formed of the results of his ministry, some idea may be suggested of its vast extent and singular effectiveness.

The following codicil was added to Whitefield's will: "N.B.—I also leave a mourning ring to my honoured and dear friends, the Rev. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them, in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine."

The "points of doctrine" were chiefly the extent of the atonement and the perseverance of the saints; the "indissoluble union" was occasioned by their all-absorbing love to the same Saviour, and untiring efforts to make his riches known. They quarrelled a little, but they loved a great deal more. Few characters could be more completely the converse, and in the Church's exigencies, more happily the supplement of one another, than were those of George Whitefield and JOHN WESLEY;* and had their views been identical, and their labours all along coincident, their large services to the gospel might have repeated Paul and Barnabas. Whitefield was soul, and Wesley was system. Whitefield was a summer-cloud which burst at

* Born 1703. Died 1791.

morning or noon in fragrant exhilaration over an ample tract, and took the rest of the day to gather again; Wesley was the polished conduit in the midst of the garden, through which the living water glided in pearly brightness and perennial music, the same vivid stream from day to day. After a preaching paroxysm, Whitefield lay panting on his couch, spent, breathless and death-like; after his morning sermon in the Foundry, Wesley would mount his pony, and trot and chat and gather simples, till he reached some country hamlet, where he would bait his charger, and talk through a little sermon with the villagers, and re-mount his pony and trot away again. In his aerial poise, Whitefield's eagle eye drank lustre from the source of light, and loved to look down on men in assembled myriads; Wesley's falcon glance did not sweep so far, but it searched more keenly and marked more minutely where it pierced. A master of assemblies, Whitefield was no match for the isolated man;—seldom coping with the multitude, but strong in astute sagacity and personal ascendancy, Wesley could conquer any number one by one. All force and impetus, Whitefield was the powder-blast in the quarry, and by one explosive sermon would shake a district, and detach materials for other men's long work; deft, neat, and painstaking, Wesley loved to split and trim each fragment into uniform plinths and polished stones. Or, taken otherwise, Whitefield was the bargeman or the waggoner who brought the timber of the house, and Wesley was the architect who set it up. Whitefield had no patience for ecclesiastical polity, no aptitude for pastoral details; with a beaver-like propensity for building, Wesley was always constructing societies, and with a king-like craft of ruling, was most at home when presiding over a class or a conference. It was their infelicity that they did not always work together; it was the happiness of the age and the furtherance of the Gospel that they lived alongside of one another. Ten years older than his pupil, Wesley was a year or two later of attaining the joy and freedom of Gospel-forgiveness. It was whilst listening to Luther's Preface to the Romans, where he describes the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, that he felt his own heart strangely warmed; and finding that he trusted in Christ alone for salvation, "an assurance was given him that Christ had taken away his sins, and saved him from the law of sin and death." And though in his subsequent piety a subtle analyst may detect a trace of that mysticism which was his first religion; even as to his second religion, Moravianism, he was indebted for some details of his eventual church-order,—no candid reader will deny that "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," had now become the Religion of the Methodist; and for the half century of his

ubiquitous career, his piety retained this truly evangelic type. A cool observer, who met him towards the close, records, "so fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed 'the gay remembrance of a life well spent;' and wherever he went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation, we might be at a loss whether to admire most, his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless; and both saw, in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true Religion." * To a degree scarcely paralleled, his piety had supplanted those strong instincts—the love of worldly distinction, the love of money, and the love of ease. The answer which he gave to his brother, when refusing to vindicate himself from a newspaper calumny, 'Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation?' was no casual sally, but the system of his conduct. From the moment that the Fellow of Lincoln went out into the high-ways and hedges, and commenced itinerant preacher, he bade farewell to earthly fame. And perhaps no Englishman, since the days of Bernard Gilpin, has given so much away. When his income was thirty pounds a-year, he lived on twenty-eight, and saved two for charity. Next year he had sixty pounds, and still living on twenty-eight, he had thirty-two to spend. A fourth year raised his income to a hundred and twenty pounds, and steadfast to his plan the poor got ninety-two. In the year 1775, the Accountant-General sent him a copy of the Excise Order for a return of Plate; "REV. SIR,—As the Commissioners cannot doubt but you have plate, for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry," &c.; to which he wrote this memorable answer:—"SIR,—I have two silver tea-spoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, JOHN WESLEY." And though it is calculated that he must have given more than twenty thousand pounds away, all his property, when he died, consisted of his clothes, his books, and a carriage. Perhaps, like a ball burnished by motion, his perpetual activity helped to keep him thus brightly

* Alexander Knox.

clear from worldly pelf; and when we remember its great pervading motive, there is something sublime in this good man's industry. Rising every morning at four, travelling every year upwards of 4000 miles, and preaching nearly a thousand sermons, exhorting societies, editing books, writing all sorts of letters, and giving audience to all sorts of people, the ostensible president of Methodism and pastor of all the Methodists, and amidst his ceaseless toils betraying no more bustle than a planet in its course, he was a noble specimen of that fervent diligence which, launched on its orbit by a holy and joyful impulse, has ever afterwards the peace of God to light it on its way. Nor should we forget his praiseworthy efforts to diffuse a Christianized philosophy, and propagate useful knowledge among religious people. In the progress of research most of his compilations may have lost their value; but the motive was enlightened, and the effort to exemplify his own idea was characteristic of the well-informed and energetic man. In Christian authorship he is not entitled to rank high. Clear as occasional expositions are, there is seldom comprehension in his views, or grandeur in his thoughts, or inspiration in his practical appeals; and though his direct and simple style is sometimes terse, it is often meagre, and very seldom racy. His voluminous Journals are little better than a turnpike log—miles, towns, and sermon-texts—whilst their authoritative tone and self-centering details give the record an air of arrogance and egotism which, we doubt not, would disappear could we view the venerable writer face to face. Assuredly his power was in his presence. Such fascination resided in his saintly mien, there was such intuition in the twinkle of his mild but brilliant eye, and such a dissolving influence in his lively, benevolent, and instructive talk, that enemies often left him admirers and devotees. And should any regard the Wesleyan system as the mere embodiment of Mr. Wesley's mind, it is a singular triumph of worth and firmness. Never has a theological idiosyncrasy perpetuated itself in a Church so large and stable. But though every pin and cord of the Methodist tabernacle bears trace of the fingers, concinnate and active, which reared it, the founder's most remarkable memorial is his living monument. Wesley has not passed away; for, if embalmed in the Connexion, he is re-embodied in the members. Never did a leader so stamp his impress on his followers. The Covenanters were not such fac-similes of Knox; nor were the imperial guards such enthusiastic copies of their little corporal, as are the modern Methodists the perfect transmigration of their venerated Father. Exact, orderly, and active; dissident but not dissenters; connexional but Catholic; carrying warmth within, and yet loving southerly exposures; obliging without effort, and liberal on system; serene, contented, and

hopeful—if we except the master-spirits, whose type is usually their own—the most of pious Methodists are cast from Wesley's neat and cheerful mould. That goodness must have been attractive as well as very imitable, which has survived in a million of living effigies.

Whilst a college tutor, Mr. Wesley numbered among his pupils, along with George Whitefield, JAMES HERVEY.* To his kind and intelligent teacher he owed superior scholarship, and along with a knowledge of Hebrew, a taste for natural science; but at Oxford he did not learn theology. Pure in his conduct and correct in his clerical deportment, his piety was cold and stiff. It had been acquired among the painted apostles and sculptured martyrs, the vitrified gospels and freestone litanies of Alma Mater, and lacked a quickening spirit. Talking to a ploughman who attended Dr. Doddridge, he asked, "What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?" "Sir," said the ploughman, "I am a poor man, and you are a minister; will you allow me to return the question?" "Well," said Mr. Hervey, "I think the hardest thing is to deny sinful self;" and enlarged at some length on the difficulties of self-mortification. At last the ploughman interposed—"But, Mr. Hervey, you have forgotten the most difficult part of self-denial, the denial of righteous self." Though conscious of some defect in his own religion, the young clergyman looked with disdain at the old fool, and wondered what he meant. Soon afterwards, however, a little book, on "Submission to the righteousness of God," put meaning into the ploughman's words; and Mr. Hervey wondered how he could have read the Bible so often and overlooked its revelation of righteousness. When he saw it he rejoiced with exceeding joy. It solved every problem and filled every void. It lit up the Bible, and it kindled Christianity. It gave emancipation to his spirit and motion to his ministry; and whilst it filled his own soul with happiness it made him eager to transmit the benefit. But his frame was feeble. It was all that he could do to get through one sermon every Sabbath in his little church of Weston-Favell; and the more his spirit glowed within, the more shadowy grew his tall and wasted form. He could not, like his old tutor and his college friend, itinerate; and so he was constrained to write. In Indian phrase, he pressed his soul on paper. With a pen dipped in the rainbow, and with aspirations after a celestial vocabulary, he proceeded to descant on the glories of his Redeemer's person, and the riches of his great salvation. He pub-

lished his *Meditations*, and then the *Dialogues between Theron and Aspasio*; and then he grew too weak even for this fire-side work. Still the spirit burned, and the body sank. "You have only a few minutes to live," said the doctor; "spare yourself." "No, doctor, no; you tell me that I have but a few minutes—O let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer." And then he began to expatiate on the "all bliss" which God has given to those to whom he has given Christ, till, with the words "precious salvation," utterance ceased. He leaned his head against the side of the easy-chair, and shut his eyes, and died, on the Christmas afternoon. Taught by the poor, and then their teacher, he wished his body to be covered with the paupers' pall; and it lies beneath the communion-table of his beloved sanctuary, till he and his parishioners rise to meet again.

Last century was the first in which pious people cared for style. The Puritans had apple-trees in their orchard, and savoury herbs in their kitchen-garden, but kept no green-house, nor parterre; and, amongst evangelical authors, Hervey was about the first who made his style a study, and who sought, by planting flowers at the gate, to allure passengers into the garden. It is not, therefore, surprising that his ornaments should be more distinguished for profusion and brilliant hues than for simplicity and grace. Most people admire tulips and peonies, and martegon-lilies, before they get on to love store-cups, and mosses, and ferns. We used to admire them ourselves, and felt that summer was not fully blown till we saw it sure and certain in these ample and exuberant flowers. Yes, and even now we feel that it would make a warmer June could we love peonies and martegons once more. Hervey was a man of taste equal to his age, and of a warmth and venturesomeness beyond it. He introduced the poetical and picturesque into religious literature, and became the Shenstone of theology. And although he did what none had dared before him, the world was ready, and his success was rapid. The *Meditations* evangelized the natural sciences, and the *Dialogues* embowered the old divinity. The former was philosophy in its right mind and at the Saviour's feet; the other was the Lutheran dogma relieved from the academic gown, and keeping healthful holiday in shady woods and by the mountain stream. The tendency of his writings was to open the believer's eye in kindness and wonder on the works of God, and their effort was to attract to the Incarnate Mystery the heart surprised or softened by these works. We cannot, at the distance of a century, recall the fascination which surrounded them when newly published—when no similar attempts had forestalled their freshness, and no imitations had blown their vigour into bombast. But we can trace their mellow influence still. We see

that they have helped to make men of faith men of feeling, and men of piety men of taste. Over the bald and rugged places of systematic orthodoxy, they have trained the sweetest beauties of creation and softest graces of piety, and over its entire landscape have shed an illumination as genial as it is growthful and clear. If they be not purely classical, they are perfectly evangelical and singularly adapted to the whole of man. Their cadence is in our popular preaching still, and may their spirit never quit our Christianity! It is the spirit of securest faith, and sunniest hope, and most seraphic love. And though it may be dangerous for young divines, like Samuel Parr, to copy their descriptive melody, it were a blessed ambition to emulate their author's large and lightsome piety—his heart "open to the whole noon of nature," and through all its brightness drinking the smile of a present God.

In the middle of last century evangelical religion derived its great impulse from the three now named. But though there were none to rival Whitefield's flaming eloquence, or Wesley's versatile ubiquity, or the popularity of Hervey's gorgeous pen, there were many among their contemporaries who, as one by one they learned the truth, in their own department or district did their utmost to diffuse it. In Cornwall, there was Walker of Truro; in Devon, Augustus Toplady; in Shropshire, was Fletcher of Madeley; in Bedfordshire, there was Berridge of Everton; in Lincolnshire, Adams of Wintringham; in Yorkshire, were Grimshaw of Haworth, and Venn of Huddersfield; and in London was William Romaine—besides a goodly number who, with less renown, were earnest and wise enough to win many souls.

In the summer of 1746, SAMUEL WALKER* came to be curate of the gay little capital of Western Cornwall. He was clever and accomplished—had learned from books the leading doctrines of Christianity, and whilst mainly anxious to be a popular preacher, and a favourite with his fashionable hearers, had a distinct desire to do them good—but did them none. The master of the grammar-school was a man of splendid scholarship, and the most famous teacher in that county, but much hated for his piety. One day Mr. Walker received from Mr. Conon a note, with a sum of money, requesting him to pay it to the Custom-house. For his health he had been advised to drink some French wine, but on that smuggling coast could procure none on which duty had been paid. Wondering whether this tenderness of conscience pervaded all his character, Mr. Walker sought Mr.

* Born 1714. Died 1761.

Conon's acquaintance, and was soon as completely enchained by the sweetness of his disposition, and the fascination of his intercourse; as he was awed and astonished by the purity and elevation of his conduct. It was from the good treasure of this good man's heart, that Mr. Walker received the Gospel. Having learned it, he proclaimed it. Truro was in uproar. To hear of their general depravity, and to have urged on them repentance and the need of a new nature by one who had so lately mingled in all their gaieties, and been the soul of genteel amusement, was first startling, and then offensive. The squire was indignant; fine ladies sulked and tossed their heads; rude men interrupted him in the midst of his sermon; and the rector, repeatedly called to dismiss him, was only baffled by Mr. Walker's urbanity. But soon faithful preaching began to tell; and in Mr. Walker's case its intrinsic power was aided by his insight into character, and his ascendancy over men. In a few years upwards of 800 parishoners had called on him to ask what they must do for their soul's salvation; and his time was mainly occupied in instructing large classes of his hearers who wished to live godly, righteous, and sober in this evil world. The first-fruits of his ministry was a dissolute youth who had been a soldier, and amongst this description of people he had his greatest success. One November, a body of troops arrived in his parish for winter quarters. He immediately commenced an afternoon sermon for their special benefit. He found them grossly ignorant. Of the seven best instructed six were Scotelmen, and the seventh an English dissenter. And they were reluctant to come to hear him. At first, when marched to church, on arriving at the door, they turned and walked away. But when at last they came under the sound of his tender but energetic voice, the effect was instantaneous. With few exceptions tears burst from every eye, and confessions of sin from almost every mouth. In less than nine weeks no fewer than 250 had sought his private instructions; and though at first the officers were alarmed at such an outbreak of methodism among their men, so evident was the improvement which took place—so rare had punishments become, and so promptly were commands obeyed—that the officers waited on Mr. Walker in a body, to thank him for the reformation he had effected in their ranks. On the morning of their march many of these brave fellows were heard praising God for having brought them under the sound of the Gospel, and as they caught the last glimpses of the town, exclaimed, "God bless Truro!" Indeed, Mr. Walker had much of the military in his own composition. The disencumbered alertness of his life, the courage, frankness, and through-going of his character, the firmness with which he held his post, the practical valour with which

he followed up his preaching, and the regimental order into which he had organized his people, bewrayed the captain in canonicals; as the hardness of his services, and his exulting loyalty to his Master, proclaimed the good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In the adjacent county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered parishes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.* When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn where an illiterate layman was preaching, but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the Gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. He was very learned. Universal history spread before his eye a familiar and delightful field; and at thirty-eight he died, more widely-read in Fathers and Reformers than most academic dignitaries can boast when their heads are hoary. He was learned because he was active. Like a race-horse, all nerve and fire, his life was on tip-toe and his delight was to get over the ground. He read fast, slept little, and often wrote like a whirlwind; and though the body was weak it did not obstruct him, for in his ecstatic exertions he seemed to leave it behind. His chief publications were controversy. Independently of his theological convictions, his philosophizing genius, his up-going fancy, and his devout dependent piety, were a multiform Calvinism; and by a necessity of nature, if religious at all, the religion of Toplady must have been one where the eye of God filled all and the will of God wrought all. The doctrines which were to himself so plain, he was perhaps on this account less fitted to discuss with men of another make; and betwixt the strength of his own belief and the spurning haste of his over-ardent spirit, he gave his works a frequent air of scorning arrogance and keen contemptuousness. Perhaps, even with theologians of his own persuasion, his credit has been injured by the warmth of his invective; but on the same side it will not be easy to find treatises more acute or erudite—and both friends and foes must remember that to the writer his opinions were self-evident, and that in his devoutest moments he believed God's glory was involved in them. It was the polemic press which extorted this human bitterness from his spirit; in the pulpit's milder urgency nothing flowed but balm. His voice was music, and spirituality and elevation seemed to emanate from his ethereal countenance and light immortal form. His vivacity would have caught the listener's eye, and his soul-filled looks and move-

* Born 1740. Died 1773.

ments would have interpreted his language, had there not been such commanding solemnity in his tones as made apathy impossible, and such simplicity in his words that to hear was to understand. From easy explanations he advanced to rapid and conclusive arguments, and warmed into importunate exhortations, till consciences began to burn and feelings to take fire from his own kindled spirit, and himself and his hearers were together drowned in sympathetic tears. And for all the saving power of his preaching dependent on the Holy Spirit's inward energy, it was remarkable how much was accomplished both at Broad Hembury and afterwards in Orange Street, London. He was not only a polemic and a preacher, but a poet. He has left a few hymns which the Church militant will not readily forget. "When languor and disease invade," "A debtor to mercy alone," "Rock of ages, cleft for me," "Deathless principle, arise:" these four combine tenderness and grandeur with theological fulness equal to any kindred compositions in modern language. It would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the lively hope exulting in every stanza; whilst each person of the glorious Godhead radiates majesty, grace, and holiness through each successive line. Nor is it any fault that their inspiration is all from above. Pegasus could not have borne aloft such thoughts and feelings; they are a freight for Gabriel's wing; and if not filigreed with human fancies, they are resplendent with the truths of God, and brim over with the joy and pathos of the heaven-born soul. However, to amass knowledge so fast and give out so rapidly not only thought and learning, but warm emotion, was wasteful work. It was like bleeding the palm-tree; there flowed a generous sap which cheered the heart of all who tasted, but it killed the palm. Consumption struck him, and he died. But during that last illness he seemed to lie in glory's vestibule. To a friend's inquiry with sparkling eye he answered, "Oh, my dear Sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul: they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends, and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

At Everton in Bedfordshire, not far from the spot where John Bunyan had been a preacher and a prisoner, lived and laboured a man not unlike him, the most amusing and most affecting ori-

ginal of all this school—JOHN BERRIDGE.* For long a distinguished member of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and for many years studying fifteen hours a-day, he had enriched his masculine understanding with all sorts of learning; and when at last he became a parish minister, he applied to his labours all the resources of a mind eminently practical, and all the vigour of a very honest one. But his success was small—so small that he began to suspect his mode was wrong. After prayer for light it was one day borne in upon his mind, “Cease from thine own works; only believe;” and consulting his Concordance he was surprised to see how many columns were required for the words *Faith* and *believe*. Through this quaint inlet he found his way into the knowledge of the Gospel and the consequent love of the Saviour; and though hampered with academic standing and past the prime of life, he did not hesitate a moment to reverse his former preaching, and the efficacy of the Cross was soon seen in his altered parish. His mind was singular. So predominant was its Saxon alkali, that poetry, sentiment, and classical allusion, whatever else came into it, was sure to be neutralized into common sense—pathetic, humorous, or practical as the case might be; and so strong was his fancy that every idea in re-appearing sparkled into a metaphor or emblem. He thought in proverbs, and he spake in parables; that granulated salt which is so popular with the English peasantry. And though his wit ran riot in his letters and his talk, when solemnized by the sight of the great congregation and the recollection of their exigencies, it disappeared. It might still be the diamond point on the sharp arrows; but it was then too swift and subtile to be seen. The pith of piety—what keeps it living and makes it strong—is love to the Saviour. In this he always abounded. “My poor feeble heart droops when I think, write, or talk of anything but Jesus. Oh that I could get near Him, and live believingly on Him! I would walk, and talk, and sit, and eat, and rest with Him. I would have my heart always doating on Him, and find itself ever present with Him.” And it was this absorbing affection which in preaching enhanced all his powers, and subdued all his hazardous propensities. When ten or fifteen thousand people were gathered on a sloping field, he would mount the pulpit after Venn or Grimshaw had vacated it. A twinkle of friendly recognition darted from some eyes, and a smile of comic welcome was exchanged by others. Perhaps a merry thought was suspected in the corner of his lips, or seen salient on the very point of his peaked and curious nose. And he gave it wing. The light-hearted laughed, and those who knew no bet-

* Born 1716. Died 1793.

ter hoped for fun. A devout stranger might have trembled and feared that it was going off in a pious farce. But no fear of Father Berridge. He knows where he is, and how he means to end. That pleasantry was intended for a nail, and see, it has fastened every ear to the pulpit-door. And now he proceeds in homely colloquy, till the bluntest boor is delighted at his own capacity, and is prepared to agree with what he says who makes so little parade and mystery. But was not that rather a home-thrust? "Yes, but it is fact; and sure enough the man is frank and honest;" and so the blow is borne with the best smile that can be twisted out of agony. "Nay, nay, he is getting personal, and without some purpose the bolts would not fly so true." And just when the hearer's suspicion is rising, and he begins to think of retreating, barbed and burning the arrow is through him. His soul is transfixed and his conscience is all on fire. And from the quiver gleaming to the cord these shafts of living Scripture fly so fast that in a few minutes it is all a field of slain. Such was the powerful, impact, and piercing sharpness of this great preacher's sentences—so suited to England's rustic auditories, and so divinely directed in their flight, that eloquence has seldom won such triumphs as the gospel won with the bow of old eccentric Berridge. Strong men in the surprise of sudden self-discovery, or in the joy of marvellous deliverance, would sink to the earth powerless or convulsed; and in one year of "campaigning" it is calculated that four thousand have been awakened to the worth of their souls and a sense of sin. He published a book, "The Christian World Unmasked," in which something of his close dealing and a good deal of his drollery survive. The idea of it is, a spiritual physician prescribing for a sinner ignorant of his own malady. "Gentle reader, lend me a chair, and I will sit down and talk a little with you. Give me leave to feel your pulse. Sick, indeed, sir, very sick of a mortal disease, which infects your whole mass of blood." After a good deal of altercation the patient consents to go into the matter, and submits to a survey of his life and character.

"Let me step into your closet, Sir, and peep upon its furniture. My hands are pretty honest, you may trust me; and nothing will be found, I fear, to tempt a man to be a thief. Well, to be sure, what a filthy place is here! Never swept for certain, since you were christened! And what a fat idol stands skulking in the corner! A darling sin, I warrant it! How it simpers, and seems as pleasant as a right eye! Can you find a *will* to part with it, or *strength* to pluck it out? And supposing you a match for this self-denial, can you so command your heart, as to hate the sin you do forsake? This is certainly required: truth is called for in the inward parts; God will

have sin not only cast aside, but cast aside with abhorrence. So he speaks, ye that love the Lord, see that you hate evil."

Many readers might think our physician not only racy but rude. They must remember that his practice lay among farmers and graziers and ploughmen; and if they dislike his bluntness, they must remember his success.

Of the venerable THOMAS ADAMS* little is recorded, except that he commenced his religious life a disciple of William Law, and was translated into the marvellous light of the Gospel by reading the first six chapters of the Epistle to the Romans in Greek. He was exceedingly revered by his like-minded contemporaries; and some idea of his preaching may be formed from his printed discourses. They are essentially sermons on the heart, and are remarkable for their aphoristic force and faithful pungency. But his most interesting memorial is a posthumous volume of "Private Thoughts on Religion." These "Thoughts" are detached, but classified sentences on "God" and "Christ," on "Human Depravity," "Faith," "Good Works," "The Christian Life," and kindred subjects, and though neither so brilliant nor so broad as the "Thoughts of Pascal," they are more experimental and no less made for memory. "The Spirit's coming into the heart is the touch of Ithuriel's spear, and it starts up a devil." "Christ is God, stooping to the senses, and speaking to the heart of man." "Christ comes with a blessing in each hand; forgiveness in one, and holiness in the other, and never gives either to any who will not take both." "Mankind are perpetually at variance by being all of one sect, viz., selfists." "A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander had." "Not to sin may be a bitter cross. To sin is hell." "'Wilt thou be made whole?' is a trying question, when it comes to be well considered." Those who love laconic wisdom will find abundant specimens in this pithy manual. But it is not all pemican. Besides the essence of food it contains extracts from bitter herbs; and some who might relish its portable dainties will not like its wholesome austerity.

In some respects the most apostolic of this band was WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.† Like many in his day, he struggled through years of doubt and perplexity into that region of light and assurance where he spent the sequel of his fervent ministry. His parish, and the radiating centre of his ceaseless itinerancies, was Haworth, near Bradford, in Yorkshire—a bleak region, with a

* Born 1701. Died 1784.

† Born 1708. Died 1763.

people as wild and almost as ignorant as the gorse on their hungry hills. From the time that the love of Christ took possession of his soul, Mr. Grimshaw gave to His service all the energies of his ardent mind and powerful frame. His health was firm; his spirit resolute, his understanding vigorous and practical, and having but one object, he continually pursued it, alike a stranger to fatigue and fear. With a slice of bread and an onion for his day's provision, he would trudge over the moors from dawn to summer-dusk in search of sheep in the wilderness, and after a night's rest in a hay-loft would resume the work. In one of his weekly circuits he would think it no hardship to preach from twenty to thirty times. When he overtook a stranger on the solitary road, if riding, he would dismount and talk to him, and rivet his kind and pathetic exhortation with a word of prayer; and into whatsoever company thrown, with all the simplicity of a single eye and the mild intrepidity of a good intention, he addressed himself to his Master's business. It was he who silenced the infidel nobleman with the frank rejoinder, "the fault is not so much in your Lordship's head as in your heart;" and many of his emphatic words haunted people's ears till they sought relief by coming to himself and confessing all their case. When his career began, so sottish were his people, that it was hardly possible to draw them out to worship, but Mr. Grimshaw's boldness and decision dragged them in. Whilst the psalm before sermon was singing, he would sally forth into the street and the ale-houses to look out for loiterers, and would chase them into the church; and one Sabbath morning a stranger riding through Haworth, and seeing some men bolting out at the back-windows and scrambling over the garden-wall of a tavern, imagined that the house was on fire, till the cry, "the Parson is coming," explained the panic. By dint of pains and courage, he conquered this heathenish parish; and such was the power which attended his preaching, that, in later life, instead of hunting through the streets for his hearers, when he opened his church for a short service at five in the summer mornings, it would be filled with shopmen and working people ready to commence their daily toil. And so strong was the attraction to his earnest sermons, that besides constant hearers who came from ten or twelve miles all around, the parsonage was often filled with Christian worthies who came on Saturday nights from distant towns. And when they crowded him out of his house into his barn, and out of the church into the church-yard, he was all in his glory, and got up on Monday morning early to brush the shoes of the far-come travellers. He was a gallant evangelist of the Baptist's school. Like the son of the desert, he was a man of a hardy build, and like him of a humble spirit,

and like John, his joy was fulfilled when his Master increased. At last, in the midst of his brave and abundant exploits, a putrid fever, which, like Howard, he caught when engaged in a labour of love, came to summon him home. And when he was dead his parishioners came, and—fit funeral for a Christian hero—bore him away to the tomb amidst the voice of psalms.

But perhaps among all these holy men the completest and most gracious character was HENRY VENN* of Huddersfield. Certainly we have learned to contemplate him with that patriarchal halo which surrounded and sanctified his peaceful old age—and we have listened to him only in his affectionate and fatherly correspondence; but, so far as we can gather, his piety was of that winsome type, which, if it be not easy to record, it were blessed to resemble. Simeon loved him dearly, and tried to write his life; but in the attempt to put it upon paper it all seemed to vanish. This fact is a good biography. No man can paint the summer. Venn's was a genial piety, full of fragrant warmth and ripening wisdom, but it was free from singularity. And his preaching was just this piety in the pulpit—thoughtful, benignant, and simple, the love of God that was shed abroad in his heart often appearing to shine from his person. But there were no dazzling passages, no startling nor amusing sallies. A rugged mountain, a copsy glen, a riven cedar, will make a landscape, but it is not easy to make a picture of a field of wheat. Mr. Venn had a rich and spontaneous mind, and from its affluent soil the crop came easily away, and ripened uniformly, and except that it yielded the bread of thousands, there is little more to tell. The popularity and power of his ministry are still among the traditions of the West Riding—how the Socinian Club sent its cleverest member to caricature the preacher, but amidst the reverential throng, and under the solemn sermon, awed into the feeling, "surely God is in this place," he remained to confess his error and to recant his creed—how the 'droves' of people came from the adjacent villages, and how neighbours would go home for miles together, so subdued that they could not speak a word. He published one book, "The Complete Duty of Man." It is excellent; but like Wilberforce's "View," and other treatises of that period, it has fulfilled its function—the world needs something fresh, something older or something newer, something which our immediate predecessors have not common-placed. Still, it is an excellent treatise, a clear and engaging summary of practical divinity, and it did much good when new. Some instances came to Venn's own knowledge. Soon after its publication he was sitting at the window of an inn

* Born 1724. Died 1797.

in the west of England. A man was driving some refractory pigs, and one of the waiters helped him, whilst the rest looked on and shouted with laughter. Mr. Venn, pleased with this benevolent trait, promised to send him a book, and sent him his own. Many years after, a gentleman staying at an inn in the same part of England, on Saturday night asked one of the servants if they ever went to a place of worship on Sunday. He was surprised to find that they were all required to go at least once a-day, and that the master of the house not only never failed to attend, but maintained constant family prayer. It turned out that he was the waiter who had helped the pig-driver—that he had married his former master's daughter, and that he, his wife, and some of their children, owed all their happiness to the “*Complete Duty of Man*.” The gentleman told the landlord that he knew Mr. Venn, and soon intended to visit him, and in the joy of his heart the host charged him with a letter detailing all his happy history. And once at Helvoetsluys, when waiting for a fair wind to carry him to England, he accosted on the shore a gentleman whom he took for an Englishman; he was a Swede, but having lived long in England, knew the language well. He turned out to be a pious man, and asked Mr. Venn to sup with him. After much interesting conversation he opened his portmanteau, and brought out the book to which he said that he owed all his religious impressions. Mr. Venn recognised his own book, and it needed all his humility not to bewray the author.

WILLIAM ROMAINE* began his course as Gresham Professor of Astronomy, and editor of the four folios of Calasio's Hebrew Concordance. But after he caught the evangelic fire he burned and shone for nearly fifty years—so far as the Establishment is concerned—the light of London. It needed all his strength of character to hold his ground and conquer opposition. He was appointed Assistant Morning Lecturer at St. George's, Hanover Square; but his fervent preaching brought a mob of people to that fashionable place of worship, and on the charge of having vulgarized the congregation and overcrowded the church, the rector removed him. He was popularly elected to the Evening Lectureship of St. Dunstan's; but the rector there took possession of the pulpit in the time of prayer, so as to exclude the fanatic. Lord Mansfield decided that after seven in the evening Mr. Romaine was entitled to the use of the church; so, till the clock struck seven, the church-wardens kept the doors firm shut, and by drenching them in rain and freezing them in frost, hoped

to weary out the crowd. Failing in this, they refused to light the Church, and Mr. Romaine often preached to his vast auditory with no light except the solitary candle which he held in his hand. But "like another Coles"—a comparison already fairly applied to him—"he was resolved to keep the pass, and if the bridge fell to leap into the Tiber." Though for years his stipend was only eighteen pounds, he wore home-spun cloth and lived so plainly that they could not starve him out. And though they repeatedly dragged him to the courts of law they could not force him out. And though they sought occasion against him in regard to the canons, they could not get the Bishop to turn him out. He held his post till, with much ado, he gained the pulpit of Blackfriars, and preached with unquenched fire till past four-score, the *Life*, the *Walk*, the *Triumph of Faith*. For a great while he was one of the sights of London, and people who came from Ireland and elsewhere to see Garrick act, went to hear Romaine discourse; and many blessed the day which first drew their thoughtless steps to St. Dunstan's or St. Ann's. And in his more tranquil evening there was a cluster of pious citizens about Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard who exceedingly revered the abrupt old man. Of all the churches in the capital, this was the one towards which most home-feeling flowed. It shed a sabbatic air through its environs, and the dingy lanes around it seemed to brighten in its religion of life and hope. Full of sober hearers and joyful worshippers, it was a source of substantial service to the neighbourhood in times of need; and whilst the warm focus to which provincial piety and travelled worth most readily repaired, it was the spot endeared to many a thankful memory as the Peniel where first they beheld that great sight, **CHRIST CRUCIFIED.**

Beside the London Mansion House there is a Church with two truncated square towers—the stumps of amputated steeples—suggesting St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Wool-Church-Haw. What is transacted in it now we cannot tell; but could the reader have visited it fifty years ago, he would have seen in the heavy pulpit a somewhat heavy old man. With little warmth he muttered through a pious sermon—texts and trite remarks—till now and then some bright fancy or earnest feeling made a stiff animation overrun his seamy countenance, and rush out at his kind and beaming eyes. From the Lombard Street bankers and powdered merchants who lolled serenely at the end of various pews, it was evident that he was not deemed a Methodist. From the thin North-country visage which peered at him through catechetic spectacles, and waited for something wonderful which would not come, it was likely that he was a Calvinist, and that

his fame had crossed the Tweed. And from the fond up-looking affection with which many of his hearers eyed him, you would have inferred that himself must be more interesting than his sermon. Go next Friday evening to No. 8, Coleman Street Buildings; and there, in a dusky parlour with some twenty people at tea, will you meet again the preacher. He has doffed the cassock, and in a sailor's blue jacket, on a three-legged stool, sits in solitary state at his own little table. The tea is done, and the pipe is smoked, and the Bible is placed where the tea-cup was. The guests draw nearer the oracular tripod, and the feast of wisdom and the flow of soul begin. He inquires if any one has got a question to ask; for these re-unions are meetings for business as well as for friendship. And two or three have come with their questions cut and dry. A retired old lady asks, "How far a Christian may lawfully conform to the world?" And the old sailor says many good things to guide her scrupulous conscience, unless, indeed, she asked it for the sake of the young gentleman with the blue coat and frilled wrist-bands across the table. "When a Christian goes into the world because he sees it is his *call*, yet while he feels it also his *cross*, it will not hurt him." Then guiding his discourse towards some of his City friends: "A Christian in the world is like a man transacting business in the rain; he will not suddenly leave his client because it rains; but the moment the business is done he is gone; as it is said in the Acts, 'Being let go, they went to their own company.'" This brings up Hannah More and her book on the "Manners of the Great;" and the minister expresses his high opinion of Miss More. Some of the party do not know who she is, and he tells them that she is a gifted lady who used to be the intimate friend of Johnson, Horace Walpole, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the idol of the West-end grandees, and the writer of plays for Drury Lane; but who has lately come out with some faithful appeals to her aristocratic acquaintances on the subject of heart-religion, and which are making a great sensation. "Awcel," says a Scotch elder from Swallow Street, "Miss Moore is very tawlentel, and I hope has got the root of the matter; but I misdoubt if there be not a laygal twang in her still." And in this remark he is heartily seconded by the spectacled Calvinist from Lesmahagow, who has been present all the time, but has not ventured to speak till he found in front this Ajax with his Westminster shield. And the minister smiles quaintly in acknowledgment that they are more than half right, but repeats his admiration and his hope for the accomplished authoress. And then he opens his Bible, and after singing one of the Olney hymns, reads the eighteenth chapter of the Acts. "You see that Apollos met with two candid people in the Church;

they neither ran away because he was *legal*, nor were carried away because he was *eloquent*." And after a short but fervent prayer, catholic, comprehensive, and experimental, and turning into devotion the substance of their colloquy, it is as late as nine o'clock, and the little party begins to separate. Some are evidently constant visitors. The taciturn gentleman who never spoke a word, but who, at every significant sentence, smacked his lips, as if he were clasping a casket over a gem, and meant to keep it, occupied a prescriptive chair, and so did the invalid lady who has ordered her sedan to Bedford Row. In leaving-taking the host has a kind word for every one, and has a great deal to say to his north-country visitor. "I was a wild beast on the coast of Africa; but the Lord caught me and tamed me, and now you come to see me as people go to look at the lions in the Tower." Never was lion so entirely tamed as JOHN NEWTON.* Commencing life as a desperado and dread-nought, and scaring his companions by his peerless profanity and heaven-daring wickedness, and then by his remarkable recovery signaling the riches of God's grace, you might have expected a Boanerges to come out of the converted bucanier. But never was transformation more complete. Except the blue jacket at the fireside, and a few sea-faring habits—except the lion's hide, nothing survived of the African lion. The Puritans would have said that the lion was slain, and that honey was found in its carcass. Affable and easy of access, his house was the resort of those who sought a skilful spiritual counsellor, and knowing it to be the form of service for which he was best fitted, instead of fretting at the constant interruption, or nervously absconding to some calm retreat, his consulting-room, in London's most trodden thoroughfare, was always open. And though he was sometimes disappointed in those of whom his confiding nature hoped too soon, his hopefulness was the very reason why others turned out so well. There was a time when Christian principle was a smoking flax in Claudius Buchanan and William Wilberforce; but on Newton's hearth, and under the afflatus of God's Spirit, it soon burst forth in flame. And if his conversation effected much, his correspondence accomplished more. His narrative is wonderful, and his hymns are very sweet; but his letters make him eminent. Our theology supplies nothing that can rival them; and it is when we recollect how many quires of these epistles were yearly issuing from his study, that we perceive what an influential and useful man the rector of St. Mary's was. Many volumes are in print, and we have read others in manuscript. All are fresh and various, and all distinguished by the

* Born 1725. Died 1807.

same playful sincerity and easy wisdom, and transusive warmth. All are rich in experimental piety, and all radiant with gracious vivacity. The whole collection is a "Cardiphonia." They are all the utterance of the heart. And they will stand comparison with the happiest efforts of the most famous pens. For example, take up the Life and Correspondence of Hannah More, and how artificial does everything appear alongside of John Newton! Here is one of her own best specimens, religious and sparkling, a jet of spiritual champagne. And there is the effusion of some laudatory bishop, slow and sweet, like a cascade of treacle or a fall of honey. But here, amidst labour and painful art, is the well of water surrounded with its native moss; nature, grace, wisdom, goodness—John Newton and nothing more. Except his own friend, Cowper, who was not a professed divine, no letters of that stiff century read so free, and none have preserved the writer's heart so well.

We might have noticed others. We would gladly have found a place for the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, a name still dear to Reading, and another illustrious exception to the "not many noble." We should have sketched John William Fletcher, that saintly man and seraphic minister. And it would have been right to record the services of Joseph Milner at Hull, and his brother Isaac at Cambridge. It was by his Church History that the former served the cause of the Gospel; and it was a great service to write the first history not of Popes and Councils, but vital Christianity, and write it so well. Isaac brought to the defence of the Gospel a name which was itself a tower of strength. The "Incomparable" Senior Wrangler, and gifted with a colossal intellect, he was nervous and indolent. In the cathedral of Carlisle he preached from time to time powerful sermons, which made a great impression, and the known identification of the Vice-chancellor with the evangelical cause, lent it a lofty sanction in Simeon's university. But he was remiss and shy, and seldom came out publicly. He ought to have been a Pharos; but he was a light-house with the shutters closed. A splendid illumination it was for his niece and Dr. Jowett, and a few favoured friends in the light-keeper's parlour; but his talents and principles together ought to have been the light of the world. Nor have we enumerated the conspicuous names in Wesleyanism, and the old English Dissent, and the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion—any one of which would have supplied a list as long, and in some respects as remarkable, as that now given. Nor have we specified the services of eminent minds among the laity—such as Cowper, who secured for evangelism an exalted place in English

literature ; and Wilberforce, who introduced it into Parliament ; and Hannah More, who obtained an audience for it in the most sumptuous drawing-rooms, and by her tracts pioneered its entrance into countless cottages. These all fulfilled a function. Cowper was the first to show how purest taste and finest genius could co-exist with warmest love to Jesus Christ. His *Task*, and *Hymns and Letters*, were the several arches of a bridge, which has since been traversed by Foster, Hall, and other pilgrims, who showed plainly inspiration in their steps and heaven in their eye. Wilberforce, by the combined movements for the Reformation of Morals and the Abolition of Slavery, set the example to the great philanthropic institutions of our day ; and the ascendancy won by his personal worth and enchanting eloquence, supplied the nucleus round which Bible and other Societies were easily gathered. And the moralist of Barley Wood, by the sensible tone of her "*Cheap Repository*," and her educational victories among the young savages of Cheddar, gave an active and useful direction to feminine piety. Besides all which, her clever and pointed essays helped to expose hollow profession, and turn on evangelical motives in channels of self-denying industry. The connecting isthmus betwixt the old "*Duty of Man*," and Romaine's "*Life of Faith*," may be found in the "*Practical Piety*" of Hannah More.

It was on the close of a century thus prepared, and in the University in fullest contact with English mind, that God raised up CHARLES SIMEON.* The son of a Berkshire squire, and educated at Eton, he was sent to King's College. Being warned that he would be expected to communicate on the first Sabbath after his arrival in the University, and shocked at his own obvious unfitness, he instantly purchased "*The Duty of Man*," and strove to prepare himself. With little success. But subsequently an expression of Bishop Wilson, in his book on the Lord's Supper,—"*the Jews knew what they did when they transferred their sin to the head of their offering*," suggested to his mind the possibility of transferring guilt to another. The idea grew in his mind till the hope of mercy became strong, and on Easter Sunday he awoke with the words,—"*Jesus Christ is risen to-day ; Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !*" After this vivid dawn, the hope of salvation continued strong with him ; but he was three years without finding a single friend like-minded. On the eve of his ordination, he had serious thoughts of putting in the papers an advertisement, "*That a young clergyman, who felt himself an undone sinner, and who looked to the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation, and desired to live only to make him known, was persuaded that there*

* Born 1758. Died 1836.

must be some persons in the world whose views and feelings accorded with his own; and that, if there were any minister of that description, he would gladly become his curate, and serve him gratis." Soon after this purpose had been passing through his mind, through the influence of his father he found himself minister of Trinity Church, one of the largest places of worship in Cambridge, and where, for upwards of fifty years, he proclaimed the salvation which he himself had found. The career of opposition and obloquy which he ran passing off into universal esteem and homage, from the time that a gownsman would blush to cross the quadrangle in his company, till bishops were calling on him, three together, and till that bleak November day, when the mourning University bore him to his tomb, beneath the stately roof of king Henry's Chapel—the triumph of faith and energy over long hostility, may encourage other witnesses for obnoxious truth, and is amply detailed in Mr. Carus' bulky volume. We only wish to indicate the particular work which we believe that Mr. Simeon did. Filling, and eventually with great ascendancy, that commanding pulpit, for more than half a century, and meeting in his own house weekly scores of candidates for the Church of England ministry—we do not hesitate to say, that of all men Simeon did the most to mould the recent and existing evangelism of the Southern Establishment. And in his first and most fervent days—untrammelled, because persecuted and unflattered, he did a noble work. The impulse which he then gave was purely evangelistic, and men like Thomason, and Henry Martyn, and Daniel Wilson, were the product. But as he got older and more honoured, when he found that in the persons of his friends and pupils, and through his writings, he had become an important integral of the Established Church, if he did not become less evangelical he became more hierarchical. He still loved the Gospel; but the Church was growing kind, and he was coaxed into a more ardent episcopacy and more exact conformity. The Church was actually improved, and personal acquaintances mounting the bench put a still more friendly face on it. He began to hope that evangelism would prevail among the clergy, and that they might prove, if not the sole, the most successful agency for diffusing the Gospel. And strong in this belief, he began to blush at the excesses of his youthful zeal, and inculcate on his student-friends reverence for the Rubric and obedience to the Bishop. He bought patronages and presentations, and bestirred all his energies to form a ministry evangelical but regular, episcopal but earnest. Volunteering his services and accepted by the under-graduates, he became virtual Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology to the University of Cambridge.

In fulfilment of this task, he inspired no grand ideas. His mind was not telescopic. He did not look to the Church universal's long future, nor to the position of his own Church relatively to Christendom. But he looked to England as it then was, and as he assumed that it ever would be; and he looked out for new Bishops and advowsons in the market and present openings for an Evangelical clergy—the painstaking overseer of his own repairs, but not prophetic enough to foretell the alterations that would be eventually needed, nor creative enough to suggest them. The minds of his respectful listeners were not stimulated by the proposal of great schemes and noble purposes; even as they were not invigorated by fresh and sublime presentations of familiar truth. And he taught no system. He loved every text and dreaded none, and gloried in laying on each successively an equal stress. According to his text, a hearer might imagine him either Calvinist or Arminian, High Churchman or Low. To evade no text and exaggerate none was his object; and this was well: but we rather suspect that the Bible contains pervasive principles, prepollent and overmastering truths, and that a firm hold of these is very needful for the interpretation of the individual texts. And of this we are very sure, that no energetic ministry nor wide reformation has ever arisen without one or other of these cardinal truths as its watchword and rallying-cry. In Simeon's Theology there was nothing equivalent to Luther's *Jehovah-Tsidkenu*, nor Wesley's golden sentence, "God is Love."

But if not grand he was earnest, and if not comprehensive he was orderly and methodical. A man of routine rather than of system, he was a pattern of punctuality and neatness in his person, and a model of clear and accurate arrangement in his sermons. He liked to see work well done, and was therefore tempted to do too much himself. To ensure the preaching of a good sermon, whatever the text might be, he actually printed for the guidance of ministers twenty dense volumes of *Helps to Composition*. Only think of it! and only think of the parishes which get these spectral *Helps* as regular sermons! This Homiletic Bone-house contains no fewer than twenty-five hundred "skeletons," and however vigorous or affecting they might be when Simeon himself lived in them, they are now too many and exceeding dry.

As presiding over a school of the prophets, Simeon's great defects were a want of grandeur in his views, and the absence of a gravitation-centre for his creed. His pupils might come forth sincere and painstaking parsons; but, overladen with truism and shackled by routine, they were not likely to prove venturesome missionaries or bold and original evangelists. His own propen-

sity was more for well-divided sermons than for a theology newly inspired and anew adapted to the times. He loved to *open* texts ; and it was rather to the sermon-fishery than to the field of battle that he sent his young divines. His outfit-present was not a sword but an oyster-knife ; and if the "evangelicals" whom Arnold met were Simeonites, we do not wonder that they failed to command his reverence.

One thing must not be forgotten as shedding lustre on his Christian memory. He had continual heaviness, and great solicitude for Israel ; and as he mightily helped to awaken throughout the evangelical Church a missionary zeal on their behalf, so in his dying thoughts, like the Lord himself, he earnestly remembered them still. And in the recollectedness and deep humility of that dying scene, there is something greater and more solemn than any obituary which we have read for many days. During his long and active life—disinterested, peremptory, and single-eyed, he approved himself a faithful servant of his blessed Master. But the greatest good which he effected, we are disposed to think, is what he did directly, and still more what he did early. To our judgment he is not one of those men who can be widely or long transmitted. Already is all that was impulsive in him dying out, and we fear that some who exceedingly admired him once are forgetting what he taught them. And his own last days, we fear, were not quite so impulsive as his first. An ancient University and a hierarchical Establishment are to a fervent Evangelism like those Transatlantic lakes which are lined with attractive gravel. A stout arm, starting in deep water, may row a goodly distance ; but as it nears the banks or skims the shallows, the boat will be slowed or arrested by the spell in the water. It would appear that even Simeon at last had felt to some extent the influence of this magnetic mud.

ART. II.—*Doubleday's Financial History of England.*

UNDER this title we have a series of letters, or pamphlets, describing the origin and growth of our public debt—our condition under its burdens—and the prospect in store for our creditors. Although the work is dignified with the title of a “History,” Mr. Doubleday’s claim to be considered an historian is yet to be established;—for, acknowledging the clearness of his language, the originality of some of his views, and the industry with which he has illustrated the period embraced in his short account, it is to be regretted that his observations should have been characterized by unseemly and unjust vituperations on the greater part of the public men who have borne sway in this country since the Revolution, and by the attempt to propagate mischievous errors—views in short, which, if adopted by his pupils and their contemporaries, the rising youth of England (for whose instruction he tells us that they are intended), would surely destroy the commercial honour, and, through it, the existence of Great Britain.

There has been from the commencement something untoward in the conduct of our financial operations. The most serious demands upon our energies—the struggles in which it was incumbent upon us to put forth the greatest efforts of strength in money, in arms by sea or by land—have been at those periods in which credit was lowest, money in fewer hands, and its holders therefore in a condition to dictate to Parliament the most onerous terms.

The greater part of the four hundred millions with which the war of the French Revolution may be debited, was borrowed in a depreciated currency; while receiving £60 or £70 in paper, we bound ourselves to pay £100, without stipulating that the lender should be reimbursed either in the same worthless material, or upon any equitable system of equivalents. The return to cash payments consequent upon Mr. Peel’s Act of 1819, gave to the *then* holder of public securities an undue advantage, at the expense of nearly every other class in the country.

The account of the transactions under which our national debt has grown upon us, dates mainly from the Revolution of 1688. The new and insecure Government of the Prince of Orange, and the strength of the Tory party, rendered it impossible to maintain the new order of things without a heavier outlay, and corresponding taxation; and, in spite of the Land-Tax of 1692, (equal to and which was in fact an Income and Property Tax of 20 per cent.) it was requisite to have recourse to a loan. Mr.

Doubleday's prejudices and feelings in reference to this period, have been so far allowed to warp his judgment as to hurry him into the unworthy assertion (whilst he sneers at the patriotism of the Russells and the Cavendishes,) that a main cause of the Revolution was the sordid desire, on the part of some of our greatest English nobles, to secure their ecclesiastical possessions from resumption by a Catholic Government and Priesthood, had James continued to reign in this country. Of such a design on the part of James II. there is no evidence; still less of any apprehension on the part of the holders of that property, that the king, had he been ever so desirous, could have caused them any disturbance in their enjoyment of it. More than a hundred and thirty years before that, his predecessor, Mary, had wished to restore to the Monasteries, and other ecclesiastical foundations, the estates of which they had been deprived. Although it was but eighteen years after Henry VIII.'s first Act, and though many of the original beneficiaries were then alive, and exciting sympathy by their misfortunes and faith in what was believed to be the superiority of their creed, the Queen was unable to carry her point. She restored, indeed, to the Catholic Church what remained in the hands of the Crown ungranted to private individuals; but with this she was forced to be content. Yet we are to be told that a hundred and thirty years after this project had been given up as hopeless by a most bigoted princess, and in an almost Catholic country, such a monarch as James II. could have alarmed his nobles into a deposition of him, from a suspicion that he may have had similar intentions. The period of the Revolution is not one which displays the best picture of the public virtue of the country; but the writer should have reflected, that it was by the relations, the friends, and the allies of that Sydney and that Russell, who sealed with their blood their devotion to our liberties, that arbitrary power was finally banished from England by the Revolution of 1688.

But this arbitrary period of the Stuarts finds strange favour in his eyes. Under the two last princes of that House, England, he says, though not honoured, was comfortable and prosperous. Their government, he contends, though oppressive towards the nobles, did not press with harshness on the great bulk of the people. In support of this view, the reader is told of the moderate amount of taxation under Charles II. and James II. While the Long Parliament averaged an income of from £4,385,000 to £4,860,000, Charles II. received only £1,800,000, and James, in the year he abdicated, a trifle over £2,000,000. He then sums up the instances of the prosperous state of the country :—

“ The interest of money was six or even eight per cent. in ordinary cases, the profits of trade were commensurate with this high rate of interest

for money. No one, therefore, who saw tradesmen making these great returns, which all traffic then afforded, would give a heavy rental for land. Lands consequently were let low, and on long leases, the competition for farms being moderate."

Some of Mr. Doubleday's readers will probably doubt the extreme prosperity of a country where interest is at six and eight per cent., and the profits (and, perhaps, we should interpolate for him, the risks) of trade in proportion. They may opine that for the few fortunate owners of capital, and for the tradesmen exempt from all competition, there may have been great and undue gains, at the expense and to the detriment of the mass of the inhabitants.

Another source of satisfactory contemplation is the state of the poor. "Rates," continues he, "distributed liberally, if not profusely, came to £160,000, only $\frac{1}{12}$ th of the revenue." Very possibly, with no debt, little naval or military force, whatever we spent on the poor might wear a totally different aspect, when compared with the revenue and expenditure of the present day. To judge correctly, however, of the relative burden of pauperism at any period, it should be ascertained with what proportion of food the population of a country has to tax itself, for the support of those of its members who cannot maintain themselves at either period.

During the four years of King James's reign, wheat, on an average, cost 31s. 7d. per quarter. £160,000, therefore, expended in poor rates, were equal to 101,320 quarters, or 810,560 bushels; and assuming the population at that period at from 4,500,000 to 5,000,000, the amount of relief to the indigent required a contribution from every individual in the State of from $\frac{1}{4}$ th to $\frac{1}{2}$ th of a bushel.

The poor rate now may be taken at £5,000,000, and with wheat at 60s., will amount to about one bushel per head, or six or seven times as much per head, on our present population, (in spite of Mr. Doubleday's "atrocious Poor Law,") as the "liberal if not profuse administration" in the Stuart period.

It is difficult to believe that this gentleman has properly examined the social condition of the lower classes of this country before making such loose statements. From 1660 to 1720, says Malthus, the average price of corn enabled a labourer to purchase two-thirds of a peck of wheat per diem with his daily wages—from 1720 to 1750 they were equal to a peck a day. Arthur Young considers that for the whole of the 17th century, wheat averaged 38s. 2d., and that from 1700 to 1766 it was 32s. 1d.; that is, it declined 16 per cent., while labour, which on the average had been 10½d. per diem through the 17th century, was for the 66 first years of the 18th—1s., or a rise of 16 per cent.,—to which we will add the general testimony of Mr.

Hallam, that "the reign of Geo. II. was on the whole the most prosperous period that England had ever experienced." In 1668 (*i. e.* in Mr. D.'s happy times), Gregory King computed the ordinary revenue of labourers and out-servants at £15 per annum for a family of $3\frac{1}{2}$ persons, their weekly expenditure at 20d. per head—here is an income of £15 to meet an expenditure then of £17, 15s. Chief Justice Hale seems to have reckoned the expense of a labourer's family, consisting of a father, mother, and four children, of whom two could work a little, and the other two not at all, at 10s. per week, or £26 per annum. If we assume 8s. per week as their income from earnings, we have but £20, 16s. From 1655 to 1680, the period with which the Chief Justice was familiar, the average price of wheat was from two guineas to 45s. the quarter.

It will be clear, from these authorities, that Mr. D., in his anxiety to render yet more an object of envy to his fellow debtors of this century, the golden age of prerogative and plague, has assumed for it a degree of comfort and prosperity wholly at variance with historical facts. There is also an infatuation similar to that which characterized his theory of population, in asserting that this island was far more numerous peopled in former times than under the Tudors and the Stuarts. They seem to have lived, in his view, mostly on animal food; "up to the Reformation farming was in fact grazing." If so, these graziers and their herdsmen must have been, we grieve to think, but indifferent Catholics, not quite worthy of the advantages that surrounded them:—we own we should have thought the effect of the Reformation, involving the abolition of Lenten days, would have inverted the relative consumption, and have caused less corn and more meat to be consumed than before.

These praises, however, enable him with better grace to denounce the present order of things. Our condition is become so intolerable, that he gravely proposes the disregard of obligations contracted and imposed by the Legislature, to pass a sponge over the whole national debt, as Cobbett, of whom he is an admirer, did a quarter of a century back. Whether we will or not, this proceeding, we are told, is inevitable; only for convenience sake it might, he thinks, be hastened. He cannot forgive Sir Robert Peel for the share he had in the Act of 1819. The hardship and injustice which it inflicted fell, as he states, in the first instance, and with the greatest severity, upon mortgagers and incumbrancers, but all other classes of our tax-paying countrymen were in effect mulcted, by the undesigned or unforeseen operation of this Act, of £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 annually. By it they were decreed to pay in gold the interest of all that part of the debt borrowed in the war time in a

depreciated currency, and which interest, nominally above £12,000,000, was really worth only eight or nine millions until the Act of 1819 added to all obligations of this sort a burden of 20 to 25 per cent., by converting a paper promise into a golden liability.

“The distress, ruin, and bankruptcy which now took place were universal, affecting both the great interests of land and trade; but among the landlords whose estates were burdened with mortgages, fortunes, settlements, legacies, &c., the effects were most marked and out of the ordinary course. In hundreds of cases, from the tremendous reduction in the price of land which now took place, the estates barely sold for as much as would pay off their mortgages, and hence the owners were stripped of all, and made beggars.”

In one case given, a gentleman purchases an estate for £80,000, about 1812 or 1813—one moiety of the purchase being borrowed on mortgage of the land so bought.

“In 1823 he was compelled to part with the estate, in order to pay off his mortgage and some arrears of interest, and when this was done, he was left without a shilling—the estate bringing only half its cost in 1812.”

In another case, about 1812, a father and son had invested in an estate in a midland county the sum of £72,000; shortly after they agreed to lay out an equal sum on another estate in the same quarter. In the interval between the contract for the purchase (1812) and the execution of the conveyance (in 1819), the parties, who were in trade, and who had experienced heavy losses, could not complete the purchase, which, with some arrears of unpaid interest, amounted to £71,957; they therefore gave the vender (in addition to £18,555 which he had already received in part payment) a mortgage deed for £65,000 secured on both of the estates. In 1821 the purchasers became bankrupts—these two estates were then put up for sale, but would not together bring the sum for which they were mortgaged, and the vender of the second, now become the mortgagee of both, gave notice to foreclose. And this sad tale was that of many, whatever may have been the mismanagement or indiscretion of the parties thus speculating in land and trade also; yet the depreciation of the land in each case to half its value in less than a dozen years, is undeniable. It resulted from the lottery in which the nation had been engaged—not from any particular criminality on the part of the Government. An excess of speculation had pervaded all orders of men in the country. We had been the sole traders, the sole carriers and manufacturers; and it was not surprising that speculations in land should have partaken of the general artificial rise, and should afterwards have reached their natural level by a rapid and ruinous descent.

He forcibly denounces the practice of saddling our posterity to all perpetuity with the debts contracted in a single generation. There is a curious letter from Jefferson to Dr. Epps, dated 24th June 1813, in support of this view:—

“Suppose that the majority had borrowed a sum equal to the fee-simple of the estate, and had consumed it in eating and drinking and making merry in their day, or, if you please, in quarrelling and fighting with their unoffending neighbours—in eighteen years and eight months half of the then adult majority are dead; till then, being the majority, they might rightfully levy the interest of their debt annually on themselves and their fellow-citizens;—but at that period a new majority will have come into place in their own right, and not under the rights, conditions, and laws of their predecessors: Are they bound to consider the debt? or legally bound to give up their country and emigrate for subsistence? Every one will say—No.”*

Mr. Doubleday raises only a refined objection to this passage, to the effect that there might have been minors, wanting only a few days of legal age, who might thus be bound for nearly nineteen years to a system which they might disapprove of, and to which they ought not to be subjected per force when of age to assert their other political rights.

Men do not, however, always on coming of age, enter upon the exercise of discretion, or indeed upon the possession of an unencumbered estate, real or political; and if they do, they are not long before they manage to encumber it a little themselves. We wonder that Mr. Doubleday's extreme anxiety to preserve all possible contingent remainders for the first tenant in tail, did not suggest to him that the minor is not the only sufferer. Is there no hardship in shutting out those who, by the census, are now just below the property qualification, but who may acquire it to-morrow, as those who to-day are just below the age qualification, which will avail them only to-morrow, when it is too late, and when the mortgage-deed upon their future toil will have been already executed?

However, the extreme cases put by Jefferson cannot practically occur. No capitalist would advance money to a State, for the exclusive object of promoting national gluttony and ebriety, though a single prodigal son is sometimes enabled, by the aid of money-lenders, to waste his family substance in this manner. The want of credit on the part of the spendthrift governments of France, for a generation or two, led to the convocation of the

* Jefferson's theory was, that of all now living one-half die in twenty-four years and eight months; but then he omits minors, and says, that of those now adult, one-half will be dead in eighteen years and eight months

States-General, and eventually to the Revolution; and with regard to the expending of borrowed money in quarrelling with neighbours, it is yet to be seen whether Mr. Jefferson's countrymen, in their contest with Mexico, will be able to borrow the funds requisite for its successful termination, and whether the interest will in that case continue to be paid punctually, even for eighteen years and eight months.

Again it is argued, as if it lay in the discretion of the nobles of this country, for the time being, to have gone to war or not with France as they pleased, and to have spent as little money on this object as they chose. In Mr. Jefferson's country this might be the case, but not so in Europe. Could we have calculated on remaining neuter? was our engaging in the war, or our continuance of it, voluntary or not? We will admit that the first declaration came from us; nay more—that the tenor of Lord Grenville's notes were unfriendly in 1792. But had statesmen most desirous of peace been at the head of affairs—had Mr. Fox, for instance, the apologist of the French Revolution, been at the helm from 1792 to 1805, could even he have prevented war? Had we not acted against the French on the ocean, we must have fought them in Egypt; and if not in Egypt, at last in India, where they would, but for our timely stoppage, have gone. Did other States, desirous of peace or neutrality, avert the visitation? Did Naples, or Bavaria, or Spain, or Tuscany, or Modena, or Venice, or Genoa, or even Prussia, though there was no measure of humility, falsehood, or treachery, that the cabinet of this latter power were not ready to resort to, in order to escape the *ultima ratio* familiar to the great Frederick? And we are now to be told that it was optional whether we should fight!

Until lately, it has been doubted whether the project of an invasion of this country was seriously entertained. It has been supposed that the French ruler knew our unconquerable character, and was glad of an excuse to be quit of the expedition. So he may; a closer examination may have shown him the probabilities of failure and disgrace; but do not let us therefore conclude, that the project had not been seriously entertained, and long and obstinately persevered in by its author. M. Thiers' fifth volume shows the extent of preparations made—the ports dug out along the French coast—the flotillas of brigs, gun-boats, and transports provided—the enormous expenses incurred with this sole view—expenses seriously taxing the resources of the nation, and entirely thrown away unless this enterprise was undertaken. Let it be seen what earnest personal interest the Emperor himself took in this matter for years, urging, cajoling, forcing every agent, officer, and circumstance, into his views.

As early as July 1804, he writes to Admiral La Touche Tréville,—“Soyons maîtres du détroit six heures et nous sommes maîtres du monde;” and to Villeneuve, in July 1805, just after that officer, having unsuccessfully fought Calder on the 22d, had entered Corunna,—“Faites vous battre, même détruire, pourvu que par vos efforts la porte de Brest soit ouverte.” Again, in less than a week his master writes to him,—“Pour ce grand objet de favoriser une descente chez cette puissance qui depuis six siècles opprime la France, nous pouvons tous mourir sans regretter la vie.” On the 3d August 1805, Napoleon reached Boulogne. Next evening, after having reviewed on the sands above 100,000 men, he writes exultingly to Admiral Decres, the minister of marine,—“Les Anglais ne savent pas ce qui leur pend à l’oreille: si nous sommes maîtres de douze heures de la traversée, l’Angleterre a vécu.”

And when at last, on the 22d August, a despatch overland from Corunna brought him word that Villeneuve had actually sailed from thence to Brest, his contentment was extreme. His intention was that Villeneuve, with twenty-nine sail of the line, should present himself before Brest, from whence Ganteaume, issuing with twenty-one more, would effect a junction, notwithstanding Cornwallis’ blockading squadron. The French fleet, thus numbering fifty line-of-battle ships, would, in Napoleon’s calculations, meet and give battle to any English force then in those waters; they would lose ten—twenty of their number; no matter, with the remainder he still hoped they would be sufficient to protect his passage across, and cover his landing. So he writes to Ganteaume imperatively,—“Partez et venez ici (Boulogne) nous aurons vengé six siècles d’outrages et de honte.” . . . And to Villeneuve at the same time,—“Ne perdez pas un moment, et avec mes escadres réunies entrez dans la Manche, l’Angleterre est à nous, paraissez 24 heures et tout est terminé.” . . .

. . . And he was not far out. Forty years afterwards these boasts and threats may appear idle to many; but to the desperadoes to whom they were addressed, the possessory partnership, indicated in his language, was inspiring in the highest degree. Called by the inexorable conscription to be soldiers, it represented to them profit, pleasure, promotion—every object, in short, for which men agitate and subscribe in this country—the richer the land of promise, the more eager they for the foray. We do not wonder, then, at the enthusiasm with which such a leader was followed. And after all, the project was not more personally adventurous than the expedition to Egypt, the return from thence to France, the descent of the St. Bernard, or the landing at Cannes; or, above all, more gigantic than the invasion of Russia.

Our national existence was at stake. Was this the moment,

then, to stand higgling over the counter about the terms on which the Hebrew would lend us his moneys? or to be debating, according to the rules of double fellowship, whether the public debt to be incurred should be discharged by instalments within ten, twenty, or thirty years, or remain at a perpetuity of interest?

In crises of this kind the national energies must be strained, even at the risk of bursting; and the survivors and inheritors, after the gigantic struggle is over, must be contented with their succession, crippled and incumbered as it may be, and think themselves fortunate in having to pay only their share of the cost, and in having escaped the risk, the apprehensions, and the bloodshed which were the lot of those who carried on the contest.

But for their success, both in borrowing and fighting, Mr. Doubleday himself might have been a commis in a French comptoir—his sons, for whose benefit he writes, so far from enjoying leisure to profit by his labours, might, by favour of the conscription, be at this moment engaged in diffusing French notions of civilization, at the point of the bayonet, in Algeria, under Bugeaud—the Bishop of London still a discontented tutor of a college—good Dr. Hooly might have gone to join Pope Pius at Fontainebleau—and Sir Robert Peel have ended his days as a préfet of a trans-manchal Department. But “*diis aliter visum.*”

So far from grudging the expenditure incurred in resisting such an invasion, perhaps Government might be censured for not organizing their defence on a greater scale; nay, our subsequent engaging in the Peninsular campaigns may be justified as a measure of necessary precaution. Had we permitted the French Emperor to make himself master, one by one, of all the countries in Europe, their resources would, in due time, and in conjunction with his own, have been turned against us for our inevitable destruction.

We must take leave to deny the abstract proposition, that there is an indefeasible right in the tax-paying people of these islands to an inheritance of their state and country free from all debt and incumbrance. The correlative condition would be, that neither should they be entitled to the improvements which a former generation has effected during its life tenancy. Bridges, ports, fortresses, canals, railways, lighthouses, docks and drainages, and a host of other public works, are constructed out of the savings of one generation for the benefit of succeeding ones. The economy of money, time, health, and life, resulting from them, render existence generally longer and better in this country than in most others, and are thus brought home, indirectly at least, to every individual in it: although every man's labour may be mortgaged, every man derives from the investment more

than the wherewithal to discharge his share of the interest. He must elect then, whether he will take to his estate politic so charged or not; and if, on the whole, he should still be of opinion that the liabilities are too heavy, he may withdraw himself from their incidence by emigration to some of our unburdened, but at the same time less secure, and less civilized possessions in Australia or in Canada.

It will not, we hope, be thought that we are apologists for war in general, or for the imbecility and extravagance with which that with France was prosecuted. But the right to incur heavy liabilities, when the very existence of the nation (except as a tribe of Helots) is at stake, is what we must contend for, although, in the main, we admit with Mr. Jefferson, that we should be chary of burdening our posterity with costs, incurred perhaps, by the follies or passions of a party in power for a day. However, it is well to be cautious in our adoption of political morality from American statesmen. It is not certain that the repudiating turpitude of some of the States belonging to the Union, may not have been owing to their adhesion to, and improvement upon, such doctrine as that which the democratic President has thus laid down.

Although Mr. Doubleday attacks with unqualified censure the professors of Political Economy, and Ricardo, ("the rich and arrogant man," as he terms him,) he evidently adopts some of the views of the latter. In his Tract on the Funding System, Ricardo describes three modes by which a country, plunged into a war costing 20 millions per annum, (a truly mercantile view of the question,) may provide for its expenditure.

1st, By raising in each year the sum.

2d, By borrowing and funding to perpetuity.

3d, By borrowing and providing, by taxation, an adequate sinking fund.

Of these three Ricardo preferred the first, because, he says, and truly, we shall be more cautious of engaging in war, and more likely to get out of it; and efforts would be made to save the whole 20 millions out of income, while, on the other hand, no greater effort would be made to save the interest only on the 20 millions, (if we funded them,) than would be made to save the principal sum itself.

This could not be accomplished without extensive confiscation and general distress spread over all those classes who live by bodily labour. Although nominally supported by the wealthy, the working classes would, before long, be grievously affected by the operation of such an impost. If 20 millions are withdrawn permanently from the ordinary channels of expenditure, who will make up to the workmen the livelihood of which they

are thus suddenly deprived?—for of even the richest and most luxurious man's expenditure, how large a portion resolves itself virtually into mere wages of labour—race-horses, and opera-dancers excepted. Not to mention the absurdity of a nation *plunged* into a war, determining before-hand the sum which it would spend upon it each year,—as if in undertaking a chancery suit any one was able to allowance himself with a fixed annual amount of litigatory *menus plaisirs*.

Reverting to our internal condition, much mischief is attributed by Mr. Doubleday (apparently for want of better reasons,) to the general extension of enclosures. From 1760 to 1831, 7,000,000 of acres in England and Wales have been enclosed. It would really be a waste of time to combat such an argument, even were his assertion true, which it is not, that the poor of the country had been despoiled of these their possessions, and that no others enjoyed any right over them. Very little advantage could have been derived from them by persons too poor to lay out capital upon them, and who only possessed a limited right of enjoyment in them. Things held absolutely in common, forbid, from their nature, the application of capital by a few of the individuals interested, as the benefits accruing from such outlay would go to the commoners at large, and not exclusively to the investors. The writer is incorrect in his account of these commons, when he states that “they were gradually abandoned by the richer proprietors as inconvenient holdings—at last they became the joint property of the poorer, and a village or town naturally rose on the verge of each, which was the origin of townships, into which parishes came to be divided.”

Had he been as active in ascertaining where and what people had a right to graze, as in demonstrating what debts, or interests they ought not to pay, he would not have been betrayed into such inaccuracies—he would have found it distinctly recorded in the memorial rolls of three-fourths of the courts-baron, that the clear and undisputed ownership of these wastes was in the Lord of the Manor, subject to a limited and restricted right of enjoyment by the commoners, varying according to the custom of each particular manor; and the same records show that the commoners were by no means negligent of their own rights, from the frequent presentments of any who intruded without license from the lord or other valid title. The question of enclosures has been rather needlessly pressed into the service by Mr. Doubleday, in his attack on our finance, for we can trace no connexion betwixt them. As far as enclosures have had any effect on the labouring class, it has been a beneficial one, from the employment and the food they have afforded; though, un-

fortunately, he views them like many other matters, through a strangely distorted medium.

In fact, it is difficult to ascertain what classes of men or things occupy the lowest place in his favour. Ministers and economists, favourites and demagogues, landlords and Jews—events and periods even, all come in by turns for marks of his displeasure. "The South Sea villains"—"this atrociously villanous proceeding"—"the slavish and impudent pedant"—"the pompous and over-praised bully, Johnson;" "the long, gloomy, mad, and wicked reign of Geo. III.," who is further noted as the "boorish semi-idiot"—"who nominally governed"—"the profligate Scotchman," (Lord Bute,)—and "the regal demi-rep," (the Prince of Wales) "who really ruled"—"the empty and flippant Canning,"—"the incapable Robinson,"—"a shallow and superficial man,"—the "most silly and contemptible of all financiers."

In his praise he is more sparing; but its objects find themselves in unexpected company in his pages. He ranks together "the much-maligned but honest (?) monarch, James II.," the late William Cobbett, and the present hon. member for Oldham—"the excellent John Fielden,"—"the Protector Cromwell," and "the illustrious President Jackson," who is complimented for having forced the United States to return to those cash payments "which had been suspended to the great injury of the morals, credit, and prosperity of the Union;" just the very course, in short, which he bitterly reproaches Mr. Peel and the Parliament for having followed in 1819. The Protector, we suppose, is lauded, in order to afford an opportunity of scolding at the repeal of the navigation laws, and of abusing the pacific policy of England, contrasted with the bold bearing which the internal weakness of the then natural rivals of England justified Cromwell in assuming in his foreign correspondence.

We are taunted with not opposing an English army to the French invasion of Spain in 1823. We are told we must submit to any sacrifice rather than resort to hostilities. We are reproached with the submission of Wellington to the blockade of Enos by the Russians in 1829—with the capture of the Vixen—the extirpation of Poland—the annexation of Texas—the overthrow of Espartero—the Spanish marriages—Russian agitations in Turkey—Russian intrigues in Asia,—all of which are contrasted with the boastful dictum of Chatham, that not a cannon should be fired in Europe but that England should know the reason why.

No doubt these several incidents, some of which it would have been inconvenient, others extravagant, in us to oppose or punish by force, have been *pro tanto* triumphs of barbarism over civilization, of despotism over that liberty and independence among the

nations of the world which it is the proud distinction of England to have inspired, and which it is still her privilege to lead. She must, however, be content with the influence which her position and her intellectual state in advance of the whole world ensure for her. She cannot act as police-officer and public prosecutor for every offence against liberty and property committed on the face of the globe. The wider her commerce, the more extended her relations, the more intricate the net-work of the communications she maintains for the diffusion of wealth and intellect among mankind, the more cautious does it behove her to be of interrupting, even temporarily and over a limited surface, the ramifications by which her civilizing influences are distributed to other nations. Nothing can be so afflicting as the contemplation of a renewal of the general European struggle which terminated in the last generation: the men of this, now in their prime, have the happiness, for the most part, of knowing of those horrors by description and tradition only, as having been inflicted in other countries—never as having been endured in our own. They have not felt as our fathers did, who were actors in and responsible for the issue of the tremendous struggle then raging, what really was a contest *pro aris et focis*.

Mr. Doubleday is so certain of our ruin if the struggle ever be renewed: he looks on that ruin as so valuable an instrument of punishment for the crimes of sundry extortioners, that he almost seems to regret that we did not plunge into hostilities in order that his anger at certain of our institutions or classes of men might be appeased by their destruction in the conflict. We admit that our difficulties as to money would be pressing. But those of the enemy would be in no respect less embarrassing. In the last war, France, the general aggressor, started with the advantage of providing for her armies by a general confiscation of land and tithes—everything, in short, that belonged to the Church and noblesse, the owners having been first guillotined or exiled. From the States she subdued, she plundered enough to maintain her armies and enrich her leaders—just as her forefathers had done under Brennus and Vercingetorix twenty centuries before.

Our policy was different. We raised soldiers and sailors, who, when they fought, conquered, and honestly and gallantly earned their daily bread, even with wheat at 120s. the quarter; but we unluckily hired the military service of every nation on the continent who had an army to let, and sent them into the field one after another, at our expense, against Buonaparte, by whom they were uniformly beaten and dispersed, while their captured material went to increase the military stores of the conquerors.

But all this is now essentially altered. In the event of any general hostilities calling for great national efforts, the Conti-

mental Powers would be at least as much embarrassed as ourselves. If they have less debt, they have also far less credit; and they have difficulties, too, which we are exempt from. Capitalists of all kinds, Jew and Gentile, will, in view of the onward progress of opinion and the decline of the simple monarchical principle of Government in every country, in future require some better guarantee than a minister's word or a prince's promise before they will abandon their industrial reproductive investments in order to furnish the sinews of war for the destruction of man and his works. The intervention of another party to the bargain—that of the tax-payer, through his lawfully constituted attorney or representative—will be more generally insisted upon as a guarantee to the security of the loan. In Prussia, in the midst of peace in 1847, as in the France of 1789, financial embarrassment leads to the convocation of a States-General, and we see the monarchical past ungraciously doing homage to the representative future. Could Austria, Prussia, or Russia, could any of the smaller German States, save enough out of their present respective revenues to recommence the conflict which expired in 1815, upon the plan advocated by Ricardo? Such an impost is out of the question. There remains then the resource of borrowing. But in any case for the increase of taxation requisite to pay the interest of the money, recourse must be had to the national will. The caprice of the sovereign, his family connexion with other royal families, piques or predilections among princes, will not be admitted as a sufficient cause for mortgaging the industry of every man, woman, and child in the country, in order to gratify them. We do not believe that France could now endure a war in order to obtain Spain as an appanage for the Orleans family, any more than that England would permit her army to be disembarked in Portugal in order to maintain the consort of Donna Maria, the cousin of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, in the possession of an unconstitutional authority.*

There could be no avoiding, in the greater part of the Continental States, in such a case as that above supposed, an appeal to the national wishes in some shape;—a costly war now-a-days must enlist the intelligence and wealth of a country on its side, or it cannot be persevered in. Since our continental neighbours have undertaken to be manufacturers too, they are more heavily bound over to keep the peace than before. Even in Russia the Czar would be forced to modify his policy to the feelings and interests of his nobles. A general cessation of the exports of raw material consequent upon our short general blockade of the

* Some of the French press have nevertheless attempted to give circulation to this stupid calumny.

Baltic in the last war, spread discontent as well as distress among the squirearchy of the Slavonic race;—a revival of the blockade, our most effectual, and to us least costly, means of offence, would renew those feelings with increased effect.

Our nearest and most probable enemy is France. She is formidable from her compactness, her position, and also from the unforgiving recollections with which her people brood over Trafalgar and Waterloo. Those conditions alone do not insure success. They do not even render it probable. But then she has had her revolutions, say some—she is at least exempt from falling lower, while her neighbours are either in a transition state which would cripple their action, or, it may be, on the brink of such a catastrophe as that with which she has been visited. These arguments are not convincing. From her statistical compilations, as well as from her political writers on both sides, it may be gathered that there is quite as much of distress and ferment as in England, with less of security for property. "France," says the enthusiastic Michelet, "did not by her revolution destroy her nobility; she has, on the contrary, gained 34,000,000 of nobles. But this new nobility (he is alluding to the general possession of land by the French peasant) is threatened with extinction." Borne down by the weight of usury and direct taxation, the cultivator becomes daily more estranged from his fellow-countrymen—he regards with increasing ill-will all those who do not, like himself, derive their livelihood from tilling the soil with their own hands. The Chevalier Tapiès (*Statistique de la France et l'Angleterre*) pronounces, on the other hand, against the *petite culture* so much insisted upon by Michelet. "The misery of the cultivator deprives him of all credit; he has no means of making manure, its absence must be supplied by successive labour, and yet the produce is but moderate." "In reading history one sees every where that the nations, à *petite culture*, (cottiers, small farmers, &c.,) dwelling on plains, have always been invaded and conquered by the people à *grande culture*." Thus Hants and Wilts might, if Lord Ashburton and Mr. Benett were so minded, entirely overrun and reduce into captivity the conacre men and home colonists, which Mr. Powlett Scrope so pleasantly dreams of in Ireland. "Those large-farmer nations alone are able to repair the losses in men, horses, provisions, and materials, which long and disastrous wars occasion. England, Italy, Austria, show this, particularly the latter power. Insensible to twenty years of defeat and discouragement, Austria has always recommenced the conflict, and has provided abundance of commissariat supplies and of horses. As to France, a single reverse sufficed, after many years of success, to render her completely inert."

The physical development of the human race in France, whether from the effects of the conscription or from those of the extreme and increasing division of the land, is no longer what it was. This had been long cursorily remarked by travellers, but without any pretensions to accuracy; it seems now, however, to be incontrovertibly true that the general height has been diminishing gradually since 1790.

"Before the Revolution the standard for the grenadiers was 5 feet 5 inches, (French,) under the Republic 5 feet 4 inches, under the Emperor 5 feet 3 inches, and, at the present time men of 4 feet 9 inches 7½ lines are admitted into the infantry of the line."*

"It has been calculated, that even under the most favourable circumstances, it will still require two generations to enable the human species in France to become what it was in 1789."

This ill-fed race works, according to Tapiès, 15¼ days to obtain the same measure of wheat in that country which an average English labourer receives in exchange for 11½ days in this.

Another of their statistes, Snitzler, calculates the average allowance of wheat to be 182 kilogrammes, "un livre du pain par jour, c'est bien peu—aussi le moindre deficit affecter apidement et forcément le prix de grains." Our own consumption is reckoned to be a quarter per head, (on the wheat-eating population,) or 480 lbs. per annum, just one-fourth more than the French of Snitzler. From Messrs. Rubichon and Mounier, it may be collected that a Frenchman consumes in the year about 11 cubic feet of grain, *legumes*, buck-wheat, &c., of which only 6 are wheat, while in England the ration of wheat alone exceeds 10 cubic feet.

M. Rubichon's fears of ruin and extinction from the *morcellement* in rapid progress in France, are quite as vivid as Mr. Doubleday's encouraging anticipations of national bankruptcy amongst ourselves. Such is the poverty of the smaller owners, (and they are the great mass,) so weighed down are they by taxation and *hypothèques*, (mortgages) that he is almost prepared for a *jacquerie* in which the peasants will levy war against the higher, more easy classes, and even on the *bourgeoisie*. Yet the *impôt-foncier*, with the *centimes additionels*—a sort of land or property tax—does not, by any means, bear the same high proportion to its annual value that our own general and local rates of taxation in this country to the rental of the property subject to them. For the other burdens (the mortgages) are almost exclusively of their own contracting, the insane avidity of

* Approximately 5 feet 10 inches—5 feet 9 inches—5 feet 8 inches—and 5 feet 2 inches.

the lower orders for purchasing where they have not inherited, and for adding some wretched half-acre to the plot they have succeeded to, having impelled them to burden their little possessions with a charge they can have no hope of redeeming. The whole face of the soil they possess is thus steeped in penury. It can afford no additional contributions to the State desirous of sustaining the extraordinary expenditure of a costly war. Nay, even the present amount cannot always be now collected, still less can it be relied upon for the future. A hail-storm, a flood, a blight, or frost, frequently necessitates a *rémission de l'impôt* throughout whole communes. The natural causes of mischief recurring as usual, their effects will come to be more serious as the multiplication of parcels goes on, and the margin between numbers and food is lessened. France is still eminently an agricultural country; by far the largest portion of her inhabitants obtain their living from industry connected with the soil, which, as in Ireland, yields to those who now till it little more than a bare subsistence; there is not that division of profits beyond the expenses which even in the poorest districts of England enables the cultivator to become the customer of the manufacturer and trader. Our 26,000,000 of people pay us £23,000,000 of customs' duties upon imports, an average contribution of 18s. a-head; 34,000,000 of Frenchmen afford to their Government only 6s., or one-third.

We have been led to diverge at disproportionate length into the parallel condition of the only European country which can be compared with or become an object of serious apprehension to us, because there is a tendency to believe that our population and resources are in a less flourishing state than that of our ancient, but now, as we hope, friendly rival. Critical as our position might be on the outbreak of a war, the knowledge that discontent and poverty press with as great, though a different form of severity abroad, should reconcile us, notwithstanding the denunciations of Mr. Doubleday and a portion of our daily press, to bear with while we endeavour to better the normal frame of society on this side of the Channel.

But for these multifarious evils a remedy is proposed by Mr. Doubleday, who says, "one measure alone can avert the violent destruction of the system, and that is, the sweeping away of the national debt, and the reduction of the taxes to one-fifth of their present amount." We should have thought the precautionary measure would have left behind it little capable of destruction, violent or gradual, and that the insurance proposed, as in the case of an American prairie or forest on fire, was as dangerous as the conflagration for which it is to be substituted. Suppose, however, this notable advice followed—the 280,000 public creditors, who with their families represent a million of our fellow

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If Christianity is to continue, this state of things must not continue. Christian learning and Christian thought must keep pace with the progress of the times. The Church must make all Science, and all Art, and all the lore of past time, and all the experience of the present, her own. She must show herself as that Eternal City into which "all the forces of the Gentiles" shall be brought, there to be consecrated to God's honour, and wielded in his service. It is shame enough to the Christians of these islands, that, possessing so many advantages, in a pure faith, a free constitution, such large endowments for the support of learning, and such ample means of acquiring it—it is shame enough for us that we have not been the leaders, instead of the followers of the rest of Europe;—that the honest and generous love of truth for its own sake, has not been sufficient to stimulate us to thought and exertion, without waiting for a crisis wherein the very safety of religion demands that we should rouse ourselves from our dreams and inactivity.

The proper remedy against the evil influence of an infidel literature is to supply a Christian literature, equally opulent in all the resources that make its rival valuable. The proper remedy against false reasoning is right reasoning. Contemptuous silence will not do. Threats and attempts at coercion, whether moral or physical, will not do. Nothing but argument can refute argument; nothing but truth can displace falsehood. The evil cannot be met by periodical essays such as ours; by a few hours' thought and study, or a few hours' labour in composition. It must be met by the creation of a literature, not merely directly apologetic, but compensatory;—such a literature as that which the Cudworths, the Clarkes, the Warburtons, the Lardners, the Butlers of a better age produced, when English Deism was as formidable as German Pantheism is now. In the meanwhile, however, we—the light battalion—the *παραστατικοὶ ἄνδρες μισθοφόροι ἐν λόγοις*—may be able to do something in the good cause. We may draw attention to the sources of really useful information which reviving Christianity has begun to open largely upon the Continent; we may occasionally be adequate to single out some particular error and expose it, or warn the reader of concealed danger where he might not at first suspect it.

It is with the hope of being able to do some little good in this way, that we enter at present upon a brief examination of the work on Biblical Criticism, now extensively circulated in England, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, *De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament*, translated, enlarged, and improved by a Mr. Theodore Parker, "Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury." In introducing this work to our

readers, we naturally feel that Mr. Parker himself has the first claims upon our notice, as being of the two least likely to have enjoyed the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with them. He has invited us to speak freely by his motto—which, like the rest of his ancient lore, is somewhat the worse for the wear—*πάταξον μὲν, ἄκουσον δέ*. And we will treat him better than he expects, for we have heard him patiently before we struck. Mr. Theodore Parker, then, (to speak our minds with becoming plainness,) is grossly ignorant of German, and no great master of English; and, therefore, when he undertakes to translate out of the former language into the latter, his version cannot reasonably be expected to be either elegant or correct. He has, however, a great deal of diligence and activity—which it were well if he would bestow aright; and a tolerably sound, though narrow understanding, which, if he would add to it a little modesty and sense of religion, might make him ultimately useful, or at least inoffensive.

We shall give a specimen or two of his qualifications as a translator and critic. A very little will suffice; and the reader will readily calculate the stature of the Hercules of Roxbury from the measure of his foot. In vol. i. p. 390, we are astounded by the information that the Jews distinguish the characters used in their MSS. into the TAM and the WELSH. "Of a noble race was Shenkin:" yet we *guess* that the warmest-headed antiquarians of the Principality would be somewhat surprised to find that their country had played so conspicuous a part in Hebrew literature. The word which Mr. Parker had before him was *Welsche*, which a very slight knowledge of German (not to require even a slight knowledge of biblical criticism) might have taught him to translate "Italian." But he was writing a book of reference, and therefore felt it unnecessary to consult authorities. In the same volume, p. 153, he gives the following *translation* from Eichhorn: "Epiphanius, or rather an apocryphal writer, to judge from the foolish things with which his narrative is overlaid," &c. The work referred to is Epiphanius' book *De ponderibus et mensuris*, the authenticity of which the reader, who trusts (as hereafter few readers will) to Mr. Parker's accuracy, will be surprised to find questioned by Eichhorn—especially upon such grounds. But if he will compare the original, he will find a fitter object for his astonishment: "Epiphanius—*leider* ein apokryphischer Schriftsteller, wegen der vielen Albernheiten womit er seine Erzählungen überladen hat," &c. Could not Mr. Parker turn a dictionary, and find that *leider* meant "unhappily?" Indeed, he is specially unfortunate in his attempts upon Eichhorn. In vol. ii. p. 31, he makes Eichhorn say of the book of Genesis: "Read it as two historical works of the old

world, *the air of its age and country breathes in it*. Forget the age you live in, and the knowledge it affords you—*still you cannot enjoy the book in the spirit of its origin; dream not of that.*" Eichhorn's own words are: "Lies es als zwei historische Werke der Vorwelt, und athme dabei die Luft seines Zeitalters und Vaterlandes. Vergiss also das Jahrhundert in dem du lebst, und die kenntnisse die es dir darbietet: *und karst du das nicht*, so lass dir nicht träumen, das du das Buch in Geist seines Ursprungs geniessen werdest."* Again, at p. 82: "It stops with God, the ultimate cause, as if he were supposed to be the immediate cause. And *even* for us, who have inquired into the causes of things, the name of God, in these cases, is often *indispensable to fill up the blank*, when *we do not design to say*, that God has interrupted the course of things!" "Und für uns, die wir die ursachen der Dinge erforscht haben, ist in diesen Fällen der Name Gottes oft *ein entbehrliches Füllwort*, und keine Anzeige dass Gott den Lauf der Dinge immer unterbrochen habe."† Yet Mr. Parker is not without a rival as a translator in the great Republic. He has at least an equal in a Mr. Kaufman, who has done Tholuck the honour of rendering his commentary upon St. John's Gospel into English, wherein he felicitously turns the Latin word "*Theologastri*" into the elegant new-English compound "*Belly-theologues*."

De Wette himself is a very different sort of a person from his conceited and ignorant translator. Indeed, the German and the American have hardly any thing in common, except their contempt for orthodoxy, and disbelief of Revealed Religion. But these are much more calm, settled, and rational in the former than in the latter; less noisy and offensive, and perhaps, too, more hopeless. De Wette is one of the best learned and most painstaking compilers of a learned and painstaking generation. With less of imagination in his temper than some of the more vivacious of his brethren, and consequently seldom dazzling his readers with new hypothetical discoveries, he has, where his unchristian prejudices do not warp his judgment; a considerable share of masculine good sense and discernment, and possesses no small share of those sound sterling qualities of a critic to which Gesenius owed his well-earned reputation. The real utility of his work in many respects—and it is indeed an admirable digest of critical information—makes it only the more dan-

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gerous in others ; and the fact that so serviceable a work supplies a felt deficiency in our sacred literature, makes it needful for us to warn those, who are likely to avail themselves of its help, of the antichristian principles which pervade it in every part. His fundamental maxim, stated broadly at the very outset, § 4. (vol. i. p. 3, of the translation) is, that the Bible is to be treated as an uninspired book—a mere human phenomenon, to be classed with other *similar* phenomena of historical and religious documents. To set out from any other point he considers grossly unscientific, and to involve a *petitio principii*, a needless and illiberal incumbrance of criticism with theology ! Surely it cannot be necessary to spend many words in exposing the palpable unfairness of such talk as this. If—as seems manifest almost upon a mere inspection—inspiration, being admitted as a real fact, ought in reason to have some influence in determining the proper mode of interpreting inspired documents, it is impossible to deliver adequate rules of interpretation in such cases, without resolving the prior question as to their inspiration, or considering it as resolved already. The course generally adopted by orthodox critics, has been to suppose it resolved in the affirmative ; and, in reality, the thing objected to by De Wette, is, not that we resolve such questions at all, or consider them as resolved, (though this be the specious pretence,) but that we do not consider them as resolved already in the negative.

But there is a form which this objection sometimes takes which deserves more respectful consideration—partly for its own sake, and partly for the sake of those by whom it has been propounded. “The Bible,” it is said, “must be examined and interpreted *before* the question of its inspiration can be satisfactorily determined ; to assume, therefore, its inspiration, during the preliminary examination, is to assume a point still to be proved.” Yet it needs no special subtilty of thought to see through this fine-spun fallacy. For, since the object of the preliminary examination here supposed is to discover whether or no the Bible agree with the claims it makes itself, we must, for that very reason, expound it, as far as we can, in accordance with these claims. For (sufficient external evidence being assumed) we are to admit or reject its authority, according as it seems to agree or disagree with those claims. But in such a procedure the point assumed is not taken for granted. It is in the condition of an hypothesis which we are verifying by an induction of experiments. Suppose we had to judge, for example, from internal evidence, of the authenticity of some of the plays of Euripides : How else could we institute the inquiry but by considering whether or not the style and sentiments were such as (supposing him to have written them)

might fairly be expected from that author? In this case it would certainly be reasonable to apply, for instance, the philosophy of Anaxagoras to the elucidation of obscure passages; to take his terms in the same sense as was manifestly put upon them in his acknowledged works; in short, to admit as valid grounds of interpretation all the consequences which would naturally flow from the supposition of their authenticity. The ultimate conclusion would then be so far from being vitiated that the proof would accumulate in proportion as the peculiarities capable of being explained by the simple supposal of authenticity increased in variety and number.

In the same way, then, when we are examining the Bible, we should try whether, supposing it to be inspired, it may have been written as it is; and thus, if there be peculiar modes of speech and methods of information, which, though not to be expected in a human composition, are yet very proper in a divine, we shall not err against any rule of sound logic in constructing it according to them.

Another gross fallacy involved in De Wette's View of the Principles of Biblical Criticism, consists in the cool assumption that the Bible, Homer, the Vedas, and the Zendavesta, are all phenomena of the same class—an assumption based, as far as we can find, only upon the admitted truth of many general resemblances between *mythology* and the *history of miracles*, and justified by the total omission of the countervailing fact of many special points of essential distinction. Now, while no sceptical hypothesis can possibly explain these latter, the existence of the former is not only no objection to the Christian theory, but seems even to flow from it as a corollary. We shall occupy the remainder of the present Article by attempting, in a brief space, to place this important truth intelligibly before the reader's mind.

The family of Jacob appear to have been originally a people distinguished in no respect above their neighbours by the cultivation of literature and arts. Their mode of life in the patriarchal times, and the troubled circumstances of their state at a later period, were not such as to favour the study of Philosophy, or encourage the pursuit of abstract Science. Nor does it appear that the Israelites themselves were much disposed towards such inquiries.

Nevertheless, it cannot be reasonably denied that this people professed, at a very remote period, and retained for many ages, a system of pure Theism as their creed; and institutions of ceremonial and political religion unparalleled amongst their contemporaries for simplicity and wisdom. As far as we can collect from the most extensive survey of ancient history, it seems evident that the tendency of the human mind, and of the generally

received maxims of legislation which must have prevailed when this system and these institutions were preserved in Israel, were not such as can reasonably be supposed to have *created* the Mosaic economy. For the tendency of the human mind in all nations—and apparently its *natural* tendency in this nation also—was strong towards Idolatry and Polytheism; and the maxims of legislation universally received elsewhere were in favour of gratifying that tendency. Nor is there any ground for supposing that this semi-barbarous and secluded people did, or could, *reason out* for themselves such a system of religion as is developed in the very earliest of their Sacred Books.

These books themselves present to us an explanation of this phenomenon, which it is so difficult to account for otherwise. They tell us that this pure system of faith and morals was imparted to, and maintained amongst, the patriarchs and their progeny by supernatural interpositions of the Deity; and, if this account be admitted, it undoubtedly affords an explanation of the difficulty.

Let us consider, then, some consequences which will flow from an admission of this account.

These Divine interpositions, which we suppose were made primarily for the benefit of former men, and not for us, the slow and dry philosophers of the nineteenth century—would they not then be made in that form and manner which might appear most affecting and intelligible to the persons of that age? If so, the whole economy of such interpositions must exhibit, in its form and manner, a condescension to the modes of thought and feeling which sprang from the circumstances of that period for which it was originally calculated. The essential disparity between the divine or angelic natures and the human makes it necessary that, where a communication takes place, some *medium* of communication must be selected. Is it, then, unreasonable to expect that *that* medium should in fact be the one selected, which the tempers, customs, states of knowledge, or even prejudices of the men of those times, would render most easily apprehended by them?

Hence it follows that the true records of such interpositions might naturally be expected to bear many characters of resemblance to the purely *mythic* narratives of other ancient peoples. Those mythic legends were indeed created by the longings and imaginations of the human mind in certain imperfect states of civilization. They are faithful mirrors of the tastes and ideas prevalent in such circumstances, and represent the wonders which they feign in a light reflected from the temper and mental habits of the mythologist and his hearers. They must, therefore, be allowed to indicate to us the forms under which the popular mind,

at such a period, was best prepared to apprehend and receive even real Divine interpositions, if such had actually occurred; and, consequently, as we have just seen, to indicate, *in some degree*, the forms under which those interpositions would be likely to take place, if it were fitting that they should take place at all. We say *in some degree*, in order to mark a limitation of the resemblance, which depends upon a distinction of vital importance. In merely mythic narratives, where the fable is moulded by the human mind, the passions or folly of man will often so act upon the fancy as to give a stain of vice, or an air of extravagance, to the form or substance (and often to both) of the supernatural occurrences which they relate. But a real Divine interposition can never condescend to anything that is vicious or even puerile. We may observe, further, that an ardent thirst for communion with the spiritual world, and a great readiness to believe in such things as might satisfy that thirst, undoubtedly prevailed in the early times of the world; and that such dispositions, being unsatisfied by reality, created a demand for fictitious miracles, which, being shaped by wild and corrupt human imaginations, became the source of innumerable corruptions in the ancient religions of Gentilism. The ancient religions were full, not only of fanciful legends concerning former miraculous events, but also of permanent devices of importance, by which it was pretended that a certain sort of communion with spiritual beings was at all times maintained amongst mankind. There was hardly a city without its oracle, or a temple without its augurs and its mysteries. And, however we may choose to account for it, such pretensions commended themselves so well to the expectations and wants of the people, that these impostures were eagerly believed, and maintained their credit for many ages, notwithstanding the numerous marks of falsehood which they seem to have carried with them.

If, then, it had been the design of the Almighty to preserve the Jewish people from the corruptions to which the wants and tendencies of mankind rendered other nations obnoxious, there is nothing unreasonable in supposing Him to satisfy, by a real communion with the world of spirits, those intense longings of the human mind, which false religions sought to satisfy by this pretended intercourse. Thus, for example, we should not be surprised to learn that God established an oracle in the tabernacle or temple of the Jews, to be consulted upon such matters as those concerning which responses were sought at heathen oracles; or that his prophets discharged, to some extent, the same functions which the augurs and soothsayers of the Gentiles pretended an ability to discharge.

Again, since all these interpositions are supposed (in their form, and partly in their substance) results of a certain condescen-

sion to the wants and feelings which spring from particular states of society, it would also be reasonable to expect that, according as men passed into states of higher civilization, greater knowledge, and more rational faith, the economy of these wonders, after accommodating its phenomena for a while to the requisitions of these altered circumstances, would soon, when that change became fixed, pass away with the causes that demanded it, and melt, as it were gradually, into the ordinary course of Providence. In effect, these are the appearances which present themselves in the history of the Jewish people; the miraculous economy modifying itself, in the later periods of that history, so as to harmonize with their altered circumstances, and finally vanishing altogether. Thus, for example, in the later times of the Theocracy, Divine interpositions principally took place under the form of prophetic inspiration; and the prophecies of those ages, so far as they were *predictive*, extended the sphere of their predictions to a wider and grander circumference than before, embracing the mightiest kingdoms of the earth, and the ultimate fortunes of the whole human family; and, so far as they were *didactic*, (which they were to a great extent,) they dwelt principally upon the noblest and most universal lessons of the Patriarchal faith—the unity and spirituality of God—His dominion over all the powers of nature—the extension of his reign to all people—the value of inward religion—and the vanity of ceremonial rites. At this period, also, greater use was made of chronicles and written documents than formerly. The people were now better fitted to depend upon and appropriate such supports; and thus, gradually, rational instruction and historical evidence were substituted for present wonders, as the ground of popular faith.

It would seem, then, that since such phenomena might reasonably be anticipated in a really Divine economy, under certain circumstances, it cannot be just and fair to treat them as internal characters of falsehood, in an economy which, under those circumstances, advances claims to a Divine origin.

But while the phenomena which, at first sight, strike one as mythic, may be easily accounted for by the maintainers of inspiration, the contrary phenomena—which the mythists conveniently throw out of the account—cannot be explained otherwise than by supposing inspiration. Whence comes it, for example, that the Mosaic cosmogony is not, like all mythical cosmogonies, pantheistic in its structure, or, at least, in its spirit—representing the Deity, not as one of the forces of nature, but as a Being above and beyond nature; and thus by mere simple expressions, resulting artlessly from the purity of its religious ideas, striking out an instance of the sublime which amazed the Pagan Critic as something beyond what all the rhetoric and the poetry of Greece

had ever reached? Whence comes it that the legislative mythology of the Greeks extends itself over the world beyond the tomb—that region towards which all our strongest natural hopes and fears so powerfully impel the mythic imagination—that region from which all other legislative religions evoked the forms of pain and pleasure, in every variety of shape, to threaten vice and encourage virtue? What spell arrested the active fancies which created, as we are told, the Mosaic books, upon the verge of this tempting sphere, and warned them back from limits that have never, in any other case, restrained the adventurous inroads of a faculty that loves best to expatiate in the fields of uncertainty and conjecture? Were the Hebrews cast in such a different mould from all other people upon the face of the whole earth, that they had first to learn from the Prussians to feel concern about their souls, and see some prospect beyond the grave? This would be a solution of the difficulty that one would hardly expect from men calling themselves philosophers—least of all from Hegelian philosophers. What, then, becomes of the identity of human nature? It is obvious, that whatever a nation has, over and above the common original faculties and propensities of mankind, is the result of its peculiar circumstances. Now, what were the peculiar circumstances that thus strangely closed one extensive region of fable against the mystic genius of the early Hebrews? It was not, surely, their Egyptian captivity? The religion of Egypt was, at least, as rich as that of Persia, in circumstantial legends of the state and adventures of the departed. Not the atmosphere of the surrounding nations of Canaan? The strict laws against necromancy, as one of the crimes of their heathen neighbours to which they were likely to be tempted, show sufficiently, if there were nothing else, that the Canaanites had made themselves familiar with the unseen world and its inhabitants. Egypt, the cradle of the Jewish nation, and Canaan, the school of its youth, were full, then, of legends of another life. The Jews were men like other men—partakers of that common nature, which has prompted all other human beings to hope for the indefinite continuance of their existence; yet, what is called their mystic history—the fruit of an imagination (surely not a poor one) prompted by the wants and longings of such a nature, and under such circumstances, is destitute of an essential character to be found in the mythic history of every other people. And our sage critics and philosophers, whose severe induction is to bring all religion under the laws of natural history, while diligent to mark every *accidental* property of resemblance between the Jewish and the heathen sacred writings, have no eyes to see the *essential* properties of difference that obstruct the application of their formula.

Let us attend to another point, upon which this natural history

of the Jewish religion altogether breaks down. The fundamental and ruling idea of the Hebrew mythology, according to Berger (cited by Mr. Parker, vol. ii. p. 24,) was the earnest belief of the Jews; that they were the only favourites with Jehovah, *the Creator and Lord of the whole world*; and this belief, we are told, was as ancient as the nation itself, though it first received a steady direction from Moses, the founder of the theocratic constitution of the State. We need not stop here to ask the question, how this people ("who never reached a high degree of culture," says the same grave authority, in the same breath) came, nevertheless, to reach the idea, that their tutelary God was "the Creator and Lord of the whole world,"—an idea which no other nation of antiquity ever reached—for it is peculiar to the mendicant demonstrations of this new science, to beg its postulates, and suppose its axioms. Let us give them, then, their starting point, and see how far they can proceed. Why, truly, from this proceeds the peculiar phenomenon which (as a new science must have new names) we call *theocratic religious pragmatism*, i. e., the reference of every event immediately to Jehovah. The idea, then, that stirred the mythic fancy of the Hebrews, was that of the immediate presence of the Creator and Lord of the whole world. Now, is this conceivable in itself, or consistent with what we know of the human mind in other cases? In all other cases the mythic element has recoiled with an instinctive antagonism from the idea of the Supreme; so far from making "all other active persons merely his instruments," it has withdrawn their agency from His influence. It has excluded Him, by a painted screen of grotesque shapes of angels and demons, demi-gods, genii, saints or fairies, beyond which reason, indeed, sometimes looked but fancy never. The mythic imagination has ever stood rebuked in the presence of Jehovah. Legend is silent before the LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT.

It is not the first step, then, here, that is all the difficulty, nor yet the second. Let us allow both, and yet the third is such a stride that the hapless theory bursts in the exertion.

If the theocratic idea were the cause of the theocratic religious pragmatism, the latter should appear most when the former prevailed most. But it appears least in the later books of Scripture. What account is to be given of this? Why, truly, some account *must*, it seems, be given; and if it cannot be found, natural history must invent it. The new science has handled myths so long, that it has insensibly grown mythic itself by the contagion, and can imagine facts, when needful to supply its requisitions. "The dissolution of the Hebrew nation by the Assyrians and Chaldeans, and their dispersions among many other nations, laid the foundation for a change in their historical views. *The bond*

of the theocracy became looser; and when a part of the people assembled again, in their old and native land, it *could* never acquire its former strictness, FOR THE THEOCRACY, in the proper sense, WAS NEVER RESTORED." (*Ut Supra*, pp. 26, 27.) The extraordinary *administration* of the Theocracy was indeed never restored; but this, being the thing to be explained, can hardly be the thing meant to explain it. If the administration of the Theocracy were the fictitious result of the idea of the Theocracy, the question is, Why was it not restored? The only answer Berger can mean to give is, that the fundamental idea of the Theocracy was not restored; but this, as the reader needs not to be told, is directly contrary to plain historical matter of fact. The *idea* of the Theocracy was never stronger than in the minds of Ezra and Nehemiah. The evidence of this is supplied in every page of their writings. No matter for that—science is peremptory in its demands, and fact must give way to demonstration. "The Jews, on account of their outward condition, *must* mainly have given up their old Theocratic ideas;" it is the necessary result of their condition, despite all evidence to the contrary, that the Jews *must* have given up the belief of their being the favourites of the Creator and Lord of the whole world.

But was the theocratic faith in reality so strong before the captivity? It was strong, indeed, in the prophets. But it is not supposed that the prophets *made* the history. That is too coarse and clumsy an expedient for the refinement of the present age. A national mythology is created by the collective mind of the nation. Was the mind of the nation, then, really theocratic? Here again science must *invent* facts, if it will have a foundation for its theories. The mind of the people before the captivity, taken in its collective bulk, was in a continual struggle against the idea of the theocracy—the people were continually lapsing into the worship of other gods besides Jehovah—continually, in their worship of Him, forgetting that He was "the Creator and Lord of the whole world." Yet this perverse and intractable people—unscientific themselves, and doomed for ever, (like Nicolai's unruly goblins in *Faust*), to cross the most certain rules of modern science—created for themselves a mythology founded upon an idea which they never fully or permanently realized! And thus the mythology of the Hebrews is ranked in the same class with all other mythologies, on the ground that it presents *all* the essential characters of the same category!

It is, to be sure, an afflicting truth for rationalism—but it is a truth the evidence of which cannot be evaded—that, in dealing with the Jewish history, we cannot dispense with miracles. If we will save the stability of the laws of matter, it must be by

sacrificing those of mind. And this is every day becoming more and more evident, even in Germany. It is every day becoming plainer and plainer, that the biblical literature of Germany, so far as it is infidel in its character, is not *progressive*, but *successive*. The discoveries of each generation are not raised upon the discoveries of the preceding, but upon their ruins. The theories, the fruits of a scepticism rich in credulity, wither before they be grown up. They perish absolutely from the face of the earth. They scarcely leave even the relics of corruption to manure the soil on which they have rotted. And it is one of the hopeful signs for Germany, that scholars are beginning to feel the barrenness of their biblical literature in any certain results—to perceive that labours, ceaseless and noisy as those of their own gnomes and cobolds in the caverns of Thuringia, have been as profitless as that vain and fairy toil. It must ever be thus with theories which will not cover the whole of the phenomena. They may keep their credit for a time, while attention is only directed to that part of the phenomena for which they offer a plausible account. But the remainder—though accidental circumstances may for a few years put it out of sight—will, sooner or later, come before men's minds, and then the theory breaks at once, like a bubble, in its weakest part. The Christian religion is no hypothetical theory. It is a fact established upon the proper evidence of facts. But, over and above this, it has the proper evidence of a true theory also ; that it is capable of dealing with all the phenomena—not those only which are before the mind of one generation—but with all that are continually resulting, in ever fresh varieties, from new observations and repeated experiment. Where it seems to fail, it is because some human hypothesis has been insensibly mixed with it ; and though such a seeming failure may at first throw discredit upon the whole, yet it ultimately tends to its stability and purification, by disembarassing essential Christianity from the rash additions of human ignorance and folly.

- ART. IV.—1. *Sibylle, Eine Selbstbiographie* (*Sibylle, an Autobiography.*) Von IDA GRAFIN HAHN HAHN. Berlin, 1846.
 2. *Gräfin Faustine.* Von IDA GRAFIN HAHN HAHN. Berlin, 1845.
 3. *Zwei Frauen.* (*The Two Wives.*) Von IDA GRAFIN HAHN HAHN. Berlin, 1845.
 4. *Cecil.* Von IDA GRAFIN HAHN HAHN. Berlin, 1844.
 5. *Sigismund Forster.* Von IDA GRAFIN HAHN HAHN. Berlin, 1843.
 6. *Erinnerungen aus und an Frankreich* (*Recollections from and of France.*) Von IDA GRAFIN HAHN HAHN. Berlin, 1842.
 7. *Orientalische Briefe.* Berlin, 1840.
 8. *Reisebriefe.* Berlin, 1841.

GEOLOGISTS tell us that the present state of the earth's surface is altogether different from that which formerly existed. Productions which would have been impossible in the earlier stages of the earth's development are now abundant on every side; whereas others, of the existence of which we have the most indubitable traces, have long since ceased to be.

Changes pretty nearly analagous seem to have taken place in the intellectual world;—and of one biped in particular, now very abundant, we have failed to discover any organic remains, in the earlier social formations—we mean the *literary lady*. Poetesses we have had since the age of Sappho; and Madame de Sevigné, we presume, was not the first mother who wrote letters to her daughter sufficiently *spirituelles* to merit that they should be handed about for perusal in the circle of her friends. But the authoress by premeditation, who coolly enters into a compact with the demon of types, and perpetrates a couple of 8vo. vols. of 300 pages, every twelve or eighteen months, is a being who could have been the result only of the presently existing social condition of the earth's inhabitants. Our narrow-minded ancestors considered the family circle as the proper sphere of female activity; and she to whom nature had been more kind than to her sisters in general, was contented to employ her talents in cheering and adorning her domestic abode. If the influence of her sprightly converse was felt and acknowledged by her husband and her children, she sought no wider range of usefulness, but consoled herself with the reflection, that what her exertions wanted in extent they gained in intensity, and that she did much without travelling far. She played, in short, a woman's

part, according to the idea of a woman which then prevailed; and if she did this well, she was satisfied.

Our modern ladies, however, are in the habit of measuring both their rights and their duties by a very different standard; and there is now scarcely any province of exertion into which we can travel where we shall not be certain of abundance of lady associates.

But whilst we make these observations, let not our fair readers imagine that we are guilty, either of the sin of ingratitude for their exertions, or of the folly of depreciating their labours. We freely admit that there is scarcely any department, either of learning or of science, which does not owe much to female culture within the last half century. Wherever ladies have gone they have done good service; and the only question which remains a question with us, is, whether they have not occasionally quitted a sphere in which their usefulness must have been great, and in which they alone could labour, for one in which their interposition was not very urgently required. A lady who spends her nights in gazing through a telescope may possibly in time discover a star; and for this, her patient watching, we hope we should be able to feel the degree of gratitude which it merited, and should be delighted to hear the luminary in after time called by the name of the fair discoverer—the Julia—Adelaide, or Seraphina star, as the case might be; still, we do not affirm very positively that this same lady would not have been better employed in putting her children to bed, and in seeing to the proper rehabilitation of the garments of her lord. True, a nurse can put children to bed. It is not less true, however, that no nurse can put children to bed as a mother can, nor give them that parting kiss, which, like the benediction of a guardian spirit, sheds light over their childish dreams; and as for the husband, few husbands we believe are taken bound to become astronomers in their contracts of marriage, and where this has not been done it is hard to punish them for their insensibility, by compelling them to listen to the learned harangues of an astronomical wife, while the maid of all work is breaking the cups and saucers in the kitchen. That nature intended different departments in life to belong to men and to women, seems to us sufficiently obvious from the duties which she has positively imposed on the female. Of these, the first is the care of the young. Bring a man in contact with a new-born child, and he is quite as helpless as the child itself. If he attempts to handle it, the creature screams with instinctive horror. Pretty nearly the same holds true with regard to all the domestic duties. A bachelor's housekeeping is an awkward business at the best: arranged upon theory, cumbersome, clumsy, and expensive, it differs as

much from the natural family as the constitutions which have been given to the modern European states differ from those which have grown out of the genius of the people. It possesses no internal living principle—neither beauty nor happiness; it is essentially inorganic. But whilst we would counsel our fair friends to refrain from wearisome blue-stocking nonsense on every subject ending in *ology*, as likely, in the general case, to lead them away from their natural and true position, we are far from insinuating that there is no species of authorship in which they may not properly and profitably engage. If it be true that the family is the proper sphere of female activity, it follows that a man can never understand so well as a woman its internal relations. In so far as he is concerned, the domestic affections are and must be cultivated in his leisure hours; they are not, and ought not to be, the business of his life. Other cares and other duties press upon him, from the time when he first enters upon his education till the hour when his dotage begins. His intellectual being must be cultivated to the utmost, in order that he may play his part in life. He must frame laws—he must terminate strife—he must cure diseases—he must teach the principles of human conduct—he must work and toil for the purpose of keeping off vacuity from his *menage*. His occupations lead him inevitably and directly beyond the family. The woman is not a legislator, a lawyer, a physician, or a priest. She “dwells among her own people,” and within this range there is abundant scope for every species of female activity—female authorship not excepted. The domestic romance—a species of homely Epic which has sprung up in modern times, and which professes to portray, not so much the actions as the feelings of the different members of the family circle—we consider to be peculiarly the province of our fair aspirants to literary renown. It is a patch of holy ground, which no male footstep ought to profane. What was smartly said of a book in general is here peculiarly true: “Un livre est une lettre adressée aux amis inconnus qu’on possède dans le monde.” In many respects the domestic novel resembles a familiar letter, in which a woman will go on, page after page, saying kind and affectionate and pleasant things, which find their way directly to the heart; whereas a man, after he has puzzled his brains for some dozen commonplace expressions of affection and sympathy, is fain to take refuge in an “ever yours,” and leave more than half his feelings to be imagined by his correspondent. Nor is the reason of this discrepancy difficult to be discovered. The great majority of men remain to the last unconscious of their own affections. Their occupations and their mode of life prevent them from making them, as women do, the subject of their constant contemplation. The affec-

tions with them, consequently, continue to be a species of instincts which they follow blindly and express imperfectly. They have assumed no positive conscious form, and are therefore incapable of being clothed in words. A father kisses his child and calls it a darling, and there is an end of the matter; whilst its mother pours forth upon it a perfect flood of tenderness in words. The affection in the one case is probably as great as in the other; but whilst the father's rises little above the character of an instinct, the mother's has come to be a conscious feeling. In short, we hold that, in general, the *affections* of the woman are developed beyond those of the man, pretty nearly to the same extent that the understanding of the man is developed beyond that of the woman. If such, then, be a true account of the relative position of the sexes in this respect, it follows that the domestic romance, treating, as it does, almost entirely of the affections, falls properly within the province of the woman. No man, so far as we know, has ever succeeded in it as yet; and no man probably ever will. The work of a man, even a work of imagination, must have something more positive in view than the mere delineation of the domestic affections; some prominent and all-engrossing passion which makes itself felt and understood, and the very vehemence of which demands and forces expression—the delineation of some social or political theory—the reproduction, out of historical records, of a formerly existing condition of social life—something, in short, of which the intellect can clearly and positively lay hold. Without this, the writing of a man becomes flat and insipid; his views of the domestic relations and affections are too broad and general to enable him to portray them with interest. He sees the subject too much in the mass, and its finer features are lost in his rude touching. It is as if Rubens had painted flowers.

Of the fair labourers in this their proper field, one of the most remarkable is unquestionably the Gräfin (Countess) Ida Hahn Hahn. Her works have long enjoyed a great popularity in Germany, and for years she has been there regarded as one of the women of the day. Latterly they have been making their way into England, partly by the aid of translations, and partly in consequence of the daily increasing acquaintance with the German language and literature. The Countess has written novels, verses, and travels; and for many years past she has had the merit of contributing to the literary wealth of her country, pretty nearly with as much regularity as those writers of novels by steam—G. P. R. James and Mrs. Trollope. Still, though exposed to the charge of being a professed *littératouse*, the Countess' writings have been, for the most part, within the province which we have pointed out as that which belongs peculiarly to her sex.

She has treated almost exclusively of the affections, and of the affections as they display themselves in ordinary circumstances. In her travels she has given a reflex of the emotions and sympathies of a clever woman, in interesting situations and romantic localities; and in her novels she has depicted the loves and antipathies of men and women. To whatever extent, therefore, in the sequel of these remarks, we may be compelled to "hesitate dislike" of principles which, if she has not approved, she has at least not uncompromisingly condemned, we think it not more than justice to acknowledge, once for all, that she has struck into the true path of female authorship, and that her labours, for the most part, are "pure womanly." But the Countess is not merely a woman—she is a German woman, possessing, to the fullest extent, all the distinctive peculiarities of her countrywomen; and herein consists the greater part both of what we shall have to admire and what we shall have to blame in her writings. The remark which we have made with regard to women in general, viz. that by dwelling upon their affections they succeed in making them conscious feelings to a greater extent than men usually do, is more especially true of German women. There is not a woman in Germany, from the very top to the very bottom of the social ladder, who would not consider it as the greatest insult which could be offered her, if any one were to doubt her having experienced what they call an internal life. From a Berlin milliner or a Bonn bar-maid, up to the Gräfin Ida Hahn Hahn, their favourite subjects of conversation are the "mysteries of their hearts,"—the "relation of their souls,"—the "development of their spirits,"—the "majestic harmony of their feelings." They exist, or at all events they strive to imagine themselves as existing, in a region of superhuman and supersensual sensibility. This peculiarity of character, which no doubt has its origin in the genius of the people, the Germans, in truth, occupying themselves more about mind and less about matter than any other people with whom we have ever made acquaintance, has an absurd effect, when displayed in weak and narrow minds, and is not without its bad consequences, even upon those of better calibre. The latter, no doubt, frequently become, in their peculiar department, *psychologists* of no ordinary acuteness; and we have often heard a German lady, of very moderate acquirements, analyze a passion in a manner which would have done no discredit to a Scottish metaphysician. To this peculiarity, also, may be ascribed the circumstance, that gossip—at least the common kind of mere external gossip—occupies a less prominent place in the conversation of German women, than in that of the women of England or France. Whilst an Englishwoman, or a Frenchwoman, is informing you how much Lord So-and-so

is generally understood to be in debt, and discussing the probability of Captain What-d'-ye-call-'um paying his addresses to Mademoiselle Chose—a German matron will treat you to an account of the manner in which her husband's passion for her first manifested itself—how the fire, after smouldering for a while in a sweet unconsciousness, at last burst forth into a mutual flame. She will describe to you the changes which her feelings underwent after her *Verlobung* (betrothment,) and after she became a wife and a mother; and all this with the most perfect simplicity, without any wish to excite astonishment or admiration, and probably upon what an Englishwoman would consider a very casual acquaintance. It is a subject which interests her more than any other; of which she is constantly thinking, and of which she freely speaks. That this is a higher species of conversation than that in which our countrywomen usually indulge, cannot well be doubted; and its charm to an intelligent stranger is great; we may well pause, however, before we pronounce it more wholesome, at least when carried to the extent to which it often is in Germany. When immoderately indulged in, it becomes a species of mental dissipation of the most prejudicial description—unsettling both the principles and the feelings by keeping them in a state of continual question, and totally unfitting the individual for any useful or healthy external exertion. In the latest work of our friend the Gräfin Ida, we have a powerful and harrowing picture of the desolation and utter deadness of heart produced in a character of extreme sensibility, by a life spent in continually analyzing present feelings, in the fruitless search after an imaginary and impossible happiness.

It is written in the form of an autobiography—whether with any reference to the character of the Gräfin herself, we have no means of knowing. The heroine Sibylle—a child from the first, of a morbid excitability of temper—is the daughter of a nobleman in the north of Germany; for the Gräfin, as an aristocrat, condescends to treat of none but noble folks, and her heroes and heroines are consequently all Grafs and Gräfins. The youngest of a family of three children, Sibylle spends an enthusiastic youth in skating upon the canals which surround her father's grounds, and riding on a Norwegian pony by the side of her only brother Henry, for whom she entertains the most tender affection. Her elder sister is engaged to be married to a youth then serving with the army, and for whom Sibylle has also conceived a childish passion.

After the battle of Waterloo, he and her brother Henry return, surrounded by that *nimbus* of glory, which encircled the heads of all who came from that bloody field. Shortly after, Henry dies of a nervous fever; and his father and elder sister

having caught the infection, follow him. Sibylle is thus left alone, the nurse of a widowed and invalid mother. She spends her days in solitary dreaming, in spiritual intercourse with her departed brother, and in studies which are directed by his old tutor, a countrywoman of our own, called Miss Johnstone, and a young music-master, who rejoices in the euphonious appellation of Sedlachzech. We have thus peculiar circumstances, likely, no doubt, to lead to the formation of a peculiar character, but we hope neither necessarily nor naturally to such an one as that of Sibylle. Her sister's bridegroom, who was also her cousin, continues to visit them from time to time, and Sibylle conceives for him the most violent passion. At first he treats her as a child; but as she grows up into womanhood the attachment becomes mutual, and a marriage takes place. Paul, the husband, is at this time attached to the Prussian Embassy in London; but before proceeding thither, he determines to indulge his wife and himself with a continental tour. A disparity of no less than fifteen years between the age of Sibylle and her husband leads to the usual consequence—he treats her as a spoiled child, and she not only goes herself, but leads him also into every kind of extravagance and folly. In Paris the mania was for dress, society, carriages, and the like; in Italy, it took the still more fatal form of a passion for art. Mosaics—cameos—pictures—busts, were liberally purchased—young artists were munificently patronized; in short, all the usual means of spending money were had recourse to, and with the usual success. The affairs of the young married pair became embarrassed, and Paul proposed that they should immediately return. Sibylle opposed him stoutly—"Back?—without having seen Naples, Sorrento, and Sicily! impossible, Paul!"—"Very possible, dear Sibylle, for a pair of reasonable creatures who would avoid ruining themselves," responded the sensible husband; but the lady's wishes, as usual, prevailed, though with the appearance of mutual concessions; and they took up their abode at Sorrento. Here the deranged sentimentality of Sibylle's mind first begins to show itself in its true colours, though there had already been much that was morbid and unnatural; and here we must give an extract to satisfy the reader's curiosity as to the style of the Gräfin's writing, and to free ourselves from the charge of misinterpretation. Sibylle is describing her feelings as she lived with her husband in their beautiful villa in the middle of an orange-garden near to the abode of Tasso, before a macadamized road had joined Sorrento to Castellanare. "O ye days of Sorrento! you were the happiest of my life. Yes, yes, you must have been so; for in remembrance, and with the inexorable criticism of indifference, I can find nothing which can disenchant you. Whilst you

surrounded me, I sought not the unknown good which has since driven me continually, with a restless, wild and mad pilgrimage, to the image of some saint of which I have dreamed. In you I found the oasis in which the languishing soul bedded itself upon flowers." And so she goes on, in a strain of rant, or perhaps enthusiasm, rather too high probably for the state of feeling to which our prosaic detail of circumstances has raised the spirit of our readers. In the sequel, she says,—

"O ye lovers, wherefore have you fled from solitude! only alone could you live the life of love; so soon as the life of the world takes hold of you, you are its slaves. You must rise and go to sleep, as others do. You must eat and drink, dress yourselves and converse, praise and blame, think and speak, love and hate, like the rest. You must pay visits and receive them, drive out and write invitations, read romances and newspapers. You must make a toilette, hear scandal, and talk vanities—all, in short, that is hateful to love! Remain, then, in solitude."

"So we lived; with the setting sun our day began. The terrace was converted, by means of sail-cloth, into a roomy tent; and the tent, by the aid of easy chairs and ottomans, of large tables with books and portfolios, a harp, and an infinitude of flowerpots, into a very convenient drawing-room. Here we had breakfast at six o'clock in the evening, after which we walked to some favourite spot, in order to see the sun set, and to enjoy the dusk. So soon as it became dark we returned home. Our tent-drawing-room was lighted with lamps; I played on the harp, whilst Paul read. We applied ourselves with zeal to the study of Italian, and read the poets. Sometimes we translated a stanza of Ariosto or of Tasso, or one of Petrarch's sonnets. We sang together German ballads, and French romances. At three o'clock in the morning we had dinner, and then, taking our seats in a skiff, we remained on the sea, waiting the rising of the sun. As the day broke we returned to the land, and took a long walk. Sometimes we rode on asses into the mountains. The heat of the day brought us to our bed-chamber."

We have rarely met with a more pleasing description of a honeymoon, and we earnestly recommend our "guide, philosopher, and friend," Mr. Murray, to insert it in the next edition of his *Hand-book for Italy*, as affording invaluable hints for all future brides and bridegrooms, who may visit that sunny land. But to what does it all come with Sibylle, who, from her similarity to many of her former heroines, we fear is the ideal of the Gräfin Ida. We proceed to translate a conversation which immediately follows between her and her spouse, which, if it did not contain a melancholy moral, would seem as if it came from the pages of Punch.

" ' Paul, tell me, do I love you ? ' "

“ ‘I hope so,’ replied Paul, smiling.

“ ‘And do you love me, Paul?’

“ ‘Certainly, Sibylle.’

“ ‘How do you know that you love me?’

“ ‘Because you are my dominant thought, Sibylle; and my innermost life has come to an understanding with itself, and has found a rule, which is your happiness.’

“ ‘I remained silent, and stared annihilated into the sea, for I was conscious of a whispering voice within me, which said, ‘But, Paul, thou art not my dominant thought, my innermost life has come to no understanding with itself.’ As if proceeding from a distorting echo, these words sounded again in my ears. I felt as if a veil had been removed from the abyss which existed within myself, and I gazed, benumbed, into it. O, it was too true! Paul clung with his whole heart to me, and therefore I ruled him; and I clung to the idea of love, not to Paul.”

Then follows a rhapsody about the loves of the Italian poets, which, it seems, had furnished her with her ideal. Such sentiments as those contained in the passages we have quoted, we flatter ourselves no English gentlewoman would have experienced; and we are pretty sure, at all events, no English gentlewoman would have printed. It is a fact too sad, but not therefore the less true, that the marriage tie is far from having the same sacredness in Germany that it has with us; and this we believe proceeds in a great measure from the unbridled license which German women are in the habit of allowing to their imagination, with regard to what they call an ideal love. With us, however great may be the freedom with which women judge, in the first instance, of the object of their affections (and this, we contend, can never be too great), the choice made, doubt is excluded once and for ever. There is no more canvassing of their hearts, no more asking, “Paul, tell me, do I love you?”

But this is only the commencement of the life of doubting and searching, which awaits poor Sibylle. She and her husband now take up their residence in London, where they mingle, for two years, in the diplomatic circles. Paul, however, never again becomes the object of his wife’s enthusiasm. His over-indulgence had naturally enough diminished the respect with which she at first regarded him. Why it should have completely destroyed her affection, is not so apparent; yet so it is; she loves him no more. In this melancholy state of matters, a certain Graf Otbert von Astrau makes his appearance on the stage—a poet and a dandy—who, after turning the heads of half the women of fashion in London, commences a serious attack upon the affections of Sibylle. At first she is cold as ice; his attentions are all but disagreeable; he was not her ideal of a poet. “What a pity

that I have made Astrau's personal acquaintance; the glowing spring of his poetry has perished for me like a flake of snow," she says to her husband, who, like a sensible man, reproaches her with the folly of supposing, that because Astrau had written some pretty verses, he was not to walk upon a pair of legs, like another mortal. Poet or no poet, however, Astrau is a regular lady-killer, and a lively Irishwoman, called Lady Arabella, falls a victim to his devices. Sibylle remains unmoved by the tender passion, but a species of sentimental *understanding* arises between her and the amorous poet, for whom her mysterious indifference had an unspeakable charm. When the season closes, her husband and she set out for a cruise in the Mediterranean, and the poet Graf, strange to tell, becomes, at her husband's request, their fellow-passenger; and here we shall extract one scene, as an example, once for all, of the manner in which the Countess Hahn Hahn too frequently permits herself to flutter around the decidedly reprehensible. They are lying off Lisbon. The gentlemen had spent the day in town, Sibylle remaining in the yacht.

"Thus I lay one evening in my swinging mat, on the quarter-deck. It was scarcely nine o'clock, and therefore I was astonished to see, that a boat from the land took the direction of the yacht, for Paul never came before midnight. The sea was beautifully phosphorescent; at each stroke of the oars, myriads of bright sparks flew around the boat. Nothing can be more beautiful than this mystic glance over the black deep. Astrau sprang out of the boat, and on board. 'I have not seen you these three days,' he said. 'Paul assured me you preferred remaining on board to being in the city, but I could not believe it. It is he who does not know how to entice you out of your hammock. Get up, and come along; it is beautiful on the Place St. Antonio. You will kill yourself by unnatural relaxation.'

" 'I had rather not.'

" 'You will die of sheer ennui.'

" 'I am no man—and am therefore prepared at all times for a good dose of ennui.'

" 'Foolish child,' he said, lifting me out of the hammock, 'now come with me.'

" 'But I shook myself free—set myself down on the broad divan which stood on the quarter-deck, and would not go.

" 'Then I stay also,' cried Astrau, and took his place beside me.

" 'O that is delightful,' I said joyfully.

" 'Heavens, Sibylle—when you look upon me kindly, I am seized with a perfect paroxysm of joy. It is beautiful and astonishing, as when stars fall from heaven.'

" 'Ah, bah! tell me of something else! What have you been doing the whole of the day?'

" 'We have been buying you a wonderful fan.'

" 'And have you spent the whole day in choosing it?'

“ ‘Not I, but Paul! one fan was always more beautiful than the other, and the most beautiful of all was the girl who sold them.’

“ ‘There,’ I said indifferently, ‘was the means of a forenoon’s amusement.’

“ ‘Truly,’ Othert broke forth, ‘of amusement for the heart and the soul. I know nothing either of fans or of Paul: but this at least I know, that you are incapable of jealousy.’

“ ‘By what means do you arrive at that conclusion?’

“ ‘Why, because you are incapable of love, and therefore no woman, but the incarnation of some spirit of the elements—a nymph or an elf! Is it then really true that you are incapable of love? Is it true that, in the childish unconsciousness with which you stretched out your hand to your husband, the power of love really perished—that power which fosters such heavenly fruits? Has the hand of a stranger plucked the poor green bud before the time, so that it must now for ever wither and languish? Were your young wings broken by the first attempt to fly, and lamed for ever? O my poor pitiable child.’

“ He spoke so gently, and his large dark eyes glanced with such unusual softness, that his words sounded like an exorcism to drive away sorrow. I felt as if a coating of ice had melted from my bosom. I know not what fresh life suddenly stirred within me like a spring tide. I could have shouted for joy, at the prospect of the sorrow which was vanishing, and the happiness which I anticipated.”

* * * * *

The whole of this scene reminds us of the French comedies, in which the husband is usually represented as perfectly overwhelmed with gratitude to any one who will undertake the duty of amusing his wife in his absence. But although the heart of Sibylle would thus seem to have been thoroughly estranged from her husband, they still continue to live on the most agreeable terms. Astrau leaves them, in consequence of the death of his mother, and they retire to their family seat of Engellau. Here Sibylle becomes a mother, and shortly afterwards Paul dies of a brain fever, leaving her a widow and alone. For a while she pursues the occupations of a country gentleman’s widow with the utmost assiduity. She follows out her husband’s improvements, and attends to the wants of her dependants, as he had done—all described here with due minuteness by the Countess, and with entire ignorance of the last agricultural improvements. Such a life, however, could not long satisfy Sibylle’s restless and yearning spirit. Othert writes to her, and her former music teacher, Sedlachzech, comes to visit her. She determines to travel—goes into Italy, and settles at Venice; Sedlachzech attending her as an humble friend—too happy to be permitted to spend his hours of leisure in a modest and distant adoration of her charms. The character of this poor musician is perhaps the best sustained of any in the book. The prototype

is evidently Beethoven, whose enthusiastic and melancholy nature, led to the formation of habits, very similar to those which are here attributed to the imaginary Sedlachzech. His secret and unrequited love for Sibylle, is tempered by a sincere love for his art, and by deep religious feeling. Without attempting in any way to secure either her heart or her hand, he continues bound to her by that species of magnetic spell, by which she is represented as fascinating all her lovers. But this peaceful and satisfactory life is not of long continuance. Sibylle still thirsts for the unknown good; and at length imagines she has found it in her old lover Otbert, the poet-count, who here re-appears, and after becoming one of her gondoliers, and performing every species of tomfoolery, succeeds in gaining her affections. We have now a series of the most impassioned love scenes, which naturally lead to a marriage, and Sibylle becomes the wife of Otbert. This marriage, like all other marriages, it would seem, in the opinion of our fair authoress, quite naturally puts an end to all feelings of confidence and affection between the parties. Otbert, the incarnation of the unknown good, turns out to be a ruined gamester, with the most extravagant habits, and possessing not one single spark either of honour or principle. An estrangement takes place, which, on the discovery of the shameful intimacy in which he still continued to live with the Lady Arabella, is followed by a formal separation. Sibylle again takes up her abode at Engelau, and passes three years in the study of the dead languages and of the abstract sciences. The unknown good, however, was to be found neither in the Differential Calculus, nor in the Greek grammar; and Sibylle awaits with impatience the expiration of the time which she had vowed to devote to study. Goethe's celebrated saying—

"Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie,

"Und grün des Lebens goldner Baum."

again appears to her to be true—the cry is again for life, life; and Sedlachzech, the musician, who had been dismissed from Venice in order to appease the jealousy of her husband, is recalled. Sibylle now spends her days in music, and a dreamy foolish intimacy springs up between her and the master—passionate on his part, cold and hollow on hers. This, like many other parts of the book, is powerfully written, displaying often a deep and searching analysis of the affections; but the sentiments are always overstrained and unnatural, and the principles anything but such as we should wish to see prevalent among countrywomen of ours. The conclusion, however, on this, as on all former occasions, is that the fancied good is not to be found; or, at all events, that Sibylle cannot find it.

Our readers by this time, we fear, must, like ourselves, be pretty

nearly sick both of Sibylle and of her search ; we shall therefore dismiss both her and the subject, by recounting the last and most absurd of her adventures. She had taken up her residence in Switzerland, in a little country house which she calls the "*villa paisible*," and she was known to the country people by the name of "the good lady of the *Grindelwald*." Her daughter Benvenuta, fast growing up into womanhood, she had sent to a boarding-school, lest, by remaining in her melancholy society, she should catch the infection of "the empty soul." A young gentleman of the name of Graf Wilderich Wildishausen, now finds it convenient to tumble into the crevice of a glacier, in order that he may be tended by Sibylle. He recovers after a fearful illness, as may be supposed. Benvenuta returns from school, and falls in love with him. The passion seems to be mutual, and is therefore encouraged by the mother, when, lo! to the astonishment both of mother and daughter, the youth gives them to understand that not the latter, but the former, is the object of his endless adoration. Benvenuta dies of a broken heart, and Sibylle lives with "an empty soul."

Such is a rough sketch of the last of the novels of the Gräfin Ida ; and we have presented it to our readers as a pretty fair specimen both of the kind of tale in which she usually indulges, and of the description of character which she loves to portray ; for, whatever may be the ideal good, we fear there can be little doubt that Sibylle is her ideal woman. We do not mean her idea of what the woman ought to be, but of the highest species of the woman which is—a creature whose desires are beyond the reach of a temporal or terrestrial gratification, whose heart is continually striving after a more intimate union with something which is higher and better than can be found in the ordinary range and intercourse of our frail humanity. The character occurs in her writings again and again : in the Countess Faustine—the Cornelia of the Two Wives—the Renata of Cecil—and in many others. In Sibylle, however, it is more thoroughly developed than in any of her former heroines ; and for that reason we have chosen her as an example. That the character is unnatural and non-existent, cannot, we fear, be said with confidence. When we pronounce it to be morbid, however, we believe that we say only what the judgment of all our readers will confirm. How different is it from Goethe's female characters—from the noble wife of Götz von Berlichingen—from the gentle Mary—from Charlotte in "*Werther's Leiden*,"—or from the exquisitely beautiful and simple character of Grätchen in *Faust*. In studying these characters, one no doubt sees that the ordinary qualities of humanity have been exaggerated into more than ordinary excellence, for the sake of artistic effect ; but the whole character in each has been so exquisitely hewn and chiselled, that our judgment overlooks some

blemishes that exist, and our affections hurry us headlong into a passionate admiration for some of the most exquisite creations of genius. Whilst we are capable of veneration or love, their place is sure. It is the same with all the creations of the Great Poets. Think of "Harry Percy's wife;" with all the sprightliness of a youthful beauty, she is the matron—the *uxor*; the idea of infidelity with regard to her, even in thought, is for ever shut out. She is his and his alone. She has given her heart once, and that has settled her affections and her destiny; and we love her the better for her constancy to him.

Such men as Goethe or Shakspeare, even when depicting their villains, never for a moment lose sight of the distinction between right and wrong. In them the "*video meliora proboque*" is without intermission; with the poor Gräfin the case is very different. We can rarely tell whether she approves or reprobates, and we believe she herself would often have difficulty in informing us. Her principles are as unfixed as her affections are unstable. She has no law by which she judges—no creed to which she subscribes. Sibylle is represented as continually wavering between Catholicism and Infidelity; and the Countess herself we should judge to be pretty deeply tinctured with the modern pantheistic doctrines so prevalent in her country, whilst, as an aristocrat, she still clings, with one hand at least, to the traditions of the past. Out of such heterogeneous elements, it is scarcely to be expected that any definite rule of life should arise, and consequently we find the Countess continually driven from belief to doubt, and again struggling to take refuge from the doubt in some species of belief. Where there is no true faith, there can be little real genuine affection. A man, and still more a woman, who cannot believe in the personal existence of God, will, for the most part, have no very high opinion of the stability of human feelings. Where there is doubt and question, there will be change; and a character like that of Sibylle, incapable of an abiding love, will be the result. Such characters are not unfrequent in Germany at the present day; and, what is still more sad, we fear their numbers are increasing. In France they have furnished the staple commodity of a certain class of romancers, at the head of whom is that extraordinary personage, commonly known by the name of George Sand. There, however, the character is not indigenous. It was introduced to gratify the rage of that fickle people for everything new and extraordinary, and was one of the symptoms of that Teutonic fever which raged among them some ten or fifteen years ago. A Frenchwoman, however, lives too much in the external world to be very susceptible of such a malady, and her cure for the most part, may be effected by the means which Sterne found so effective with one of the fair disciples of Voltaire—"Your ladyship is twenty years too young to

become an atheist." In the reflective and somewhat melancholy mind of the German woman, its growth is spontaneous; particularly in the absence of proper external occupation. To her the contemplation of mental phenomena is a luxury in which she indulges in her idleness. She does not think with a view to any positive result. She makes no conscious effort, but she dreams, and her dreams belong not to the outer but the inner world. She dreams of a love which knows no degrees—of a happiness which is perfect; and then finding that neither she nor other mortals come up to this imaginary standard, she begins to doubt in all human affection. That such a character should contain in it any original seeds of disease, cannot be other than a subject of regret; for, when perfectly normal and healthy, it is unquestionably the highest of all. It possesses a depth and sincerity which we shall in vain look for, in those whose converse has been chiefly with externals; and *its* affections, if they remain unshaken, have become clear and conscious. The risk of disease proceeds not from the barrenness, but the fertility of the soil; and in strong minds, as in strong bodies, we believe that abundance of exertion is the only recipe for health. A German woman who, at an early period of life, becomes the mother of a numerous family, and whose circumstances are not such as to render her care for their comfort unnecessary, runs no great risk of ever becoming a Sibylle. The heroines of the *Gräfin*, we find, have rarely more than one child; they are generally widows; and invariably noble women and rich. But although mothers, and the other guardians of young ladies, have it by no means in their power always to procure them the advantages of an early marriage and a numerous offspring, even in this case there need be no want of occupation, of the kind in which many of our English ladies engage, with so much benefit both to themselves and others. One step, at all events, which would do something towards checking the spread of this mental malady, and which we strenuously recommend, is for all husbands and fathers in Germany, to commit to the flames, the writings of the *Gräfin* Ida Hahn Hahn, whenever they find them in the hands of their wives or daughters. The only effect which the perusal of them can possibly have upon young females, will be to confirm in them a tendency to brood over their own affections—a tendency in most women, and particularly in German women, already too strong for their own happiness.

Of all the writings of the Countess, the best known in this country is her "*Gräfin Faustine*," and to it we refer our readers for a confirmation of the justice of our general strictures. To those who may not be acquainted with it, its general character, and also its similarity to others we have described, will be apparent, when we mention, that in the preface to the last edition, in

which the Countess thinks it necessary to explain in some measure, what she intended by the character of Faustine, she expresses the most extravagant gratitude to some unknown admirer, who had characterized her as "Faustine, that sublime egotist!" She says, "it is perfectly refreshing to know that one has been so thoroughly understood!!"

As a writer of travels the Gräfin Hahn Hahn is unexceptionable. Lively, intelligent, and well instructed, with a power of giving expression to her feelings and impressions, which she has no doubt derived from her many literary labours, she must be a delightful "*compagnon de voyage*," and is therefore exactly the person whose books on foreign lands we read with pleasure. Even where the scenes are familiar, and description in some measure superfluous, we revisit them with double pleasure, in the company of so agreeable a cicerone. She is very loquacious, however,—continually in the foreground of her own sketches; and, notwithstanding our admiration, we must confess that we have sometimes been unable to repress the feeling, that we had rather too much of the Countess herself, and that by way of change we would very willingly, from time to time, have a chat with her waiting-woman, or even a wrangle with her courier. Many of her descriptions, however, are really pretty; and her reflections are replete with good feeling and good sense. Take, for example, the following scene, with which those of our readers who have lived in Roman Catholic countries will be familiar:—

"Descending from the 'Tour Narbonnaise' we saw a large procession of young maidens, in white dresses, covered with white veils, and wearing garlands of white roses in their hair. They were going towards the old Cathedral in the Cité, in order to partake of their first Communion. We followed them along the street. I, for my own part, delight exceedingly in the sight of young girls—their still, veiled, and flower-like existence, exerts altogether a magic influence over me, less on account of what they themselves possess than of what I communicate to them, for that, indeed, is neither more nor less than the germ of all perfection. A Lithuanian proverb says, 'Crowds of good girls!—whence come all the bad women?' and it is indeed inconceivable, when we look upon such a herd of snow-white lambs. Let us place them, however, in the world, apart from each other, torn asunder by the confused whirlpool of society—tyrannized over by their vanity and their passions, like two magnetic hills against which the ship of life is shattered, because its iron-work—its strength, remains clinging to them, and then it becomes very conceivable. Would that I had died at twenty; then I had lived the best of my time—about four good years, for, before sixteen, one is really too stupid—or was it I only who was stupid then—possibly! but be that as it may, my meaning is, that if one is stupid in the infancy of his body

and his spirit, then, indeed, he has nothing from life. It is only first, when it begins to gaze upon us lovingly and thoughtfully, that it is beautiful. Alas! so soon as we begin to cast a reflecting glance backwards, happiness is at an end. But would you willingly continue to hold life as it was at that age? I certainly would not—not for the world. To die so were desirable—not to live so.”

Here we again have something too much of the old Countess, and something too little of the young maidens; and the cloven-foot of Sibylle is also to be seen. On the whole, however, the passage is agreeably thought out. The following little sketch of an accident which befell her, and her meditations thereon, will bring the reader into closer contact than he has hitherto come, with her ladyship's opinions on a certain point, which occupies a rather prominent position in her mind:—

“At Luchon riding horses were attached to the carriage, which were perfectly incapable of dragging it along, though the postilion swore they were the best at the post-house. In order to prove his position, he began to flog the animals beyond all moderation, and presently we experienced a most violent jolt—the carriage was at a stand, and the postilion crying ‘murder.’ He lay upon the earth with his saddle-horse above him, and the carriage above them both, the hind wheels on this side, the fore-wheels on that, so that the head of the horse was before one door and his tail before the other. There were some waggons fortunately at no great distance. When they first thought merely that an accident had happened, they were by no means very zealous in rendering assistance, but they were exceedingly attentive whenever they saw the position of the postilion. When a peasant in this part of the world (the south of France) is not insolent, he seems to me to be exceedingly well-bred, and this, perhaps, on account of their language, which in Germany belongs to well-bred people. I don't say educated persons, for that might be taken amiss by many who are very well educated and who still cannot speak French. Well-bred has reference to external forms and external appearance, to manners which are received in good society—to customs which are the result of discipline, and which go over from parents to children. One may be very well-bred and yet be destitute of any approach to a deeper education, and very well educated without being particularly well-bred. And now that I have laid down this proposition, I suppose I may venture to add, that only the highest class of society is well-bred, without risk of being again greeted by the name of a hyper-aristocrat. Strange, that one may be a democrat—which, indeed, is an honour, by the help of which a man stands at least a head higher than his fellows; one may be a royalist also—that gives a kind of bureaucratic or military importance; but, in the name of goodness, not an aristocrat—that, from the very beginning, is half-sinful half-ridiculous. I say literally from the beginning, for I remember well, when my first ballads appeared—you know the old beloved ones—and when I was quite anxious and curious to know what people would say about them—being then of opinion that the province of criticism was to train the

author, one of the first reviews I read was in the 'Journal of the Fashionable World.' I have forgotten whether it praised or blamed—I believe it praised them; but I shall never forget that the reviewer, half-joyfully half-mournfully, says, 'The proud heart of the aristocrat has bled for once.' This was the sense—the wording of the phrase was different. It made then an inconceivable impression upon me. I saw clearly what I had to expect. I saw that the little word 'Gräfin,' on the title-page, converted me into a kind of monster, which, wonderful to tell, had still a little spark of soul and spirit—for in these first ballads it would be impossible to detect either an aristocratic or an opposite sense. But the word Gräfin gave the cry. From this time forth I have been as cold as ice to every reproach of the kind; and when I recollect that I drew the family Thierstein in Ulrich, I feel that I have a witness that no such reproach can cling to me. This, at the same time, by no means hinders me from maintaining that *good breeding* is something which one seldom finds in the sons of fleshers and bakers, and that these waggoners, with their friendly expressions, '*Nous sommes charmés, Madame,*' &c., seemed to me more than ordinarily well-bred."

Here our readers have a specimen of two of the Countess's weak points in the same passage—her vanity as an authoress, and her vanity as a woman of family. She is pleased to remind her friend of the success of the mental offspring of her youth; and she is not less pleased to be the martyr of the prejudices of the vulgar against the aristocracy. We have no means of discovering the Gräfin's age accurately, and perhaps it would not be very civil to ask her; but with reference to these, her aristocratic propensities, we should gladly know it, in order that we might judge whether they were part and parcel of her mind, or belonged chiefly to her period of life. In our own experience we have rarely found any one who was much of an aristocrat, during the summer or fruit-time of his days. It is in the spring and winter of life, that one's natural feeling of dignity requires the aid of artificial heat. How strongly does this feeling of family pride prevail, even among schoolboys attending the same public school! How intense is the scorn—how lofty the contempt of the son of a professional man, or of a half-pay major, who lives in the large house in the suburbs, with the green-door and big brass knocker, when regarding the descendants of small shopkeepers or artizans, whose wealth has enabled them to bestow on their children the same education as the professional man or the major can give to his! At every *progressive stage* of their development, this boyish insolence, fostered often by foolish parents, decreases; but the roots of it are, perhaps, never thoroughly torn up. They lie dormant during the period of our active manhood; and it is only when age has brought its leisure and its querulousness, that the old opinions

reappear, and exercise over weak and vain minds, an influence demonstrative of the strength of an early prejudice.

And now that we have permitted our sincerity so far to intrude upon our gallantry as to expose two of the weaknesses of a lady, we may perhaps as well lay bare a third at once, in order to spare her the torture of protracted suffering. The Countess, like all the aristocratic part of her countryfolks, suffers to a terrible extent from the Anglo-mania. We have not only English horses, English carriages, English governesses, and English tigers, but we have English horse-races and English jockey-clubs at every turn; and we believe, if the Countess's works were illustrated, we should have half of her heroes dressed in hats ironed round the edges. Everything, in short, which is English, seems to have "bonne mine" in her eyes—alike what a sensible Englishman would commend, and what a sensible Englishman would be heartily ashamed of. One little sketch which she gives of the impression produced upon the inhabitants of a quiet German village, by the appearance of one of her numerous Gräfinns in a little English carriage, drawn by four English horses, we had intended to give our readers; but it will, we believe, answer pretty nearly the same purpose, if we tell them, that it is exactly such as we could have imagined one of the inhabitants of Otaheite to give of the first drive of Queen Pomare, in the carriage presented to her by Queen Victoria. Whether it proceeds from the real poverty of the Germans, or from the marvellous development of their faculty of admiration, we know not; but certain it is, that they regard the luxuries of the wealthy, very much in the same way as savages do the productions of civilization. In this respect, we do not think that the Gräfin misrepresents her countrymen. An Englishman, however poor, is at least accustomed to the spectacle of wealth; and the consequence is, that he contemplates it without any great degree of emotion. If he is a wit, he makes a jest at the expense of his rich neighbour; if he is a revolutionist, he growls at the inequality of things: but he is not dazzled. The German, on the contrary, gapes—positively yawns with astonishment. Nor does he wonder and admire only: he strives to imitate, to the best of his power. Of the success of his imitation we shall leave those to judge who have seen an English *stud* or an English kennel in Germany! It is strange, passing strange, that a people like the Germans, who, in many respects have preserved the customs of their forefathers better than any other European people—who still rise with the sun and dine at mid-day, and who have escaped the conventionalities which have frozen English society at the fountain—should be the victims of a childish imitation in mere trifles. We never find an Englishman walking in his garden in his dressing-gown, smoking a pipe, *because it is*

the custom for German Professors to do so. If he does it, he does it because it is his pleasure, or because he has acquired the custom in Germany, and cannot lay it aside without a greater effort of self-denial than he thinks the occasion demands. But no German resides in our country long enough to acquire our habits, or become imbued with our feelings; and hence the absurdity of their imitations. Our language, to a certain extent, they learn readily enough, because their talent for languages is generally considerable. English resembles their own language, and Latin, with which they are well acquainted; and they read our literature because their industry and their passion for mental exercise are great; but with the minute details of our social life they are unacquainted. They know them, if at all, only from books. They cannot imitate them, and *ought* not to imitate them, for this simple reason, that their own—for them at all events—are better. One would think that they had suffered enough a century ago, from their imitation of the French, to cure them of all imitation for the future. If that disease became so virulent as to yield to no less potent remedies than the French Revolution and the War of Freedom, and to require in literature the interposition of no less skilful operators than Lessing and his coadjutors, what or who, in the name of patience, is to cure them of the English-mania, if it grows to a height? At present, we believe, the symptoms are not dangerous; it belongs rather to the category of ridiculous than of mortal diseases—it is more a toothach than a typhus; and we must hope the best. In our opinion, the Germans have as strong and as fine a national character as any people in the world. We agree, even in the present day, with Tacitus, when he says of them, "*Ipse eorum opinionibus accedo, que Germaniæ populos, nullis aliis aliarum nationum connubiis infectos, propriam et sinceram, et tantum sui similem gentem exstitisse arbitrantur, unde habitus quoque corporum, quanquam in tanto hominum numero, idem; omnibus truces et caerulei oculi, rutilae comæ, magna corpora, &c.*," and we say, so let them remain, with exception, perhaps, of the "*rutilae comæ*," which the German commentator upon our Tacitus, we were amused to find, spends some two pages in proving to include all different shades of blonde.

In the Germans we venerate everything that is genuine and true. We believe them to be the most happily organized and the most fortunately situated of the nations of Europe; and though we hate their new philosophy, and despise their imitations of foreign manners, we still expect much from them, believing, as we do, that whatever may be the condition of the so-called highest classes, in the best class, the true old sincere German simplicity still exists, and the guardian spirit of brave old Martin Luther has not yet forsaken the land.

- ART. V.—1. *A Narrative of an Exploratory Visit to each of the Consular Cities of China, in behalf of the Church Missionary Society, in the years 1844-5-6.* By the Rev. GEORGE SMITH, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. London, 1847.
2. *Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China.* By THOMAS TAYLOR MEADOWS, Interpreter to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate at Canton. London, 1847.
3. *Three Years' Wanderings in China.* By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector for the London Horticultural Society. London, 1847.
4. *China and the Chinese Mission.* By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, National Scotch Church, Regent Square. London, 1847.

CHINA is undoubtedly the most singular country in the world. Possessing a population amounting to at least a third of the whole human race, and occupying a vast yet continuous and well defined portion of the globe, it has existed as a peculiar and entirely secluded kingdom for a longer period of time than any other nation on the face of the earth. While migrations and wars and foreign conquests were making vast changes on the rest of the world—while nations were rising up from barbarism, flourishing for a season, and then sinking into insignificance, the Chinese held on in one uniform tenor—with the same arts, the same government, the same laws, unchanged and uninterrupted, except by casual outbreaks and tumults within themselves, which were soon calmed and smoothed over. While many mighty nations of the Western World were still in a state of comparative barbarism, the Chinese had their various arts to embellish domestic life,—they were clothed in their silks and cottons—were expert in the culture of the soil—knew something of the nature of the magnetic compass—of gunpowder, and various other inventions still unheard of in Europe.

The extreme caution of their natures, a certain timid and exclusive policy, which has all along characterized their intercourse with surrounding nations, as much, perhaps, as their self-conceit, which made them look down upon all others as barbarians, had the effect of keeping them for so long a time in such a state of singular seclusion. At last, however, the spell has been broken; an almost unavoidable war of aggression has done to them, what wars and conquests seem to have been the chief agents in performing among all the nations of the world—it has opened up this vast empire to the intercourse, and influence, and example of other races, and other modes of civilization. If it be not good

for man to live alone, neither is it for nations; for we find that the same narrow, contracted, and selfish notions, which arise in the solitary and secluded individual, are no less apt to take possession of a whole community. Hence the exclusive jealousy of strangers, the vain boasting, and ignorance of the manners and history of all other nations, so conspicuous in the Chinese.

Hitherto our information regarding the actual state of China has been derived from the hasty survey of ambassadors quickly passing through it, or the casual reports of a few missionaries who had been permitted, under many restrictions, to enter the country. But now that five of the largest maritime cities have been opened up by treaty to the trade and free intercourse of all nations, we begin to have the accounts of travellers who have made themselves acquainted with the language, and whose opportunities of observation have been more extensive and more unreserved than those of any of their predecessors. Of the works more recently published on this subject, we have selected a volume by the Rev. George Smith, of the Church Missionary Society; another volume by a Diplomatist, resident in Canton; and a third by a scientific traveller;—all of whom have spent from two to three years in China, and have acquired a knowledge of the language. It is true that the range of these travellers has been limited to the maritime cities and surrounding districts, and has not extended into the central parts of the empire, or even to the capital, Pekin; but when it is considered that such a uniformity and sameness pervade the whole empire—that the people and institutions of any one province are so like to those of any other—it may be presumed that we glean from their partial observations a pretty accurate conception of the average condition of the whole empire.

The population of China, both from native statements and the calculations of foreigners, has been estimated at not less than 360 millions. Immense as this amount of human beings appears, it is perhaps not an over-estimate. The city of Canton is said to contain a million of inhabitants; that of Foo-chow 600,000; and the other cities visited are reported to be generally swarming with inhabitants. But even supposing the estimate above given to be correct, the whole area of China Proper contains 1,300,000 square miles, so that we have to each square mile 277 human beings. Now, if we compare this rate of population with that of England, as afforded by the last census of 1841, we shall find that in it there are 297 persons to every square mile. We must not then be deceived by exaggerated conceptions of the extreme density of the population of China. With a comparatively level and arable country, a rich soil, that in many localities bears two crops a-year, and an industrious and

frugal people, the average density of the population comes considerably short of that of England.

With an extent of surface, and an amount of population equal to twenty-five Englands, this vast empire is ruled by the despotic sway of one individual. The genius of a people most frequently moulds their government. The mild and submissive, and generally unimpassioned character of the Chinese, peculiarly fits them for implicit subjection. Their leading mental characteristic is plain homely common sense—they have not the imaginative qualities or passionate enthusiasm of other oriental nations, neither have they the profound, excursive, and restless intellects of the nations of the West. Filial respect and veneration is their most prominent instinct—their notions of rule are patriarchal. From their fathers and kindred their respect extends to their rulers and their Emperor, who again, on their parts, take care to foster and encourage such feelings, and not to outrage them. Public opinion exists and prevails to such an extent as to keep a check on bad government, or outrageously corrupt administration; but there is neither the desire nor energy to carry it farther. There is no permanent or hereditary nobility among this people. There are many old families who are held in estimation, but the two great distinctions of the people are into the literary class and the plebeian. Admission into the literary class is open to every individual of the empire, however poor or unknown; and from this class alone are selected all Government officials, from the lowest clerk up to the greatest mandarin. Candidates for admission are subjected to a strict and generally an impartial examination. After having passed this first examination, they undergo a second and more searching one before they can become eligible for office; and a third is necessary for those who aim at the highest posts. The candidates for these literary honours are always very numerous, and an intense interest is shown at the periods of examination, both by the individuals themselves and their relatives. A great many are of course rejected, but these return again and again to their studies, and make repeated attempts to pass the ordeal. Once accepted, they are almost sure to succeed in time to some Government employment, and the highest appointments are open to all. So highly is admission into this literary class prized by the people, that a successful aspirant sheds a lustre on his family, and even ennobles his more humble parent.

The same government and laws extend over the whole of the empire, and each province has its full complement of Government officials. If we call to mind that each province is in extent equal to an ordinary European kingdom, we need not be surprised at the number of these officials. There are, in the first place, three

grand orders of mandarins: 1st, the civil; 2d, the literary, who superintend the examinations for degrees and admission into the literary class; 3d, the military. Each of these orders may again be subdivided into other three, so that there are in all nine mandarins, or higher officers, in each province—all these being distinguished by the quality and colour of the buttons on the top of their caps. A simple enumeration of the different denominations of the several officers of the province of Kwang-tung, will so far indicate the nature of their duties, and afford a general idea of the officials of the other provinces. There is first the Tsung-tu or Governor-General, whose power not unfrequently extends over more than one province. Then a Governor, Superintendent of Finance, Provincial Judge, Collector of Salt Duties, Grain Collector, Intendant of Circuit, Prefect of Department and three Sub-Prefects, District Magistrate and assistants, Township Magistrate and assistants, Inspector of Police, Inspector of River Police, Secretary, Treasurer, Prison Master, Superintendent of Customs. The Government salaries of these officials are very small; the highest, that of the Governor-General, amounting only to £60 of English money, and the lowest ranging from £12 to £20. The consequence is that their incomes are made up by extortion and bribes, levied on the community. This, like the arrangements of some of our European Governments, (the Russian, for example,) is a most unfortunate one, and leads to endless abuse of justice. The vast extent of the empire, too, and the impossibility of the most vigilant central Government taking due cognizance of the whole, tends greatly to peculation and abuse of authority, and to that feebleness of the executive power which prevails throughout China.

“I have found it impossible,” says Mr. Meadows, “to learn, with any degree of certainty, what the real incomes of the mandarins, as increased by illegal fees and special bribes, may amount to. They vary with the harvests, which, according as they are good or bad, render it easy or difficult to collect the land-tax—a proceeding in connexion with which much extortion is carried on. They vary also with the number of law-suits, and the wealth of the litigating parties; and, lastly, they vary with the characters of the individual mandarins. The legal incomes of the lower mandarins are, indeed, so notoriously insufficient, that they have little hesitation in speaking, even to a foreigner, of their other gains in a general way; but they have many reasons for not entering into particulars. Under these circumstances it is little better than a guess when I assume the highest mandarins to get about ten times, the lowest about fifty times the amount of their legal incomes. One of those in the receipt of about £22 legal income, once complained feelingly to me about his poverty, and on my hinting that his post was after all not a bad one, he protested, with some ear-

nestness, that his whole income did not exceed 7000 taels, (£2333,) of which he had, he said, to give a great deal away."—P. 100.

Mr. Meadows exhibits a table of the Government salaries of the State officials, and the actual incomes which they derive by extortion, and other means, deduced from the best information he could obtain. Thus, a governor-general receives from Government £60 per annum, but he contrives to make his actual income £8333. A governor of a province gets, nominally, £50, and makes it up to £4333. A judge has £43 of salary, and makes up £2000. The collectors of taxes from £1500 to £1000. Even a subordinate officer, with a nominal salary of £10 or £12, ekes it out, by various means, to £200 and £300.

The *yamun* is a large building, where the courts of justice, prisons, and offices and houses of the mandarins, and other officials, are situated. It consists of four divisions. The outermost contains the gaols, and places of confinement for short periods, as also the dwellings of the inferior officers. The second contains a hall of justice, for the formal trial of causes and criminals, as also apartments for public records, treasury, &c. The third includes the office of the mandarin himself, and rooms for the public reception of visitors; while the innermost division comprises the private residence of the mandarin and his family. Attached to each of these establishments are the *Shi Ye*, the judicial advisers, and private secretaries of the mandarin. These men are the only people in China who devote themselves solely to the study of the law, and in so far they resemble our advocates, barristers, and sergeants-at-law; but they are scarcely ever made mandarins (judges), and none of them act as counsel for either of the litigating parties in an action at law; their sole business is to protect the interests of the mandarin their employer, to point out to him the proper way of conducting his judicial examinations, and to see that the decisions he pronounces are in strict accordance with the laws, so as that he may not incur any of the penalties laid down in the code of the Board of Civil Office, and thus be subjected to degradation or dismissal. These lawyers are not recognised as official servants of Government, but are in the private employment of the mandarins. Certain of these devote their attention to the criminal, and others to the civil law. Besides these, there are a set of nondescript retainers, who hang about the mandarin, and are the negotiators of all the special bribes, and other illegal gains of their master, and a number of inferior Government clerks, who keep accounts of the revenue, and make copies of all law papers, and other Government business. The judges alone investigate, and decide in all causes and trials; there are no counsel for the prisoner,

and of course nothing corresponding to juries. Threats, and torture, too, are of daily occurrence. The interior of a yamun is said to present a very strange and bustling scene.

"The almost unceasing flail-like sounds of beating with the bamboo, either as a punishment for ascertained guilt, or to extort confessions and evidence—the cries of the sufferers—the voices of the examining mandarins questioning, bullying, and wheedling—the voices of the porters stationed at the doors, between the first and second and the second and third divisions, transmitting, in a loud singing tone, orders for different officers to repair to certain places where they are wanted—the constant running hither and thither of some of the inmates of the place, and the frequent appearance of criminals and witnesses being escorted to and from the prisons and rooms for examination—are sounds and sights that bewilder and agitate those who have not been accustomed to them, and serve to heighten that dread which all Chinese entertain of entering a yamun."—*Meadows*, p. 115.

The yamun of a district magistrate thus comprises within itself what may be called the general police station on a great scale—the county gaol, as it were, for the custody of debtors and of criminals, awaiting trial or execution—the place where quarter-sessions and assizes are held—the offices of all the subordinate officers of these courts, and the office and residence of the chief mandarin, who is at once judge, sheriff, coroner, and commissioner of taxes. In a populous district such a building is calculated to contain from 300 to 500 individuals, and in a less populous place about 200. The Chinese, however, in their domiciles, contrive to pack into amazingly little room, so that their buildings do not at first view appear so extensive.

In general, the habits of the Chinese population, especially in the country districts, are peaceful and submissive. In the large towns, however, especially in Canton, there are frequent tumultuous ebullitions of the mob. Their contempt and hatred of foreigners cannot be easily restrained, and the appellation "Fan-queue," or "foreign devil," is a term of common reproach. Canton, however, affords not a favourable specimen of Chinese manners. In the more northern cities, and in the country districts, a stranger may safely mingle with the people, without any other inconvenience than that arising from their excessive curiosity. They are almost uniformly kind, hospitable, and good-humoured.

A great proportion of the lower orders of the community fare but poorly, and have great difficulty in making out their daily bread, while hosts of beggars are to be found in all the cities. For these a tax is levied in Amoy, and perhaps in other cities throughout the kingdom, the collector of which is called "the king of the beggars." This tax is partly optional with the payers, and is indirectly under the cognizance of the Government. "The

king," who is duly elected from among the number of the beggars, calls on each householder at the beginning of the year, and ascertains the monthly subscription which he is willing to give, in order to be free from the annoyance of their visits for alms, and the clatter of the sticks by which they implore relief. For the sum of five or six hundred *cash** a month, he gives a red piece of paper, inscribed with three copies of the characters for "great good luck," inclosed within an outline of a jar or vase; this is affixed to the door-post as a sign of immunity, and is renewed at the commencement of every year. Any beggar overlooking this bill of exemption, and entering a shop for relief, may be seized by the householder, and be beaten on the spot. "The king," after giving a certain proportion to the mandarins, and appropriating a certain fund for the support of the incorporated society of beggars, contrives to appropriate the remainder to his own use, and to become a rich man. The beggars are covered with tattered rags, wear long dishevelled hair, and are not very particular in the mode of satisfying their hunger.

"I observed," says Mr. Smith, "one of these beggars pass the shop of a confectioner, and stealthily slip a cake into his hand, and throw it into his sleeve. One of the partners, who saw the theft, ran out and followed the thief, caught him by the hair, made him restore the cake from the folds of his sleeve, and then, by a species of lynch-law very common in a country where ordinary law is expensive, and bribes must precede justice, gave the beggar a severe beating, and let him depart, amid the applause of the crowd, the good humour of the tradesman himself, and a remarkable *nonchalance* on the part of the offender."

The Chinese cities have a general resemblance to each other. They are irregularly built, crowded within a small space—have a dirty appearance, have few large or fine streets, but innumerable narrow lanes, and are generally traversed by canals in all directions, and are surrounded by walls and ramparts. There are few public buildings which make any show, with the exception of pagodas and temples, which are common both within the walls and in the suburbs. Mr. Smith thus describes his first impressions of Canton:—

"The recently-arrived stranger naturally manifests surprise and incredulity on being told that the estimated population of Canton exceeds a million. As soon, however, as he visits the close streets, with their dense population and busy wayfarers, huddled together into lanes from five to nine feet wide, where Europeans could scarcely in-

* A hundred *cash* are worth fourpence half-penny of our money.

hale the breath of life, the greatness of the number no longer appears incredible. After the first feelings of novelty have passed away, disappointment, rather than admiration, occupies the mind. After leaving the open space before the factories, or, as the Chinese call them, the thirteen hong, and passing through Old China Street, New China Street, Curiosity Street, and similar localities, the names of which indicate their propinquity to the residence of foreigners, we behold an endless succession of narrow avenues, scarcely deserving the name of streets. As the visiter pursues his course, narrow lanes still continue to succeed each other, and the conviction is gradually impressed on the mind, that such is the general character of the streets of the city. Along these, busy traders, mechanics, barbers, venders, and porters, make their way; while occasionally the noisy abrupt tones of vociferating coolies remind the traveller that some materials of bulky dimensions are on their transit, and suggest the expediency of keeping at a distance, to avoid collision. Now and then the monotony of the scene is relieved by some portly mandarin, or merchant of the higher class, borne in a sedan-chair on the shoulders of two, or sometimes four men. Yet, with all this hurry and din, there seldom occurs any accident or interruption of good nature. On the river the same order and regularity prevail. Though there are probably not fewer than 200,000 denizens of the river, whose hereditary domains are the watery element that supports their little dwelling, yet harmony and good feeling are conspicuous in the accommodating manner with which they make way for each other. These aquatic tribes of the human species show a most philosophic spirit of equanimity, and contrive, in this way, to strip daily life of many of its little troubles; while the fortitude and patience with which the occasional injury or destruction of their boat is borne, is remarkable.

"To return from the wide expanse of the river-population to the streets in the suburbs, the same spirit of contented adaptation to external things is everywhere observable; and it is difficult which to regard with most surprise—the narrow abodes of the one, or the little boats which serve as family residences to the other. There is something of romance in the effect of Chinese streets. On either side are shops, decked out with native ware, furniture and manufactures of various kinds. These are adorned by pillars of sign-boards, rising perpendicularly, and inscribed from top to bottom with the various kinds of saleable articles which may be had within. Native artists seem to have lavished their ingenuity on several of these inscriptions, and, by their calligraphy, to give some idea of the superiority of the commodities for sale. Many of these sign-boards contain some fictitious emblem, adopted as the name of the shop, similar to the practice prevalent in London two centuries ago. On entering, the proprietor, with his assistants or partners, welcomes a foreigner with sundry salutations; sometimes advancing to shake hands, and endeavouring to make the most of his scanty knowledge of English. They will show their saleable articles with the utmost patience, and evince nothing of disappointment if, after gratifying his curiosity, he departs without pur-

chasing. At a distance from the factories, where the sight of a foreigner is a rarity, crowds of idlers, from fifty to a hundred, rapidly gather round the shop, and frequent embarrassment ensues from an incipient or imperfect knowledge of the colloquial medium. In these parts the shopkeepers know nothing but their own language, are more moderate in their politeness, and, as a compensation, put a less price on their wares. To write one's name in Chinese characters is a sure method of enhancing their good favour. Sometimes no fewer than eight or ten blind beggars find their way into a shop, and there they remain, singing a melancholy dirge-like strain, and most perseveringly beating together two pieces of wood, till the weary shopman at length takes compassion on them, and provides for the quiet of his shop by giving a copper *cash* to each; on receiving which they depart, and repeat the same experiment elsewhere. The streets abound with these blind beggars, who are seldom treated with indignity. A kindly indulgence is extended to them, and they enjoy a prescriptive right of levying a copper *cash* from every shop or house they enter. It is said that this furnishes a liberal means of livelihood to an immense number of blind persons, who, in many instances, are banded together in companies or societies, subject to a code of rules, on breach of which the transgressor is expelled the community, and loses his guild.

"In every little open space there are crowds of travelling doctors, haranguing the multitude on the wonderful powers and healing virtues of the medicines which they expose for sale. Close by, some cunning fortune-teller may be seen, with crafty look, explaining to some awe-stricken simpleton his future destiny in life, from a number of books arranged before him, and consulted with due solemnity. In another part, some tame birds are exhibiting their clever feats, in singling out, from amongst a hundred others, a piece of paper enclosing a coin, and then receiving a grain of millet as a reward of their cleverness. At a little distance are some fruit-stalls, at which old and young are making purchases, throwing lots for the quantity they are to receive. Near these again are noisy gangs of people, pursuing a less equivocal course of gambling, and evincing, by their excited looks and clamours, the intensity of their interest in the issue. In another part may be seen disposed the apparatus of some Chinese tonsor, who is performing his skilful vocation on the crown of some fellow-countryman unable to command the attendance of the artist at a house of his own."

The five cities which by treaty have been opened up to the general trade of all nations are, Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shang-hai. All foreigners have free access to these cities. They may reside in any of them, but they are not permitted to penetrate into the country beyond, further than one day's journey. Canton and Amoy have been the sea-ports longest known to British merchants; but they are nevertheless the cities where the greatest hatred against the British prevails. No foreigner is yet allowed to pass through the gates which inclose

the city of Canton, and frequent insults have been offered to strangers by the population. To such a degree had these insults proceeded of late, that while we now write, accounts have reached this country of a warlike demonstration, which the British Government of Hong Kong was compelled to make in order to overawe the Chinese authorities, and again extort from them renewed assurances of better treatment. Foo-chow is the capital of the black-tea district, and is computed to contain upwards of half a million of inhabitants. It is situated on the river Min, across which is a bridge containing a thousand arches, or rather a series of openings, covered with large slabs of granite. This city has comparatively little trade, and is said to be falling to decay. Ning-po, farther north, and situated on the mainland, nearly opposite to the island of Chusan, is also a place of considerable size, and has the reputation of being the finest city on the coast open to foreigners. It is also regarded as one of the most literary cities in the empire, and inferior only to Loo-chow and Hang-chow, in the refinement and taste of the people. According to the statistics of an intelligent native scholar, as communicated to Mr. Smith, of the people included within the city walls, four-fifths may be estimated as engaged in trade, merchandize, and labour, while one-fifth were calculated as belonging to the literary class. This included the graduates and candidates for literary promotion, as well as the writers and clerks in the public offices. Of the population in the suburbs and on the level plain, extending to the hills, six parts out of ten are estimated as deriving their livelihood from agriculture, three parts as artisans of various kinds, and the remaining tenth as consisting of fishermen and boatmen. The manufacture of carpets and mats furnishes employment to a large proportion of the people. The female part of the population are employed to a considerable extent in weaving cloth. The city is surrounded by a wall of about five miles in circuit, through which there are six gates opening into the suburbs or upon the river. There are 100,000 houses and shops assessed in taxes to the Government, and the population may amount to 400,000. In the city there is an unusually large proportion of temples and of spacious private buildings, and the width and cleanliness of the principal streets, give a favourable impression of the wealth and rank of the inhabitants; yet, from many of the houses being empty, and the dilapidated state of others, it appears evident that the city is on the wane. Shang-hai is the most northerly of the free cities, situated on an extensive alluvial plain, watered by a number of streams. It is surrounded by a wall of about three miles in circuit, and may include about 200,000 inhabitants. The character of these is peaceful and industrious; and they are friendly

and respectful to foreigners. Though suffering considerable extremes of climate, the thermometer ranging from a summer heat of 100° to 24° of winter cold, it is said to be very salubrious, the sky in spring and autumn being clear, mild, and delightful. Shang-hai is the great emporium of the central and northern parts of China, and in regard to its commercial and export trade, is greatly on the increase. In this respect it already rivals Canton, and from its central position is likely to become in time the first trading port of the empire. Cotton is extensively cultivated in the vicinity of Shang-hai, as well as rice and wheat; and tea and silks are brought from the interior to this as a shipping port, where, in consequence of the shorter inland carriage, they may be purchased ten per cent. cheaper than at Canton.

Mr. Fortune, while at Shang-hai, was particularly anxious to visit the famous city of Soo-chan, situated about fifty miles inland. As this was far beyond the limits that strangers are permitted to proceed from any of the free-port cities, Mr. Fortune resolved to adopt the Chinese dress, and visit it incognito. In this he succeeded, and found this grand city, which is the great emporium of the central provinces of China, very similar in its general features to the other towns he had visited, only it appeared more the seat of luxury and wealth, and has none of those signs of dilapidation and decay which are apparent in such towns as Ning-po. A noble canal, as wide as the river Thames at Richmond, runs parallel with the city walls, and acts as a moat, as well as for commercial purposes. This canal is carried through arches into the city, where it ramifies in all directions, sometimes narrow and dirty, and at other places expanding into lakes of considerable beauty, thus enabling the inhabitants to convey their merchandize to their houses from the most distant parts of the country. Junks and boats of all sizes were plying on this wide and beautiful canal, and the whole place presented a cheerful and flourishing aspect. The city gates were well guarded, and the streets and lanes inside were intersected at intervals with gates, which are closed at nine or ten o'clock at night. Groups of gay and cheerful-looking people loitered on the bridges, and sailed along the canals. The ladies here are considered by the Chinese to be the most beautiful in the country, and judging from those seen by our traveller, they deserved this character. Their dresses were of the richest material, and made in a graceful and elegant style—the only faults he could discern were their small feet and the white powder with which their faces were too unsparingly covered.

Chusan, the island taken possession of by the British during the war, and again resigned to the Chinese, is allowed by all visitors to be a very delightful spot—well cultivated, and

abounding in grain, fruit, and vegetables, the natives, who are of the same character as those on the neighbouring mainland, being peaceable, friendly, and, at the same time, orderly and industrious. They regret the departure of the British troops; and it now begins to be apparent that this would have been a preferable spot for planting the British flag as a permanent commercial station to that of Hong-Kong. If friendly relations continue to be preserved with the Chinese, Shang-hai and the neighbouring group of cities will in time become the centre of trade, as possessing advantages of locality superior to that of Canton, and thus the island of Chusan would have possessed great local advantages as a British station.

Hong-Kong is a mountainous rocky island, about ten miles in length and five in breadth. Its northern side bends into a capacious bay, well adapted for shipping, and forming a secure harbour. Only small portions of the surface of the island are capable of tillage, the greater part consisting of bare rugged cliffs, with only a partial vegetation of green herbage during the rainy season. Already has British enterprise cut roads and streets out of the solid rocks, and the town of Victoria has risen up, containing many buildings of magnificent structure. The native population has more than trebled since the English gained possession of it, and it is now entirely under British rule and jurisdiction. The powerful heat of the sun on this bare and rugged spot, the want of a free current of ventilation from the hills of the adjoining mainland, and the noxious exhalations from the surface, all conspire to render this a trying climate for Europeans, and latterly the health of the inhabitants has suffered greatly.

Notwithstanding their inherent suspicion of all strangers, the Chinese are neither unkind nor inhospitable. Mr. Fortune, whose botanical pursuits frequently led him into the country, almost invariably met with a good reception from the peasantry, and from the inmates of such temples and religious houses as he visited. One of these excursions we shall detail in his own words, as it affords a characteristic sketch of the timid yet inquisitive and kindly manners of the Chinese peasantry:—

“ I was one day travelling amongst the hills in the interior of the island of Amoy, in places where I suppose no Englishman had ever been before. The day was fine, and the whole of the agricultural labourers were at work in the fields. When they first saw me they seemed much excited, and from their gestures and language I was almost inclined to think them hostile. From every hill and valley they cried, ‘ Wyloe-san-pan-fokie,’ that is, ‘ Be off to your boat, friend ;’ but on former occasions I had always found that the best plan

was to put a bold face on the matter, and walk in amongst them, and then try to get them into good humour. In this instance the plan succeeded admirably; we were in a few minutes excellent friends, the boys were running in all directions gathering plants for my specimen-box, and the old men were offering me their bamboo-pipes to smoke. As I got a little nearer to the village, however, their suspicions seemed to return, and they evidently would have been better pleased had I either remained where I was, or gone back again. This procedure did not suit my plans; and though they tried very hard to induce me to 'wylœ' to my 'san-pan,' it was of no use. They then pointed to the heavens, which were very black at the time, and told me that it would soon be a thunder-storm—but even this did not succeed. As a last resource, when they found I was not to be turned out of my way, some of the little ones were sent on before to apprise the villagers of my approach, and when I reached the village every living thing, down even to the dogs and pigs, were out to have a peep at the 'Fokie.' I soon put them all, the dogs excepted, (which have the true national antipathy to foreigners) in the best possible humour, and at last they seemed in no hurry to get rid of me. One of the most respectable amongst them, seemingly the head man of the village, brought me some cakes and tea, which he politely offered me. I thanked him, and began to eat. The hundreds who now surrounded me were perfectly delighted; 'He eats and drinks like ourselves,' said one. 'Look,' said two or three behind me, who had been examining the back part of my head, 'look here; the stranger has no tail!' and then the whole crowd, women and children included, had to come round me to see if it was really a fact that I had no tail. One of them, rather a dandy in his way, with a noble tail of his own, plaited with silk, now came forward, and taking off a kind of cloth which the natives here wear as a turban, and allowing his tail to fall gracefully over his shoulders, said to me in the most triumphant manner, 'Look at that!' I acknowledged that it was very fine, and promised if he would allow me to cut it off I would wear it for his sake. He seemed very much disgusted at the idea of such a loss, and the others had a good laugh at him."—*Fortune*, pp. 39, 40.

Much has been written in praise of Chinese agriculture.* No doubt, they have been diligent cultivators of the soil from a remote period; and some centuries ago, when their agricultural and gardening operations were viewed by Europeans, they appeared to be superior to much which was practised in the West. But like all their other habits and arts, agriculture has been and still continues stationary amongst the Chinese; while in Europe, and in Britain especially, it has made great advances. The con-

* The Chinese excel in horticulture. Mr. Fortune, who, we understand, was educated in the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, has obtained from them a number of new and rare plants, to be added to our British collections.

sequence is, that Chinese agriculture, as compared to British, is now far behind. It evidently appears a mistaken notion, too, which we have all along adopted, that every acre and inch of land in China is under a state of high cultivation. It is true, that the level plains and hills of moderate height, are all under cultivation, and especially so in the neighbourhood of cities; but Mr. Fortune in his botanical excursions roamed for many miles over mountains and ravines that were still in a state of nature; some of the hills were perfectly bare and rocky, and destitute of all vegetation; and others were covered with wild plants and brushwood. The houses of the peasantry and small farmers were also of a very mean description, built of mud and stones, with mud floors, and very few domestic conveniences. The agricultural implements are of the simplest kind, and not in the very best condition; in short, every thing betraying a state of matters somewhat similar to what prevailed in Scotland some fifty years ago, when agriculture had not generally attained that perfection to which it has now arrived with us. The generally fertile soil, however, the favourable climate, and the really industrious habits of the people are all conducive to an abundant production of the fruits of the earth over the whole extent of the country.

Rice is the staple production in all the valleys of the warmer southern provinces. As it forms a chief article of food among the Chinese, its cultivation is extensive. In the south, two crops of this grain are raised in the hot months, besides a crop of some more hardy vegetable in winter. The ground is prepared in spring for the first crop of rice, as soon as the winter grain crops are removed from the fields. The plough, which is commonly drawn by a buffalo or bullock, is a rude instrument, but light, and perhaps more suited to the kind of work than the British plough, which has been tried and found too heavy and unmanageable. As the land is always flooded with water before it is ploughed, this process consists in turning up a layer of mud and water, six or eight inches deep, which lies on a solid floor, or hard stiff clay. The plough never goes deeper than this mud and water, so that the ploughman and his bullock in wading through the field, find a solid footing at this depth below the surface. The water buffalo, generally employed in the south, is well adapted for this work, as he delights to wallow amongst the mud, and is often found swimming and amusing himself in the canals on the sides of the rice fields. But it must be an unhealthy operation for the poor labourer, who, nevertheless, pursues it cheerfully and apparently happy. After the plough comes a harrow, without long teeth like ours. The labourer stands upon the top of it, and its use is to break down and pulverize the surface of the muddy soil, and to press in the manure. Previously to the preparation of the

fields, the rice seed is sown thickly in small patches of highly manured ground, and the young plants in these seed-beds are ready for transplanting when the fields are in a fit state to receive them. Sometimes, especially in the south, the seeds are previously steeped in liquid manure. The seedling plants are carefully dug up from the bed, and removed to the fields. The fields are now smooth and overflowed with water to the depth of three inches. The operation of planting is performed with great rapidity. A labourer takes a quantity of plants under his left arm, and drops them in bundles over the land about to be planted, as he knows, almost to a plant, what number will be required. These bundles are then taken up in succession. A dozen plants are selected at a time, and plunged by the hand into the muddy soil. The water, when the hand is drawn up, immediately rushes into the hole, and carries with it a portion of soil to cover the roots, and the seedlings are thus planted and covered in without farther trouble. In the south the first crop is fit to cut by the end of June or the beginning of July. Before it is quite ripe, another crop of seedlings is raised in the beds or corners of the fields, and is ready for transplanting as soon as the ground has been ploughed up and prepared for their reception. This second crop is ready for cutting in November. In the north, where the summer is shorter, a different plan is followed. The farmers here plant a second crop two or three weeks after the first, in alternate rows. The first planting takes place about the middle of May, and the crop is reaped in the beginning of August. After the early crop is removed, the ground is stirred up and manured, and the second crop comes to maturity about the middle of November. In the Shang-hai district the summers are too short to get two crops of rice, but an autumn crop of vegetables is not unfrequent. Rain falls in great abundance during the change of the monsoon in May, and the Chinese are very expert at irrigation, so that during the growth of the rice the fields are flooded with water. The terraced bases and sides of the hills are supplied with water by mountain streams, and the valleys by canals, the water being raised by a simple but very effective water-wheel. The mountain terraces, which rise one above the other like the steps of a stair, are so constructed both for facilitating the process of irrigation, and for preventing the mountain torrents from washing down the soil.

The Chinese or Nanking cotton plant,—the *Gossypium herbaceum* of botanists, and the “*Mie wha*” of the northern Chinese,—is a branching annual, growing from one to three feet in height, according to the richness of the soil, and flowering from August to October. The flowers are of a dingy yellow colour, and remain expanded only for a few hours. They are followed by the

seed-pod, which swells rapidly, and, when ripe, the outer coating bursts, and exposes the pure white cotton, in which the seeds of the plant lie imbedded. The yellow cotton, from which the beautiful Nanking cloth is made, is called "*Tze-mie-wha*," and differs little, except in colour, from the other variety. This latter is chiefly cultivated in the level ground around Shang-hai, in a strong rich loamy soil capable of yielding immense crops year after year, although it receives but a small portion of manure. Early in spring the cotton grounds are ploughed up, and manured with a rich mud dug from the drains and ditches. In the end of April or beginning of May, the cotton seed is sown, generally in broadcast, and trodden by the feet of labourers into the soil. The spring rains now commence, and the vegetation of the cotton makes rapid progress. During the summer months the plants are carefully thinned and hoed. Much now depends on the season. If dry, the plants are stunted; but if refreshing rains fall, the crop proves a good one. The cotton plant produces its flowers in succession from August to the end of October, and even, in mild seasons, during November. As a succession of pods burst every day, it is necessary to have them gathered with great regularity, otherwise they fall upon the ground and are spoiled. Little bands of the Chinese are now seen in the afternoon in every field, gathering the ripe cotton, and carrying it home to the houses of the farmers. As the farms are generally small, they are worked almost entirely by the farmer and his family, consisting sometimes of three or even four generations, including the old grey-haired grandfather, or great-grandfather, who has seen the crops of four-score years gathered into his barns. Every member of such a group has a certain degree of interest in his employment. The harvest is their own, and the more productive it is, the greater number of comforts they will be able to afford. In such a delicate article as cotton, much of the success of the crop depends upon a dry and mild autumn; for wet and cold are both inimical to it. When the cotton is brought from the field it is spread out to dry, and then it undergoes a process to separate the seeds, which is done by passing it through a machine with two rollers. It is then put into bags, which, slung across a bamboo stick, are thus carried into the towns, on the shoulders of the farmers, and disposed of to the cotton merchant. Every family retains a portion of the produce for its own use, and this the female members clean, spin, and weave at home. The spinning-wheel and the hand-loom, both once so common in this country, are still in use in China, and to be seen in every village in the cotton districts. The cotton stalks are used as fuel, the refuse as manure, and the cleared fields are immediately planted with clover, beans, or other vegetables, for a second crop.

The tea districts are situated in the provinces of Canton, Fokein, and Chekiang. There are two *species*, or probably only *varieties* of the tea shrub, the *Thea Viridis* and *Thea Bohea* of botanists. It has been frequently stated and believed that our black teas are derived from the Bohea shrub, and the green teas from the *Thea Viridis*. Mr. Fortune, however, ascertained, by actual inspection, that both shrubs yield green and black teas, and that, in fact, although the Bohea plant is that which grows in the southern districts, and the *Thea Viridis* in the northern, both green and black teas are regularly prepared in all the localities, and that the difference arises from the quality and mode of preparation of the leaves. The tea plant requires a rich soil, otherwise the continual gathering of the leaves would soon destroy its vigour. In the north of China, the tea plantations are always situated on the lower and most fertile sides of the hills, and never on the low lands. The shrubs are planted in rows about four feet apart, and about the same distance between each row, and look at a little distance like little shrubberies of evergreens. The farms are small, each consisting of from one to four or five acres; indeed, every cottager has his own little tea garden, the produce of which supplies the wants of his family, and the surplus brings him in a few dollars which are spent on the other necessaries of life. The same is the case with the cotton, rice, and silk farms; all are small, and managed by the members of the family. In the green tea districts, near Ning-po, the first crop of leaves is generally gathered about the middle of April; this consists of the young leaf buds, just as they begin to unfold, and forms a fine and delicate kind of hyson, which is highly esteemed by the natives, but it is scarce and expensive. About the middle of May the shrubs are again covered with fresh leaves, and are ready for the second gathering, which is the most important of the season. The third gathering produces a very inferior sort of tea, which is rarely sent out of the district. When the weather is fine the natives are seen in little groups, on the hill sides, stripping the leaves off, and throwing them into baskets. These leaves are then carried home to the barns adjoining their cottages, and dried in pans held over little furnaces constructed in the wall. They are then rolled up by the hand on a bamboo table, and twisted and curled into the shape we see them. After this they are exposed upon a large screen, and dried further in the sun, when they are again subjected to a second drying in the pans, and are then picked, sifted, and sorted, and finally packed up for market. For the European markets this green tea undergoes a further process of colouring, which is done by the addition of prussian blue and gypsum; but this adds nothing to the flavour or other qualities of the tea, except heightening the colour.

When the teas are ready for sale, extensive tea-dealers come from the towns and make purchases from the small growers. The tea is then conveyed to the shipping ports, and packed and shipped for the European and American markets.

"There are few sights," says Mr. Fortune, "more pleasing than a Chinese family in the interior engaged in gathering the tea leaves, or indeed in any of their other agricultural pursuits. There is the old man, patriarch-like, directing his descendants, many of whom are in their youth and prime, while others are in their childhood, in the labours of the field. He stands in the midst of them, bowed down with age. But to the honour of the Chinese, as a nation, he is always looked up to by all with pride and affection, and his old age and grey hairs are honoured, revered, and loved. When, after the labours of the day are over, they return to their humble and happy homes, their fare consists chiefly of rice, fish, and vegetables, which they enjoy with great zest, and are happy and contented. I really believe that there is no country in the world where the agricultural population are better off than they are in the north of China. Labour with them is a pleasure, for its fruits are eaten by themselves, and the rod of the oppressor is unfelt and unknown."—P. 202.

There is no State religion in China, the Government permitting a general toleration of all sects. The doctrines of Confucius are adopted by the literary class, and a considerable proportion of the people. Instead of a religion, it may rather be termed a system of philosophy, commonplace enough, and possessing no great depth, yet of a practical worldly nature, suited to the tone of the general mind. It consists chiefly of moral and political maxims, and avoids entering on the existence or nature of Deity, or allusions to a future state. Another sect, the Tauists, or followers of Laou-tsze, seem to be identical with the Schamanists, or demon-worshippers of the ruder tribes of the great Mongolian race. This sect now seems to have few votaries in China, or at least little or no mention is made of them by recent travellers, except the casual notice of a temple dedicated to their gods. It no doubt prevailed more in the earlier and ruder stages of their history. Buddhism, introduced from India probably about the commencement of the Christian era, has spread to a considerable extent in China; but it is less its mysticism and abstract speculations than its image-worship, its external observances, and its monastic system, which have taken hold of the people's minds. In general, its priests and votaries are extremely ignorant, few comparatively being able to read or write, and it is only the lower and more ignorant classes of the population who belong to this religion. Buddhist temples and monastic institutions are not unfrequent in the cities and country, but in general they are on the decay, and are regarded by the people

with less interest and reverence than formerly. Yet image-worship is in universal practice. Their temples, houses, streets, roads, hills, rivers, carriages, and ships, are full of idols, and their houses and shops, and corners of their streets, are plastered with charms, amulets, and emblems of idolatry. In external forms and regulations, there are some singular coincidences between the Romish religion and Buddhism. The existence of monasteries and nunneries, the celibacy, the tonsure, the flowing robes and the peculiar caps of the priesthood, the burning of incense, the tinkling of bells, the rosaries of beads, the intonation of service, the prayers in an unknown tongue, purgatory, and the offerings for the dead in their temples, and, above all, the titles of their principal goddess, the "Queen of Heaven," and "Holy Mother," represented by the image of a woman with a male child in her arms—present features of mutual resemblance which must strike every one. Mr. Smith paid a visit to Pootoo, an island of about thirty miles in extent, in the neighbourhood of Chusan, which is entirely tenanted by Buddhist priests. At the time of his visit there were about six hundred resident priests, besides three hundred mendicant friars and itinerant priests, who were absent on the neighbouring mainland. This island, he was informed, had been ceded to the Buddhists, as an endowment for the diffusion of their religion, by one of the Chinese emperors, of the Han dynasty. This date would make the origin of their endowment contemporaneous with the earliest centuries of the Christian era. The priest who was Mr. Smith's informant, said that Pootoo had seen brighter days, and he spoke with regret of the degeneracy of the present age in respect of zeal for idolatry. He especially mentioned the fact of there having been three hundred more priests on the island a century ago, and accounted for the diminution in their number by the want of interest and devotion shown by the people on the mainland, who suffered the temples, one after the other, to fall to ruin, without incurring the expense of rebuilding them. The endowment of the temple in which he himself resided, arose from 200 acres of land assigned to it as its revenue on the opposite island of *Chew-ko-tze*. Besides this, they enjoyed an uncertain revenue from the offerings of casual devotees visiting the sacred locality. He stated his opinion, that out of every hundred priests in Pootoo, only twenty were men of education.

A great proportion of the inmates of these temples consists of those who have been brought thither when they were mere children, by needy relatives, or of those who, by poverty or crime, have been forced to take up their abode there as an asylum for the remainder of their lives. Without any kind of employment, either bodily or mental, and in a state of lonely celibacy, cut off from all

the usual pursuits or enjoyments of society, they spend a miserable existence in indolent vacuity. By means of self-righteous asceticism they hope to be delivered from the grosser elements which form the compound being—man, and to be assimilated to, and at length finally absorbed into, the immaterial substance of the holy Budh. For this purpose they abstain from animal food, and repeat their daily routine of *O-me-to-fuh*, till the requisite amount of purity and merit has been gained, and the more devout are enabled to revel in the imaginary paradise of absorption, or, in other words, of annihilation. This is the grand hope of Buddhism—this is the only stimulus to present exertion which it offers. The material part of man is to be purged away, and after transmigration through certain stages of animal life, more or less numerous in proportion to the guilt or merit of the individual, the soul is at last taken into the deity, and becomes a part of Budh himself. This is the purely imaginative invention of a more poetical race than the prosaic Chinese. In fact, Buddhism in China appears to be a mere religion of external form. The most intelligent of its priests do not believe its doctrines, and even on its more ignorant votaries it can have no heart-influence.

As little effect does the cold and lifeless morality of Confucius appear to exercise on the characters of the mass of the people. With naturally mild dispositions, and patient and industrious habits, they have no regard for truth—they are guided by expediency alone, and will lie, deceive, and cheat, just as it suits their own personal interest. No high or pure motives actuate them. They look with great indifference, or even levity, on the misfortunes of their companions, and though vanity and self-conceit make them boastful, yet they have no true and genuine patriotic love for their country. Their unimpassioned nature does not permit them to be ferocious or terribly wrathful, but they have a host of minor vices, and few of the more ennobling active virtues of humanity. Thus they are sensual, coldly cruel, insincere, mendacious, devoid of general philanthropy. Yet it must be allowed that they have the domestic attachments—filial piety—a sense of gratitude, and a cool and reasonable way of settling and cementing disputes. From the general insincerity and duplicity which prevails, one would be apt to suppose that a total want of confidence in the ordinary affairs of life would be common, and so it would, were this not rectified by what appears a strange adjustment.

“In England,” says Mr. Meadows, “we trust a man because we put some confidence in his own honesty, and because we know we can, through the law, obtain redress for breach of trust. In China, people place little or no confidence in each other’s honesty, and there is so much uncertainty, difficulty, and even danger, in obtaining redress for

breach of trust or contract, by applying to the authorities, that few will venture on an application. Every Chinese, therefore, who expects to have any kind of trust placed in him, is provided with a guarantee of a standing and respectability sufficient, in proportion to the nature and extent of the trust, who, according to the custom, makes himself responsible, in the fullest sense of the word, for any unfaithfulness on the part of the person guaranteed. It may be objected that the guarantee himself might violate his guaranty—and at first sight there certainly appears no cause why he should not; he is, however, effectually prevented from this by the power of public opinion. Every man, without reflecting deeply on the subject, feels that some reliable bond of mutual security is necessary; the guaranty form, by the general consent of the nation, is that bond in China, and any man who would venture deliberately to contemn it, would lose—what to most people is of the highest importance—the good opinion of all classes of society, and the fellowship of his own; while even in a pecuniary point of view he would not be permitted to derive any benefit from his breach of good faith. I may state as a fact, that I have never yet known an instance of a Chinese openly violating a guaranty known to have been given by him; and though I have remarked, that under strong temptations they will sometimes try to evade it, yet instances of this are extremely rare, and they generally come promptly forward to meet all the consequences of their responsibility.”—P. 218.

Mr. Smith, after giving the people credit for their good qualities, thus proceeds with the other side of the picture:—

“Facts of daily occurrence, brought to the knowledge of the missionaries, and frequently gained through the medium of the missionary hospital, revealed the prevalence of the most fearful immoralities among the people, and furnished a melancholy insight into the desolating horrors of paganism. Female infanticide openly confessed, legalized by custom, and divested of disgrace by its frequency—the scarcity of females, leading as a consequence to a variety of crimes habitually staining the domestic hearth—the dreadful prevalence of all the vices charged by the Apostle Paul upon the ancient heathen world—the alarming extent of opium indulgence, destroying the productiveness and natural resources of the people—the universal practice of lying, and suspicion of dishonesty between man and man—the unblushing lewdness of old and young—the full unchecked torrent of human depravity borne along in its tempestuous channel, and inundating the social system with the overflowings of ungodliness,—prove the existence of a kind and degree of moral degradation among a people, of which an excessive statement can scarcely be made, and of which an adequate conception can rarely be formed.”—P. 490.

With regard to the truth of the commonly received reports of Infanticide among the Chinese, there can be no doubt. Mr. Smith took special care personally to inquire into this fact. It is practised chiefly among the poorer classes, and it is the female

infants who suffer, a poor man in his old age usually receiving support and assistance from his sons, whereas his daughters are generally married early, and are then no longer considered as part of the family. On repeated occasions, and before a numerous assemblage, fathers, when questioned by Mr. Smith regarding this subject, seemed to have no hesitation in openly and simply avowing the fact. He was told that in the province of Fokeen, at a place called Kean Ying-Chou, five days' journey above Canton, there were computed to be from 500 to 600 female infanticides in a month. The comparative infrequency of the practice at Canton, arose from the establishment by Government of a foundling hospital there, where 5000 female children, of the lowest classes, were annually received. While visiting some of the villages in the vicinity of Amoy, the subject of infanticide was introduced to the people. They stated that out of six daughters it was customary to kill three. Some murdered four, and a few even five, out of the same number. They said that the proportion of female children which they put to death entirely depended on the poverty of the individual. They told that the death of the infant was effected immediately after birth, and that four different modes of infanticide were practised amongst them: drowning in a vessel of water, pinching the throat, stifling by means of a wet cloth over the mouth, and choking by a few grains of rice placed into the mouth of the infant. If sons were alternately interspersed with daughters in a family, the people esteemed it good luck, and were not accustomed to murder the female children. One old man who was questioned, confessed publicly before the crowd, that out of six daughters he had murdered three. At first he said that he did not remember whether he had murdered two or three. He said that he smothered them by putting grass into their mouth. The people perceiving the disgust and indignation which the recital of these facts caused, at last became ashamed of their conduct, showing how easily the conscience may be awakened to the enormity of such actions. In the other parts of China visited by Mr. Smith, no well authenticated cases were brought within his notice, sufficient to prove that this crime prevailed to any considerable extent. In the vicinity of Shang-hai and Ning-po, the moral atrocity, if perpetrated, lurks in secret, and is comparatively too rare an occurrence to be regarded as possessing the sanction of public opinion.

Another prominent vice of the Chinese is Opium Smoking. This to a certain extent has been practised for a long period, but of late years has increased. An opium house in Amoy is thus described by Mr. Smith:—

“ The first opium house which we entered was situated close to the

entrance to the Taou-lais palace. Four or five rooms, in different parts of a square court, were occupied by men stretched out on a rude kind of couch, on which lay a head pillow, with lamps, pipes, and other apparatus for smoking opium. In one part of the principal room the proprietor stood, with delicate steel-yards, weighing out the prepared drug, which was of a dark, thick, semi-fluid consistency. A little company of opium smokers, who had come hither to indulge in the expensive fumes, or to feast their eyes with the sight of that which increasing poverty had placed beyond their reach, soon gathered around us, and entered into conversation. They formed a motley group of sallow sunken cheeks, and glassy, watery eyes, as with idiotic look, and vacant laugh, they readily volunteered information, and described the process of their own degradation. There was to be seen the youth, who, just emerging from boyhood, had only commenced the practice a little time before, and was now hastening to a premature old age. There was the man of middle age, who, for half his life a victim of this pernicious indulgence, was bearing with him to an early grave the wreck of his worn-out constitution. There was again the more elderly man, whose iron strength of frame could better ward off the slow but certain advances of decrepitude, but whose bloated cheek, and vacant stare, told of the struggle that was raging within. There was again the rarely seen spectacle of old age, and the man of sixty lived yet to tell of forty years consumed in the seduction of this vice. They all assented to the evils and sufferings of their course, and professed a desire to be freed from its power. They all complained of loss of appetite—of the agonizing cravings of the early morning—of prostration of strength, and of increasing feebleness, but said that they could not gain firmness of resolution to overcome the habit. They all stated its intoxicating effects to be worse than those of drunkenness, and described the extreme dizziness and vomiting which ensued so as to incapacitate them for exertion. I subsequently visited about thirty other opium shops in different parts of the city. The people say that there are nearly a thousand such establishments in Amoy.”—Pp. 433-4.

A confirmed opium smoker generally consumes daily about a mace of opium, which is equal to one drachm, of sixty grains, the price of which is about eightpence sterling, a large sum of money in China. In fact, many of the poorer classes consume from a third to a fourth of their whole earnings in this pernicious practice, notwithstanding they may have a wife and family depending on them for support. This is a melancholy account, and can only find a parallel in the gin and whisky consumers of our own island. For one million pounds' worth of opium, however, which is thus used in the extensive empire of China, there are at least twenty millions' worth of intoxicating liquors consumed in Great Britain. Both are clamant evils, and are potent means of debasing society; but evils cannot be banished from

this world of ours—our chief aim must be, by God's blessing, to elevate men's minds above temptation, and fight the battle on the side of strenuous resistance. It is, no doubt, unfortunate that this pernicious, and in a certain degree illegal traffic, should be carried on by Britons; and the missionaries have frequently had this retorted to them in the midst of their expostulations and advices to the misguided victims of opium smoking. The usual good common sense of the Chinese, however, will soon be able to distinguish the true position in which this traffic, or any other of the kind, as regards the intercourse of nations, must be put, and they will cease to confound the philanthropic endeavours of the missionaries with the gain-seeking pursuits of other members of the community to which they may belong. The opium trade, though still nominally illegal, is now tacitly recognised by the Chinese authorities, and perhaps the best plan for all parties would be to legalize it at once, imposing a certain duty on it as we do on the similar luxuries of tobacco and alcoholic liquors.

Drunkenness does not appear to be a prevailing vice among the Chinese. In general the people are temperate both in eating and drinking. Rice, vegetables and fish, eggs, poultry, form the simple diet of the rural districts, though, amongst the richer inhabitants of towns a considerable degree of epicurism is common. Long protracted dinners, with an absurd and hurtful profusion of dishes, are as common among the city mandarins of China as among the city aldermen and higher castes of Britain. Like us, too, they range over earth, sea and air for delicacies to stimulate the satiated appetite. Hence we hear of the marvellous dishes of swallows nests, sharks' fins, and the *trepang*, a species of *holothuria* or sea-slug fished up from the Indian Ocean, and served up as a rarity at the feasts of the rich and wealthy. So generally is the country under cultivation, and such has been the density of population for many ages, that wild animals, especially game, are very rare in China. To make up for this, however, domestic animals are reared in considerable quantities, such as bullocks, sheep, pigs, fowls, and even dogs, which are admitted into the category of culinary beasts among this people. In Chusan, and probably in many other places throughout the country, young ducks are hatched in thousands by artificial heat, and then fed up for the table; and on the rivers and estuaries, cormorants are regularly trained to catch fish and bring them to their masters.

Mr. Smith thus describes his reception at a mandarin's table :—

“On Sept. 3d I went with some friends to visit the principal Mandarin in Ning-po, usually styled the taou-tai. Due notice had been given some hours previously, and there were circumstances attending

our visit, which ensured a polite reception from his Excellency. We were borne in chairs along the streets to the *ya-mun*, or public office, in which the taou-tai was then residing. As we approached the large folding-doors, leading into the first of a number of spacious courts, a gong was struck, which was immediately answered by other gongs and a bell from within. At the same time a native piper commenced playing a noisy air, accompanied by a kind of cymbal, to do honour to us as we passed. As door opened within door, we saw signs of bustle and activity among the numerous attendants, till our sedan-chairs were set down on a pavement at the bottom of a little flight of steps leading into a vestibule. Here the great man, Ching-ta-jin, descended to welcome us; and after a good deal of bowing and other salutations, we were conducted to a reception-hall, where we were invited to take our seats. But preliminary matters of etiquette had to be settled, which occupied some time. The taou-tai would not occupy the highest seat on the left side, the place of honour; and the members of our little party affected like humility. One pressed the other, and tried to lead him into the uppermost seat, which gentle attempt the other as gently resisted. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been fatiguing; but in the excessive heat of the summer it was doubly irksome: and matters were at last abruptly brought to a satisfactory adjustment by one of our party coolly occupying the highest seat, and thus terminating the debate. One of our friends was a fluent speaker of Chinese, and acted as our spokesman. The taou-tai's cap of authority, which was ornamented with the usual knob or button of a light blue colour, indicating his rank as being of the third of the nine orders of Mandarins, was now taken from his head, and handed to an attendant, who placed it in a conspicuous part of the room. Soon after, another servant came at his bidding to assist in removing his upper garment of blue silk; and as, notwithstanding the heat, we had paid his Excellency the compliment of appearing in woollen coats, we gladly availed ourselves of his invitation to put off the incumbrance, and sat during the rest of our visit in our shirt-sleeves. The room did not afford the signs of any great wealth in the proprietor, the furniture being simple and substantial, rather than elegant. A number of servants were standing outside, and sometimes, in their eagerness to see and listen, pressed around the door. A wave of the hand from their master once or twice seemed to remove them to a little distance on either side. But when he subsequently sat so as to have his back towards them, they quietly returned, and their number was increased by the addition of several others eager to satisfy their curiosity. After we had taken tea, the signs of preparation for a morning collation were apparent in the various dishes brought and set out on a table in the centre of the room. On the announcement being made that all was ready, the same ceremony and delay as to precedence took place. The taou-tai took his seat at the lowest end of the table. As our meal proceeded, he reverted to former topics, especially to our literary degrees. As I had been introduced as a literary teacher, he now inquired what literary degree in my own country I had attained. My friend very inconsiderately replied that I was the same as a *tsin-sze*, i. e.

the second of the four Chinese literary degrees, to which Ching-ta-jin had himself attained. The taou-tai then commenced congratulating me on the felicity of my lot in getting literary promotion at so early an age. He proceeded to take a strict survey of my physiognomy, and made some remarks on my personal appearance. At last, fortunately for our preservation of gravity, the conversation was led to the subject of literary examinations and degrees in China, on which he was very lengthened in his observations.

"Meanwhile we endeavoured to do honour to the dishes, which in rapid succession were placed before us, our host helping us from each dish with the chop-sticks with which he himself was eating. A kind of spirit, distilled from rice, was poured out into small cups and saucers and placed before us. Deference had been paid to our foreign palates, and in addition to the usual routine of Chinese dainties, small slices of ham, beef, duck, and fowl were served on the table. Plovers' eggs, nuts, sweatmeats, formed also portions of our repast. Our host continually watched our saucers, and replenished them from time to time with what he deemed the choicest morsels. Once or twice we ventured to act on our choice, and to taste some of the unknown dishes; but we quickly came to the decision that it was better to trust to his selection. At last we were tired with the number of dishes, which one after another made their appearance. But it was to no purpose that he was informed that we had eaten a sufficient quantity. He begged to assure us that the repast would soon be over; and our apologies for occasioning him so much expense only made him insist more rigorously on our remaining till the end. During this time an animated discussion took place on the subject of foreign customs. He again reverted to the subject of my literary degree, and inquired my family name. This was altered to suit the Chinese sounds, and written *Sze-mei*. He then asked my personal name, which he tried in vain to pronounce, saying it took four Chinese characters to write it. He made several ineffectual attempts to catch the sound *George*, changing it to *Jih-ah-le-jih*. At last, in despair of mastering the outlandish sounds, he ceased from the attempt, and, falling back into his large chair, gave a hearty prolonged laugh. Then he inquired of my friend respecting the *koo-wan*, or ancient classical literature of our country. This led to his being informed of the gradual improvement of our native tongue—the comparatively recent date of English literature—the stores of ancient learning imported from Greece and Rome—the prevalence of Latin as the general medium of communication between the literati of Europe—and the different races who successively peopled Britain. To all these topics he listened with attention, bringing frequent illustrations from similar events in the history of China. He afterwards inquired about some European country, by a name which we had never before heard. On our further listening to his pronunciation of the word, we discovered the name to be a strange combination of sounds, intended for Denmark. Afterwards the current of topics flowed to America and its twenty-six States; the separation of the United States from Britain in the last century; their

common descent and language ; their commercial rivalry and political emulation ; the number of annual emigrants from Britain to America ; the process of clearing away forests and preparing the soil for cultivation ; the enterprising character of American merchants ; and the political supremacy of Britain. He made some inquiries respecting the causes of emigration, and of the willingness of the British merchants to come to so distant a country as China. He continually responded, sometimes giving a hearty laugh, and not in the slightest degree affecting an appearance of gravity. He mentioned his having been formerly sent on a special mission by the Chinese Government to the country of Mongolia, and spoke of the cold temperature and the forests as probably resembling those of America.

"At length, after many unavailing attempts to rise from the table, which he as often prevented, we were enabled to make preparations for our departure. During our stay of more than an hour, he showed us the usual marks of politeness and courtesy. As his jurisdiction extended over three of the eleven departments, into which the province of Che-keang is divided, he was an officer of some consequence, and ruled a territory as large as Scotland. He was apparently about fifty-six years of age, and his manners were commanding and graceful. In spite of our remonstrance, he insisted on accompanying us to our sedans, and we took our departure with the same ceremony, and amid the same noise of piping and gongs, as greeted us on our entrance."

Throughout this populous and toiling empire, there is no seventh-day's rest or Sabbath bell to call the minds of the multitude from their gross and worldly pursuits, and elevate them to Heaven. New-year's-day is observed as a holiday, and they have frequent festivals in honour of their ancestors, and of their idols, when feasts are spread out either in temples or in the streets, or in groves and gardens. The abundant viands, after being laid out and offered to the manes of their kindred, are then feasted on by the assembled company.

Mr. Smith thus describes a new-year's festival at Amoy :—

"*Jan. 26th.*—This being the last day of the Chinese year, busy preparations were in progress for terminating business, for laying in a stock of provisions, and for celebrating the superstitious observances of the evening. In all directions companies of cooly-bearers might be seen carrying large packages of new-year presents to the friends of their master. In the various houses which we visited after sunset, the head of the establishment, attended by his sons or his partners, was to be observed balancing his mercantile accounts, and settling the debts of the year. So punctilious are the Chinese in the observance of this commendable practice, that they say they could not enjoy the festive occasion, nor sleep during the night, unless they had previously relieved their mind of this burden. The *swan-pwan*, or counting-board, was in constant use ; and when the business seemed wellnigh terminated, and the books were about to be closed, a neighbour would

hurry into the shop, and pecuniary transactions would again for a season be renewed. While these important matters were in progress, the family were engaged in burning gilt paper, with the occasional discharge of fire-works, and in making preparations for the peculiar annual custom named *hwui loo*, or "surrounding the furnace." This is performed by the members of each family sitting down to a substantial supper, with a pan of charcoal placed under the table in the centre of the party. The only explanation which they gave of this odd custom was, that fire is the most potent of the elements; and hence, probably, they derived a notion of its efficacy in averting evil, or in strengthening the bonds of family union. The women observed this custom in an inner room by themselves; while the master of the house, with his sons and his hired assistants, sat down in an outer room. In one of the families, in which we were invited to remain in order to view the detailed observances of the occasion, the proprietor, a man apparently of some little wealth, sat down with his assistants, his younger son, and two little grandsons. The eldest son, a youth of about nineteen, sat near us, attending to our wants, but without partaking of the feast himself. Every minute he was on his legs, attending to the beckoning motions of his father, on whom he waited without the least appearance of its being esteemed unusual. At one time he brought a spoon, or a pair of chop-sticks; at another time he fetched a paper-napkin for his father's use, or re-filled his glass with samshoo. The old gentleman, after a short time, became silent and drowsy. But the rest of the party meanwhile increased in mirth, as they rapidly consumed the good fare placed before them. The conversation became increasingly animated, and some of the women soon entered at the further end, and joined in the subjects of amusement. These were the secondary wives of the household, the proper wife and the daughters-in-law being never permitted to mingle in the free unrestrained conversation with strangers, which is sometimes allowed in the inferior class of female domestics. Great civility was shown to us, but we declined to partake of the feast. It was very melancholy to witness the habit of reckless lying, which manifested itself so frequently in their replies; both the old man and the son showing not the least compunction or sense of shame in telling flagrant falsehoods whenever it suited their purpose. In reply to our question about one of the women present, the old man said, first, that she was an acquaintance; then, shortly after, that she was a daughter-in-law; and, at last, the plain truth came out, that she was one of his secondary wives. Not the slightest jealousy appeared to be cherished in regard to the latter class of wives, though the mistress of the family did not once make her appearance. This lower class of women are generally purchased from poor parents as domestic servants, with the liberty of degrading them to the rank of inferior wives, which practice is generally prevalent, and is considered, even by their sages, to be strictly in accordance with moral rectitude, if the proper wife has given birth to no son. The offspring of both classes of wives are considered legitimate, although the sons of concubines, in inheriting the patrimony, receive only half as much as the son of the proper wife, or mistress of the household.

"The supper being ended, they next prepared for burning the small wooden frames of the lamps, which are generally kept burning day and night in the dark interior of their houses. From the ashes which remain, they profess to derive means of ascertaining the exact period of the rainy and dry seasons of the coming year; the knowledge of which is very important in a land where famine often exposes so many thousands to the danger of starvation, from the destruction of their crops. Three little frames of lamps were brought, and placed ready for lighting on the pavement. The eldest son went forth into the street, and discharged some crackers, to drive away the evil spirits, while some of the domestics folded up about a bushel of gold and silver paper into the shape of lumps of silver. The eldest son returned and set fire to the materials, and in about ten minutes the whole was consumed to ashes. The live embers were then carefully distributed into twelve little heaps, answering to the twelve months of the year. They were then anxiously watched, the heap which first burned out showing the most rainy month, and that which last burnt out indicating the month in which there would be most sunshine and least rain. Particular attention was directed to the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh months, as the rain, if excessive in those months, would cause mildew and blight of the harvest. Acclamations of joy arose, as the second heap first died out, and predicted the greatest quantity of rain in the month when it would be most seasonable and least injurious. The fifth month was to be clear weather and without rain. The sixth and seventh heaps, as the partially-consumed embers were left half red-hot and half black, denoted that there would be partly fine and partly rainy weather in the corresponding months. The result of the experiment seemed to give the assembled party great satisfaction, which was only slightly interrupted by our asking whether the next neighbour's heaps of consumed embers would coincide in the favourable prediction. To this they replied by begging us to mark the result in the course of the year; and also by saying, that they had nothing to do with their neighbour's house. The samshoo now passed around, and we left them to prolong their festivities for an hour or two, when they retired to rest, till the booming of the midnight watch-gun roused them from their slumbers, and they hastily rose to offer each other their new-year's congratulations, and to renew their feasting.

"The next morning the city authorities commemorated the new-year, by assembling in a body, at dawn of day, and going forth in procession to an imperial temple in the suburb outside the north gate. There they made nine *ko-tow*, or knockings of the head on the ground before a large yellow screen, which, for the occasion, occupied the place of imperial royalty. This custom is renewed also on the emperor's birth-day, and denotes the most decided act of submission. It was this ceremony which the imperial officers tried in vain to extort from former British ambassadors, as a token of vassalage."

That entire seclusion of females from all intercourse with strangers, which former accounts led us to believe in, appear to

have been exaggerated. In consequence of the practice of polygamy, and other causes, females have not attained that equality in the estimation of the other sex which prevails in Christian Europe; still they appear to enjoy a considerable degree of liberty and influence in their families. Any man in China may have as many wives as he chooses, but the number is generally regulated by a prudent regard to circumstances and station of life. The marriage ceremony is a very simple one, and is entirely of a civil nature, religion having nothing to do with the contract. Filial piety and affection is very strong among this people, and is cherished long after the decease of parents and relatives. Ancestral tablets are kept in their houses and ranged in the temples, and great care is taken in embellishing, and frequent visits are made to, the graves of their kindred. There are generally no fixed places for the interment of the members of a community, but each individual or family selects the site of their grave, according to their fancy. The sides of hills, and the most beautiful spots in valleys are thus often chosen, or gardens or groves adjoining their own residences. Their graves are generally planted with the choicest flowers. A pleasing domestic scene is thus described by Mr. Smith:—

“The wife came out after a little time, and having modestly paid her respects at a distance, soon retired into an inner room. The old mother was, however, more officious, and brought out her two young grand-children smartly attired. She seemed to be the presiding authority in the family; and it was pleasing to observe the extreme deference universally paid to this elderly class of females. All the inmates of each family appeared to be united in the closest bonds, and to bring together their earnings to a common fund, from which they defrayed the expenses of supplying their daily wants. The old lady of the household acted in the useful capacity of nurse, house-keeper, and adviser, and exercised over the members of the family a general control, which was never resisted. Her word was law, and her influence appeared to be paramount. The teacher was a poor man, earning only six dollars a month from tuition. He seemed, however, contented; and the old lady especially thanked my companion for his kindness to her son. When a grandmother dies, the wife then comes into her full share of influence and the position which she holds in the family circle presents the social condition of females in China, as an anomalous spectacle of mingled degradation and independence.”—P. 414.

The Chinese afford a striking moral spectacle among nations. The civilization of many thousand years has done its utmost for them. It has tamed and subdued the fierce passions, and introduced all those domestic arts which tend to make life agreeable; while the elements of education have been very generally diffused, and a mild and peaceful philosophy, not devoid of the

general precepts of morality, has been engrafted in the minds of the people; yet nowhere is public and private virtue at a lower ebb. This assertion is not made with regard to any particular locality, or any one grade, but applies to the whole mass of society, from the highest official down to the lowest member of the community. It shows the effect of a utilitarian philosophy, and a moral code of expediency, without the element of some higher and nobler aim to guide and direct the grovelling and ever-wavering mind. Thus, for instance, Confucius teaches, that speaking the truth is a right and proper thing; but then he allows that children, on some occasions, may tell a lie for the good of their parents. Once admit a qualification of this kind, and a parent may think it no great harm to tell a lie for his own benefit, and thus the tide of falsehood flows abroad. No doubt, Confucius holds it a very detrimental thing for society, that one person should murder another; but then some zealous advocate of the "greatest happiness principle," may discover, that by cutting off in the bud—that is, by simply murdering one-half of his babes, he will have a larger support for himself and the survivors. In short, we have exemplified here the result of all those delusive speculations which would teach men to live for their mere appetites and pleasures alone, instead of living for another and a higher state of existence.

In many respects China, as now situated, holds out a most inviting field for missionary labour. The Government has granted a full religious toleration. Missionaries of all denominations have access to the five free cities stipulated in the treaty of peace with Britain. One written language is common to the whole of this immense and populous empire, and already more than one complete translation of the Scriptures has been made into this language. The educated portion of the people are fond of reading, and receive with great eagerness books and tracts circulated amongst them. This desire of information exists among the higher mandarins, as well as among the lowest class of literati. The Chinese intellect is by no means deficient in acuteness and sound common sense; and the existing religions having but slender hold of their minds, they are but little preoccupied with or prejudiced in favour of any particular doctrines. On the other hand, their temperaments are cold, worldly, and unexcitable. Yet not a few have listened to and become converts to the Christian faith; and He who hath destined this faith ultimately to prevail throughout all the earth, can open up and quicken the hearts even of the coldest and most sceptical.

The first Christian missions to China were undertaken by the Jesuits, at the dawn of the Protestant Reformation in Europe. They met with various success, were sometimes tolerated, and

sometimes persecuted, according to the dispositions of the reigning monarchs. At present there are 170 Roman Catholic missionaries in the empire, and they are said to have about 200,000 adherents. But Mr. Medhurst observes that there is nothing in the Catholic worship, or in the character of the priests, calculated to give the Chinese a very exalted idea of Christianity. In the former, they witness graven or molten images, processions, tinkling of bells, candles, and incense, exactly resembling their own religious rites, and, in the latter, a number of ignorant and idle monks, professing celibacy, but with indifferent moral characters, shaving their heads and counting beads very much after the fashion of the Buddhist priests. A few Catholic missionaries still make converts of the lowest and poorest Chinese, who occasionally appear at the churches, and receive, each of them a small donation of rice, for which service they are sometimes called, in Portuguese, "Rice Christians." The first Protestant mission to China was sent out by the London Missionary Society in the year 1807, and amongst the earliest missionaries was the celebrated Dr. Morrison, who, after a labour of ten years, succeeded in mastering the Chinese language, so as to compose a dictionary of it, and a translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese tongue. Within the last few years a great impulse has been given to missionary enterprise in China. Medical missionaries, both from Britain and America, have gone out, and hospitals have been established in Canton, Shang-hai, and some of the other cities, where relief has been afforded to many thousand native patients; and every opportunity has been taken, at the same time, of circulating tracts and expounding the doctrines of Christianity. These medical hospitals are highly prized by the Chinese. The art of medicine is at a very low ebb with them, and the gratuitous relief so extensively afforded, has been duly appreciated by their naturally kind dispositions, and has tended much to soften the asperities arising out of a national defeat. According to a list given by Mr. Smith, there are at present forty-four missionaries in the different towns along the coast; and others are on their way, both from England and America.

"The present lamentation," says Mr. Hamilton, in his spirited little tract on Chinese Missions, "is, that China does not contain the power which can evoke the highest goodness or allay the most abandoned vice. The Emperor cannot do it,—the ancient laws cannot do it,—the maxims of the sainted Confucius cannot,—the magic of Taouism cannot,—the miracles of Buddha cannot,—and we may add, the Madonna cannot,—the priests with their Latin prayers cannot,—the monks who are to sail from Marseilles this summer, with their cargo of crucifixes and beads and dead men's bones, cannot. But the Gospel can! The Gospel can

open the fount of tenderness in bosoms where it has forgot to flow. It can pluck the deadly drug from the opium-smoker's skinny hand,—it can wrench the infatuating dice from the gambler's delirious clutch,—like the Egyptian princess it can snatch the drowning babe from the whelming stream, and rescue the outcast infant from the vagrant's blinding steel:—and it can put truth in the trader's inward soul, and give new meaning to his language,—it can make the Chinese yea be yea, and their nay be nay. All this the Gospel can effect; and, with the help of God, all this the Gospel will. And it is the true ennobler of the affections and sublimer of the feelings. Let but its gladness thrill through spirits which in the apathy of ages hardly know what gladness is, and with what a grasp of earnestness will brother seize the hand of brother! With what a look of admiring affection will the Christian husband recognise that Christian partner, whom he now despises as a cipher and oppresses as a drudge! And with what starts of wonder will the quickened spirit view the glorious things of creation, and the blessed things of life issuing in rapid resurrection from under the tomb-stone of old custom,—from their long burial in the grave of ancient commonplace! That Gospel is mighty; and let but its clarion-peal—let but its jubilee-reveille echo through the sleep of these enchanted ages—let its omnipotent blast dispel the nightmare of these supine but uneasy years, and the millennium of misery end in the vision of a Saviour present and Divine;—and oh! what a shout of power will bespeak the nation born! what a song of praise that proclaims the three hundred millions alive again!”

ART. VI.—THORNTON'S *History of British India*, Vol. VI.

THIS volume has come out at an awkward juncture, when the events to which it relates have lost the freshness of news and not acquired the interest of history. Mr. Thornton might have taken "*Incedo per ignes*" for his motto, and so indeed might we—for we find the task of reviewing to be only second, in point of difficulty and delicacy, to that of writing a history of contemporary transactions. The influence of the feelings under which we suspect this volume to have been written, becomes from the first perceptible in the author's hanging as it were in the wind, and loitering through a hundred pages over questions of no very exciting or enduring interest, instead of rushing on, as was his wont, to tales of war and battle.

Though we cannot follow exactly in his footsteps, and may spare room for lengthened notice of only one of the topics touched upon in those preliminary pages, we think it well to mention

what they are, that our readers, if they wish for it, may know where to seek for information.

The volume opens with the controversy in 1833 between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, when the latter threatened to send the former to jail, but thought better of it. The particulars of this most amusing case are given in the first twenty pages, and may be recommended to the attention of all who question the use of having a permanent body of independent gentlemen, like the Court of Directors, interposed between our Indian empire and the ever-fluctuating administration of the mother-country.

The next matter noticed is the removal of Lord Heytesbury in 1835, on the sole ground of contrariety of party views, from the post of Governor-General; and here we would call attention to the remark of one of the most accomplished members of the Court, cited at page 37, that "India *was* of no party, and the Court of Directors *were* considered to be perfectly independent of all political influence."

The account commencing at page 74, of the attempt made at Lucknow in 1837, on the death of the King of Oude, to defeat the arrangement resolved on by our Government with regard to the succession, is well worthy of perusal, though justice is there hardly done to the conduct of the Resident Colonel Low; who, while separated from all support, and surrounded by a furious mob, some of them with drawn swords and others with pistols pointed at his head, trying in vain to intimidate him into performing obeisance to the lad whom they had seated on the throne, preserved his serenity amid the most imminent danger, and thus extricated himself and saved the palace and the city from becoming the scene of massacre and pillage.

If any of our readers have ever been induced to attend the meetings occasionally got up in London by the agents of the Ex-Rajah of Sattarah, they will be able to appreciate the justness of the following remark of Mr. Thornton on that chieftain's case:

"Of all the powers of India, that of the Malirattas is the least calculated to call forth honest sympathy; and a foreign apologist can scarcely be listened to with patience, because it is scarcely possible that he should be believed to be sincere. If the misguided princes of the East, who lavish large sums in the purchase of European agency, were aware of the precise value of that agency, they would soon withhold their useless liberality, and retain in their coffers the wealth they so dearly prize, but which in such instances they dispense so foolishly."

P. 98.

We come now to the only one of these preliminary topics upon which we can afford to enlarge, and that is the *Press*.

In our notice of the former volumes, we have given our own sentiments upon the difficult question of the liberation of the Indian press, and we have no disposition to combat the many strong arguments now advanced by Mr. Thornton against the policy of this memorable measure of the late Lord Metcalfe. We have already remarked that the press has most happily disappointed many of the predictions of those opposed to its liberation. It has not lent itself to the dissemination of private scandal, and it has not evinced that hostility to public bodies or to individual functionaries which was apprehended as probable consequences of the entire removal of all pre-existing restraints. Its offences have been chiefly want of caution in its disclosures, and want of consideration in its speculations. By the former, it has sometimes done its best to put our enemies on their guard against projected operations; by the latter, it has gone far to shake our alliance with independent states, by an open avowal of a desire for their speedy annihilation or absorption. But though, even in these respects, we acknowledge our censures to have been too sweeping, still it must, we think, be admitted, that in the present state of India a perfectly free press is undesirable, and so we are persuaded thought Lord Metcalfe, in common with Mr. Thornton; but he also saw that, be it for good or for ill, its liberation was inevitable, and that no Government, however powerful, could long resist the current that way setting, having its source not in India but in the growing potency of the popular voice in England.

Taking this view of the question, we cannot agree with Mr. Thornton in thinking that the circumstance of Lord Metcalfe's having been only in temporary possession of the high office of Governor-General, constitutes any valid objection to the step taken by him on his own responsibility; nor do we think that to have referred the matter to the home authorities would have been either wise or generous. The reference could not but have transpired, and in that case the odium incurred by withholding the solicited sanction, would have been but a shade lighter than what they might have braved, if they had thought proper, by a rescission of the obnoxious law. That they did not exercise this last-mentioned power proves, to our mind, that they had real cause to be grateful to their intrepid servant, who took upon himself all the reproach of a concession which neither they nor he had the power long to withhold.

Having no intention to follow our author very closely across the trodden ground of the Afghan war, we cannot resist the inclination to linger over our reminiscences of the distinguished individual to whom we have just alluded, and whose eventful and eminently useful career has so recently been brought to a melancholy close.

It was justly remarked in an almost obituary article of a morning paper, shortly before Lord Metcalfe's death, that in his instance was to be found the only existing exception to the general fact, of the decay of those feelings of personal regard for public characters whereby mankind used not very long ago to be swayed and led. To look no further back than to the time of our fathers, how strong were the more than mere political attachments that then bound the members of the two great parties to their several chiefs! The influence of this kind of personal devotion was felt in the remotest parts of our empire, and we ourselves remember to have heard in our youth a retired Irish major of the Indian army recount with great animation the story of a quarrel ending in a duel he once had with a companion who offended him by abusing his friend Fox. Now, without disrespect towards our present party leaders, we may be permitted to doubt whether even an Irish major could be found who, out of pure love, at the distance of many thousand miles from the scene of their power, would wage war in defence of their reputations.

The friends of the late Lord Metcalfe never had occasion to give any such proofs of their affection, for there was that in him to disarm malevolence in all but those whose spite was too contemptible to provoke resentment. But whenever an occasion rose to call forth an expression of the general feeling towards him, whether in India, where the better part of his life was spent—in Jamaica, where its decline commenced—or in Canada, where it was visibly hastening to a close, the sentiment that found vent was not that of mere loyalty or attachment to a system of government, as embodied in the person by whom it was administered, but a warm and even tender regard and reverence for the man himself, abstracted from the accidents of power and influence annexed to his position.

The last manifestation of these feelings at the meeting assembled in the Oriental Club-room, in London, to consider of an address of sad congratulation on the return of Lord Metcalfe from Canada, may still be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. Never was there more of real and less of formal feeling displayed at any similar meeting. Men of all classes and ages, grey-headed statesmen, generals and judges, merchants, civilians and soldiers, all under the influence of one common sympathy, their hearts wrung by one common sorrow, and their minds oppressed by a deep and awful sense of the inscrutability of the ways of Providence in subjecting such virtue to so fierce a trial, sought to give utterance to thoughts and sentiments which happily found adequate expression in an address, pronounced by the leading journal of the day to be as superior to the common run

of addresses, as the object of it was superior to the common run of men.

The first steps in the career of public life of one who could thus go on to the very end, awakening affection wherever he went, and accumulating it as he advanced on his course, must be an object of no idle curiosity to all who like to watch the development of a powerful mind in its dealings with the world. The young Charles Metcalfe went to India about the year 1802, and after passing with credit through the college, then just founded in Calcutta, was appointed to be an assistant in the Governor-General's office. Getting excited by the stirring events then passing in upper India, he asked for and obtained Lord Wellesley's permission to proceed and join the grand army assembling at Agra, under Lord Lake, towards the end of the year 1804. This was at the time when the disaster, known by the name of Monson's retreat, had checked but not shaken our power. The emergency was met with commensurate energy, and the Commander-in-Chief equally beloved by the Native as by the European soldier, was in the field to repair whatever mischief had been done.

The post of the Governor-General's Political Agent with the army—a post, as we shall show in the sequel, often necessary, but always invidious—was filled by Mr. Græme Mercer, to whom young Metcalfe was appointed to be an assistant. He went by Dawke, (that is in a palankeen with relays of bearers,) from Calcutta, and was attacked on the road between Lucknow and Cawnpore by banditti, in his encounter with whom he lost the top joint of the fore-finger of his right hand. This compelled him to stop for a short time at Cawnpore, but he joined the army on the day when it took up its ground at Muttra on the Jumna, about 30 miles above Agra, where our enemy Holkar had been previously encamped.

Mr. Mercer, the Political Agent, had a seat at the general table of Lord Lake, with all the rest of the staff, and his assistant Metcalfe was necessarily admitted to the same privilege. There is reason to believe that Lord Lake did not like this young assistant's coming up in the way he did, without any previous reference to him, and the more so, probably, because he came from the Governor-General's office, where all the young men were more or less in Lord Wellesley's confidence. In his secret soul the old warrior probably regarded the civilian as a spy, and being a very abrupt plain-speaking man and not over discreet, he is said to have given vent to this feeling in terms by no means complimentary to his new guest, sneering at the same time at those whose business it was, without risk, to themselves, to comment upon the actions of others who were daily encountering danger.

The position of the young civilian, enduring such a slight from the Commander-in-Chief at his own table, must have been very embarrassing. To resent it would have been absurd; yet something to counteract its effect was absolutely necessary for the maintenance of his own character. With a judgment and nerve rarely to be found united at so early an age, he seized the first occasion of a service of danger to take the point from one part of the reproach addressed to him, while, by the tact and discrimination of his general conduct, he removed every impression of his mission being that of a spy. When the fortress of Deeg was attacked, he got the Commander-in-Chief's permission to accompany the storming-party, and by his gallant bearing completely won the old warrior's heart. He soon became a special favourite, and was ever after called by Lord Lake, "his little stormer." We can vouch for the accuracy of this anecdote, and we think it well worthy of record, were it only for the light it throws on the position of a class of officers in some degree peculiar to British India, whose duties are ill understood at home, where their actions have consequently been of late not a little misrepresented.

We allude to the Political Agents, or "the Politicals," as it is now the fashion to call them.

In running down this section of the service, men in and out of Parliament, men with and without Indian experience, have joined together with a harmony of virulence, indicative one might almost think, of some common motive of greater force than a mere concurrence of opinion on a matter of official expediency. The very constitution of the department is misrepresented, even by some who affect a familiarity with the details of Indian administration; and in a recent Number of a contemporary Journal it is spoken of as if composed principally if not exclusively of members of the Civil Service.* Now the fact is, that though many members of that service have risen to the highest places in the political department, still the department itself is open to the asplring of every branch of the Indian service. In proof of what we say, it is only necessary to mention, that although Lord Metcalfe, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir R. Jenkins, and Sir W. Macnaghten, were civilians, their contemporary political agents, Sir J. Malcolm, Sir D. Ochterlony, Sir T. Munro, and Sir H. Pottinger, were military men, while Mr. Græme Mercer, under whom Lord Metcalfe began his career, belonged to the medical branch of the service.

The functions of the department are as little understood as its composition; and we find it spoken of in the article above noticed

* *Quarterly Review* for October, 1846. Article VII.

as if it served no purpose but that of embarrassing "military commanders in the proper discharge of their duties." Now, considering that the employment of special political agents, in concert with commanders of armies, has been persisted in by a series of wise and eminently successful governments, it ought, we think, to occur to every candid mind that there must be some cogent reason for this practice, notwithstanding the opinion of the late Sir William Nott, that it is one of the primary evils of our system of administration. The reason is to be found in the peculiar circumstances of our Empire, and the absolute necessity, in the discharge of political duties in India, for such a knowledge of the language and character of the people of the country, or of such supereminent general talent, as can but very rarely be met with in the narrow circle whence the military commander of every expedition must be taken. It constantly happens that the officer to whom a command must, in compliance with the rules and regulations of the army, be confided, has but recently arrived from England, full perhaps of Peninsular experience and professional knowledge, but totally ignorant of the language and the modes of thought and feeling of the people of the East.

In this case, some one possessing the knowledge wherein the Commander is wanting, must go with the army, or else the communications with friendly and hostile powers must be carried on by dumb show.

This all will admit; but it may be argued that the person so employed ought to be placed in subordination to the Military Chief, or, in other words, attached to his Staff. This would do well enough, if his part were to be that of a mere interpreter; but more is necessary. In addition to ignorance of language, the officer whom chance and his standing on the list, as often as selection, places at the head of an army, must often be wanting in that acquaintance with the peculiar interests of our singular empire, and that consideration for the perplexities of Asiatics in their dealings with Europeans, without which there can be no real intercourse with Native Chiefs, no allaying of unfounded fears as to our designs, no negotiation, in short, excepting that word-and-blow diplomacy ever sure to be popular in camps and praised in senates. It may, perhaps, be thought that the duly qualified subordinate can always supply by his suggestions the deficiencies of his superior; but they know little of the military variety of the genus *Homo*, who would rely upon such suggestions being frankly made or kindly received. The spirit is mollified, but not extinct, which prompted the reply of a General in the war of 1757, to some wise hint of the youthful Washington. "Silence, sir; things have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when a British General is to be instructed by a Virginia Buckskin."

The political agent to be of any service, must be in some degree independent of his military coadjutor ; and though doubtless this partition of power is well avoided, when, as may happen once or twice in a century, an individual can be found uniting in his own person either such knowledge as we have described, or its only substitute, vast and comprehensive general talent, with the exact grade of army rank to entitle him to the command ; still, considering how rarely this can happen, the distribution is perhaps not so universally absurd as it is sometimes represented.

To illustrate our meaning, let us only look at the correspondence of Sir W. Nott, as given in the Article of the Quarterly Review. The gallant general was very probably fitted to fill the joint posts of military and political chief of the Afghan expedition. This double appointment, however, was precluded by his juniority to some other general officers in the field, to not one of whom would he himself, we suspect, have wished to see such a combined charge delegated.

It is true that the Government of India might have given the office of Envoy to Sir W. Nott ; but then he would have become a political—the object of his own abhorrence and a butt to sarcasms as bitter, and very probably as merited, as those levelled by himself at the late Sir W. Macnaghten and his subordinates. Perhaps things might have been better managed by him than they were by Sir W. Macnaghten—but so they might have been by somebody else ; and the circumstance of individual capacity does not touch at all upon the general question of the wisdom of separate political agency.

But we can give a very high authority for our view of the necessity for attaching a degree of independent authority to the post of political agent with an army, or in a newly conquered country. In that repertory of military and political wisdom, the Wellington Despatches, there may be found the following letter, dated 13th October, 1803, and addressed to a gallant officer who seems to have complained of his subordination to a political functionary.

“ In this part of the world there is no power but that of the sword ; and it follows that if those Agents have no authority over the Military they have no power whatever. The natives would soon find out their state of weakness, and the residents would lose their influence over their councils. It may be argued, that if this is the case, the Military Commanding Officer ought to be the Resident or Political Agent. In answer to this argument, I say, that the same reasoning applies to every part of the executive government ; and that, upon this ground, the whole ought to be in the hands of the Military. In short, the only conclusion to be drawn from all reflection upon this subject is, that the

British Government in India is a phenomenon, and that it will not answer to apply to it, in its present state, either the rules which guide other governments, or the reasoning upon which those rules are founded."

Wellington Despatches, Vol. 2, Page 411.

Here we may quit this part of our subject, merely remarking that the illustrious writer of the above Despatch is, to the best of our recollection, the only individual to whom in Europe the full and undivided power of political and military administration has for a century past been delegated; while the only corresponding instance in India, that we can call to mind, was that of one who used to be styled the Wellington of the East—the late Sir David Ochterlony.

Returning from this digression to the consideration of the volume before us, we now propose to follow Mr. Thornton's narrative in its bearing on political transactions, to the exclusion, in as far as possible, of all purely military matter. The account of our political relations with Persia and Afghanistan from the beginning of the century to the breaking out of the war in the latter country is, with partial exceptions, clearly as well as concisely given by Mr. Thornton. There is little in this passage of our history to be contemplated with satisfaction. The whole scheme of subsidizing Persia, and so making the Persians think that we were paying them to defend us, was faulty, and betrayed an ignorance of Asiatic character; while

"Suspicion must have slept
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resign'd her charge,"

when, in 1814, we, to please our Russian allies, persuaded the Court of Persia to engage "to maintain no navy on the Caspian."

The first of these errors was, perhaps, a natural consequence of the negotiations being conducted under instructions from the Ministry of the Crown; but the second looks rather like an act of infatuated fondness on the part of an individual, than of cold and measured friendship, such as alone can subsist between states.

Our author says nothing in explanation of Dost Moohummud's estrangement from us, and leaning towards Russia, although it is evidently in this mood of his mind that the origin of our expedition to Cabool is to be sought for.

We are told indeed that

"Shah Shooja twice unsuccessfully attempted to recover the throne from which Muhmood had been expelled; but Runjeet Sing succeed

ed in wresting Peshawur from the grasp of the Rebel Chiefs, and annexing it to his own dominions."—P. 123.

This is stated as a separate insulated fact having no connexion with anything that followed; and yet, as we showed in our former article, the proof may be found in the first pages of the Afghan Blue Book, that Shah Shooja was permitted to form his little army at Lodiana in *our* territory, and to march out at its head in the winter of 1833-34, for the avowed purpose of attacking the *de facto* ruler of Afghanistan.

If, as we believe, it was this conduct on our part that disposed Dost Moohummud to look for alliances in another quarter, a stronger instance can hardly be adduced, of the danger of swerving, however slightly, from the plain rule of open and fair dealing, with which no casuistry can reconcile the passive countenance given by us to this operation against a friendly, or at least a neutral power. It is not known in how far Dost Moohummud was privy to the designs of the King of Persia, but these were directed against Herat, and professed to be limited to obtaining from Kamran, the Suddooye King of Western Afghanistan and nephew of Shah Shooja, compensation for certain real and undisputed injuries, of no great moment perhaps, but furnishing a fair plea for the hostile movement on which the heart of the former potentate had long been bent. That Persia was encouraged and prompted by Russia, in the claims she was so forward to press, is broadly stated by Mr. Thornton on apparently satisfactory grounds—p. 124 *et seq.* After two years spent in preparation, the movement against Herat was, as is well known, made in the summer of 1838, and certainly one more full of menace to our tranquillity in India was never undertaken. It was well remarked, as Mr. Thornton tells us, by the late Sir A. Burnes before the Afghan war began, and the remark continues true after its close, that there may be an extravagance of incredulity as well as of alarm, with regard to the designs of Russia in the direction of Hindostan. The chance of her appearing at Delhi has of course been absurdly exaggerated, but it is sheer folly to believe that all her subtle operations were without aim or object. Russia may be our very good friend, but what business, as Sir A. Burnes said, had she in Afghanistan? "Vat shall de honest man do in my closet?" said Dr. Caius. We know not what she intended, but we know what she effected,—and that was a rousing and stirring up of the Mahomedan mind in India to an extent imperceptible possibly to those who were not in the habit of personal communication with our subjects of that persuasion, but never to be forgotten by those who were. It was deep, intense,—sufficiently so to break through the restraints, not only of prudence

but of what is of more force in the East, conventional politeness and reserve. Verses in the Hindostanee language, not wanting in fire and spirit, and calling upon the votaries of Islam, of every class and rank, to lay aside their ordinary pursuits, and to gird up their loins for the approaching Juhad or Holy war, were lithographed at some undiscovered work-shop, and circulated far and wide. The lately emancipated Press was also turned to account, and the columns of the Persian newspapers in Calcutta were filled with articles of nearly the same inflammatory tendency. A result, little anticipated at the time of its liberation, was the discovery through this channel, of some extraordinary proceedings at Kurnool in the Deccan, which, even to this day, remain enveloped in a degree of mystery. The ruling Nabob of this little principality was a zealous Moosulman, and his outward demonstrations of this spirit became the subject of such ardent encomium in the Persian newspapers, that attention was thereby drawn to the subject. An inquiry, set on foot by the Government of Madras, led to the discovery of several hundred well-made pieces of field artillery, skilfully concealed under the soil of the great court of the Nabob's palace, and of a store of small arms and accoutrements laid up in vaults, sufficient for the equipment of an army of 50,000 men. A sharp skirmish, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Wright of H.M. 39th Foot, and several other officers were wounded, ended in the dispersion of whatever force the Nabob had collected, but neither entreaty nor threat could extort from him any explanation of the cause of an accumulation so disproportioned to the means of his little state. "It was my fancy," was his only reply: "some men like to buy horses, some to buy books, and I to collect arms and military stores." He was deposed and removed to the Southern province of Trichinopoly, where, as noticed by Mr. Thornton, page 324, he came to a remarkable and unlooked-for end. He who had been the cynosure of every Mooslim eye, listened to a Christian Missionary, was struck by what he heard, and began to frequent the Mission Chapel. While he was seated there one night a man rushed in, stabbed him to the heart, and escaped. The undiscovered assassin was believed to have been one of his followers, shocked at his incipient apostasy; but there may have also been a prudential motive for making away with one who probably had much to disclose, and appeared to be wavering in his attachment to the faith of which he had so recently been the vaunted champion.

Such were some of the effects produced by the King of Persia's advance to Herat; and that Russia was accessory to that movement is proved by the presence of the envoy, Count Simonich, in the camp, and by his conduct, as stated by Mr. Thornton, page 138, in advancing money to promote the enterprise.

Russia's concurrence is also to be inferred from the strong facts of a Russian battalion having served under the wily *alias* of Polish deserters at the siege, and of a Russian general having, as we have heard, been killed in the trenches. Had Herat been taken, the Persian force would have rolled on to the Indus, leaving Russia established in power, in its rear. "How shall I describe, or what shall I say of the vast armies of Russia? Herat is the first object of attack, and then the intention is to advance against the English possessions in Hindostan." These are the translated words of a letter printed in a Persian newspaper in Calcutta, and may assist our readers to estimate the extent of the danger to our peace, involved in the fall of that town and fortress.

How was this peril averted? How came this important place, assailed as it was by the united force of an Asiatic and a European despotism, to be preserved from becoming the advanced base of a series of hostile demonstrations against our empire in India?

It is useless to seek for a reply in the volume before us, where an incidental allusion at page 161 is the only notice bestowed upon what we consider to be, not only in its attendant circumstances, the most striking, but in its consequences the most important event of any that preceded our occupation of Candahar and Cabool. We must endeavour to fill up this strange blank in Mr. Thornton's tale.

The siege was raised, partly in consequence of the alarm caused by an exaggerated report of the strength of an expedition fortunately detached from Bombay during that season to take possession of the island of Kurrac in the Persian Gulf. Even the Russians were startled by this well-timed move, and some of their officers in Persia are said to have expressed their surprise at such promptitude on the part of England, "the unready." They forgot that India is not governed precisely upon the model of the mother-country, and that a Governor-General enjoys a freedom of action unknown in Downing Street.

The detachment on the island consisted only of native troops from Bombay, or "rotten Hindoos," as the King of Persia called them in his wrath, when he discovered how inferior to what he had been led to believe, was the force which had contributed to divert him from the attack of Herat. But there was another cause for his failure in that enterprise: a cause passed over in silence by our author, although it might have been made the subject of a sketch, to form a pendant to his animated description of the defence of Vandewash, by Lieutenant Flint in 1781. Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger of the Bombay Artillery, a nephew of the present distinguished Governor of the Cape of Good Hope,

while on his way through Afghanistan to Persia in the spring or summer of 1838, heard, as he approached Herat, of the impending attack of that place. He perceived and seized the opportunity of rendering a great service to his country. He tendered his services to the King Kamran and his Minister, Yar Moohummud, as an artillery officer, to assist in the defence. Gunnery being the one art wherein a true Moosulman may admit his inferiority to a dog of a Christian, Lieutenant Pottinger's offer was accepted; and he soon acquired a general control over all the operations of the garrison. So well were these conducted, and so entirely were they felt to proceed from Lieutenant Pottinger, that long after the siege had been raised the Minister for foreign affairs in Persia, Mirza Hajee Aghasee conversing with an English gentleman on the subject, suddenly burst out into an honest encomium of the young officer, by whose skill and courage he had been baffled, and exclaimed—

“He was a clever fellow that Pottinger. Wherever I ran up a battery, there he had always a work to counteract me. But if I had only had 20,000 pounds more of gunpowder I should have blown him up. Yet, it would have been a pity; for he was a clever fellow.”

In addition to this praise from the lips of a foe, we can give the following anecdote from the pen of a friend who gathered it, we believe, from the people of Herat, where it must be remembered that Lieutenant Pottinger was, during the continuance of the siege, without a single European companion. On one occasion, a storming-party had actually forced the breach and effected a lodgement within the walls. The Afghans were dismayed, and even the Minister, Yar Moohummud, was retiring in despair to shut himself up in his house, when Lieutenant Pottinger, who had been employed in another quarter, hearing of what had happened, hurried to the spot, seized Yar Moohummud by the arm, dragged him towards the point attacked, addressed a few words of encouragement to the men of the garrison, and then led them on to charge and drove back the Persians who had so nearly opened a way for the victorious entry of their king.

A melancholy interest attaches to this anecdote, for it rests on the authority of the gallant Colonel Stoddart, who introduced it into the last letter that he is known, we believe, to have written from Bokhara, because, as he stated, he might never have another opportunity of recording what he knew his friend Pottinger's modesty would not allow him to narrate of himself.

But Lieutenant Pottinger's services did not end with the liberation of Herat from a state of siege.

On the retreat of the Persian army, the Minister, Yar Moohummud, began to recruit the shattered finances of the state, by

many cunning expedients, among which the most remarkable was that of selling as slaves to the Oosbeck Tartars such heterodox Moosulmans of the Sheeah sect as would not pay for permission to remain in the town. Against these and other enormities, Lieutenant Pottinger, who had been appointed to be the British Political Agent at Herat, remonstrated so boldly, that one day in open Durbar in the King's presence, the Minister lost his temper and called him a liar. "You are a dog, and a liar too," was the reply returned by Lieutenant Pottinger, who instantly withdrew with his friend Colonel Stoddart, and prepared, at all hazards, to quit the place. On his intention transpiring grain rose to double its previous price in the Bazaar, and the Minister was constrained to beg it as a favour of him to remain. Lieutenant Pottinger consented, but upon the condition of the cruel measures which he had objected to being abandoned.

In contemplating the position of this young British officer, alone among a fierce and fanatical people, hereditary haters of his race and creed, yet all submitting in war to his guidance, in peace to his dictation, the mind naturally runs back to the earlier intercourse of Europeans with Asiatics, to speculate upon the cause of the unvarying ascendancy of the former over the latter, from the first dawn of authentic history until now. The cause, we suspect, lies too deep for human wisdom to detect; but the fact seems to us to be established by the experience of upwards of twenty centuries—and there is more than a fanciful analogy between the situation in point of influence of Themistocles at the Court of Artaxerxes, and that of Lieutenant Pottinger in the Durbar of Kamran. The speculation is not an idle one, for it is the consciousness of this very moral and intellectual superiority that regulates and accounts for the variations observable in our conduct towards Asiatic from the rules that govern our dealings with European states. International law is unknown in the East, where religion supplies, however imperfectly, its place. If rigidly adhered to, it must often fetter one party without imposing any compensatory restriction on the other. But while a literal observance of its rules may often be, as Mr. Thornton somewhere says, pedantic folly, there can never be a case to warrant our violating its spirit, or, in the pride of our wisdom and our strength, dispensing with such of its restraints as are founded not upon compact or understanding between communities, but upon the great principles of justice engraven by our Maker on our hearts. These reflections have been suggested to our minds by the question now pressing on our notice, the policy namely and the propriety of our Afghan expedition from the beginning to its close.

For so long as Herat was in peril there cannot, we think, be a doubt that the resolution to advance to meet on the threshold, a

danger which at every step would have become more formidable as it drew nigher to our possessions, was as justifiable as it was bold and wise. In this opinion most of those acquainted with India will, we think, agree, though many may regret that the movement was persisted in after the King of Persia had retreated, and Herat was safe. But we had, to conciliate our formidable ally of the Punjaub, become parties to a treaty binding us to co-operate with him in restoring Shah Shooja after 30 years of exile to the throne of Cabool. Our co-operations with native allies have ever proved to be very one-sided operations, and we must leave it to deeper jurists to decide in how far our promise to the ruler of the Sikhs made it incumbent upon us, as men of our word, to take upon ourselves the whole labour of invading and conquering Afghanistan.

On the score of policy, our mistake seems to have been that of relying on a power of our own erection to second and carry out our own peculiar views. No restored sovereign can ever be of much service to those, if strangers, through whom he regains his throne; for his very obligations to them must, by destroying his popularity as a ruler, impair his efficiency as an ally. This inefficiency must of course be aggravated, when the reinstated Prince is forced to square his administration by the wishes and principles of those who bring him back, instead of suiting it to the feelings and habits of those to whom he returns. Shah Shooja laboured under both of these difficulties; he was not only replaced by the English, but he was daily obliged to recall this mortifying fact to the recollection of his subjects, by the European cast and colour of his measures. He is said to have expressed this rather quaintly in taking leave of a British officer who was returning to India. "Tell the Governor-General," he said, "that all the good that is done here is done by Sir W. Macnaghten, and all the evil too; for I do nothing."

Far be it from us to cast any blame upon the envoy for labouring as he did, with all the powers of his well stored mind, to render the reinstated monarchy a blessing to the people, or for striving to give them a taste for a mild and well ordered government. Indeed, neither he nor the Governor-General could have allowed Shah Shooja to rule upon Afghan principles, without being themselves soon called to account by their own countrymen for a disregard of Christian principles. But while the people of England would not have tolerated a head-lobbing administration, they were sure soon to complain of the enormous cost of a milder system. Hence arose those orders for economizing which, as hinted rather than asserted by Mr. Thornton, (page 241,) became the proximate cause of the final revolt. In his anxiety to carry out the policy of his superiors, the envoy, conscious of the real

good that he was daily doing, may have overlooked how entirely the power of Shah Shooja rested upon the two props of bullion and bayonets; but Mr. Thornton does not say that he either suggested or approved of the reductions to which it devolved upon him to give effect. Timely warning of the probable consequences of these measures upon the Ghibzye Chiefs in the Kohistan was, we believe, given by Lieutenant Pottinger, who, now raised to the rank of major, had been removed from Herat, and was stationed as political agent at Charikar, about 20 miles to the North of Cabool, whence, though wounded, he effected his escape (as stated at page 268,) with only one companion, and passing through the Afghan force, entered the beleaguered cantonments in the middle of November 1841.

The events that followed belong to military history, and lie beyond the limit assigned to our comments. The direct authority of the envoy and the political agents, ceased with the commencement of open hostilities; but as those functionaries have been often alluded to, as instrumental in some way or other towards inducing the disasters that ensued, we think it right to try to explain their real position. It is distinctly asserted by Mr. Thornton (page 264,) that it is a bare act of justice to Sir William Macnaghten to state, "that whatever of promptitude and energy was displayed in the higher departments at Cabool during these unhappy scenes, seems traceable to him," and even the unfriendly *Quarterly Reviewer* admits (No. 156, page 494,) that, "when the abyss of danger at last discovered itself, Sir William showed no want of manhood; on the contrary, whatever energy can be said to have been displayed in the crisis itself, was displayed by the unfortunate diplomatist."

With such concurrent testimony in favour of the envoy's conduct, and with our knowledge of his long-established character for eminent ability, we cannot resist the conclusion that it was to his want of authority to command, that the absence of all plan and decision in the subsequent operations is to be ascribed; and yet, there are those, in high place too, who scruple not to speak of our disasters as in some degree caused by his perplexing presence and interference. In one passage of the Article in the *Quarterly Review*, above cited (page 494,) a parallel is drawn between the "small birds" at Cabool, and the "strong man" at Candahar; but when it is remembered that the danger at the former place was at least four times greater than at the latter, and that General Nott was free to order and to act as he thought fit, while Sir William Macnaghten could only suggest, we think that the unshaken constancy evinced by the diplomatist, might have averted the disparaging comparison here implied between him and the more fortunate military commander.

There is a prevailing error also, as to the manner and degree of the envoy's mistakes, antecedently to the revolt, upon which our author throws no light whatever. That outbreak does not appear to have been, as many suppose, the result of any undetected plot, and in fact, came unexpectedly even upon those who took the most active part in it. The account given of its origin by a Moonshee, or native secretary of the envoy's, who escaped with the loss of the points of his fingers and toes into Hindostan, carries a good deal of probability on its face. His story is, that on the night of the 1st November 1841, Ubdoola, a chief, afterwards killed at Belunaroo on the 23d of that month, came to Ameenoola Khan, one of our most inveterate foes, and said, "Macnaghten is going, and Burnes" (to whom he bore a private but deadly grudge,) "will succeed to his place, and once in power may get beyond the reach of my vengeance. To make sure of my revenge, I will attack and murder him to-morrow morning." How he acted upon that resolution is matter of history, although Mr. Thornton narrates the assault upon the house of Sir A. Burnes, as if it had been a consequence, instead of the precursor, of the insurrection in the city (page 252.) This we apprehend to be a mistake, and we wish the authority were given for that want of decision, and "ostentatious moderation" on that officer's part, but for which he thinks "the outbreak might have been at once checked." We agree with our author in thinking that the spark might have been trodden down before it spread into a flame; and the Moonshee's narrative confirms this by stating that, for two hours after the murder of Sir A. Burnes, the town's-people were all aghast, looking for what was to follow; but nothing, we are convinced, could possibly have prevented that lamented officer and his gallant companions from becoming, in the very words used by the Chiefs at Cabool, in announcing the event to those of the Khyber pass, "the food of the sword."

We must now glance at the situation of the gallant little army at Julalabad, and see in how far political agency contributed to its maintaining its ground, and thus proving a barrier to the torrent, that with its fall might have poured through the Punjab into our provinces. Sir R. Sale entered Julalabad on the 12th November 1841, with provisions for not more than a week, and with the loss of all his baggage, and the greater part of his ammunition. Happily, the treasure was preserved, and this, in the hands of the political agent, Major George Macgregor, proved the means of procuring the other necessities of existence. Speaking their language with fluency, and understanding their character thoroughly, this worthy colleague of the gallant chief, who was ever forward to bear witness to his merits, open-

ed a communication with the Afghans, and actually purchased, under cover of the night, not only provisions, but even ammunition from those with whom, in his military capacity, he was engaged in fighting during the day.

But the treasure was not inexhaustible, and unless it could be replenished there was still risk of the garrison perishing from the want of the means of subsistence and defence. The required pecuniary reinforcements were furnished by two other able members of the political department, both, like Major Macgregor, accomplished oriental scholars, and conversant with the ways and manners of the people among whom they were thrown. These were Captain Lawrence, now Resident at Lahore, and Captain Mackeson, who, from their post at Peshawur, contrived by small remittances, carried by horsemen, (who of course passed as belonging to our enemies,) to keep the treasury at Julalabad from being drained.

But Peshawur belonged to the Sikhs, and without their concurrence our political agents could neither have remained there, nor have commanded the means of rendering aid to their countrymen in advance. How was that concurrence obtained throughout the long and dreary period of our disasters and depression? Here the influence of another political agent of a higher grade is to be found contributing directly to the great object of supporting the force at Julalabad. We know *now* what the Sikhs are, and are therefore in the best position to prize to the full the service rendered to his country by the individual through whose tact and talent the Court of Lahore was kept steady to its friendship at a season when, not to speak of its open hostility, its mere inactivity might have done us such deadly injury. That individual was Mr. George Russell Clerk, of the Bengal Civil Service, then the Governor-General's Political Agent on the Sutledge, and lately appointed to be the Governor of Bombay.

We must now go back upon our steps to Cabool, where Sir William Macnaghten had perished, in a vain attempt to effect by negotiation, what our arms could not achieve.

Mr. Thornton (page 294,) repels with becoming scorn the miserable attacks upon the envoy's memory, in regard to this very negotiation; but even he hardly gives full force to Sir W. Macnaghten's emphatic expression, as we have heard it, of his consciousness of the danger which he was about to encounter. "I know that it is dangerous," were, we believe, his words to some one who sought to dissuade from meeting the insurgent chiefs, "but will you tell me what there is that we can do now which shall not be dangerous?"

By the death of the envoy and Sir A. Burnes, Major Pottin-ger became the senior of his department on the spot, and con-

sented, Mr. Thornton tells us, at the *urgent request of the General*, to act as Political Agent.

At a council of the senior officers of the force,

"Major Pottinger opened his views, avowing his conviction that no confidence could be placed in any treaty formed with the Afghans, and that to bind the Government of India, by engagements, to evacuate the country, and to pay a sum of 14 lacs of rupees (for this formed part of the engagement,) was inconsistent with public duty. Entertaining these opinions, the only honourable course in his judgment was either to hold out to the last at Cabool, or to endeavour to force a way to Julalabad. Major Pottinger appears to have found no support in the council."—P. 299.

Here we see the want of a separate political officer, acquainted with the language and manners of the country, acknowledged in the hour of difficulty, in a manner not to be mistaken; but Mr. Thornton omits one circumstance highly honourable to Major Pottinger's disinterestedness, namely, that when his objections were overruled, he consented to affix his signature, as required by the Afghan Chiefs, to the treaty concluded with them, in order that he might not cripple a measure resolved upon by others, however much he might disapprove of it himself.

Major Pottinger's life was preserved by his being made over to the Afghans as a hostage, and he appears once more upon the scene, as the main, we might almost say the sole, agent, in effecting the liberation of the ladies and other captives at Bamian, on the borders of Toorkestan, in September 1842.

The description of this event, by Mr. Thornton, at page 385, is well worthy of perusal; but we can only find space for the following sentences, cited from Lady Sale's narrative:—

"It would be great injustice to Major Pottinger not to mention the active part he took in affairs. From his *perfect knowledge of the Persian language, and his acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people*, he well knew how to manage them, and take advantage of the slightest opening on their part in our favour. His coolness and decision were only equalled by the promptness with which he met the wishes of the Chiefs."

The liberation of the captives was an object of vast public importance; for the reproach attaching to us throughout India from their long detention, would have been rendered indelible by their removal into hopeless slavery in Toorkestan. In this matter, policy confirmed what gallantry dictated, and the whole nation owes a vast obligation to the young Political Agent, the late (alas! that we must say the *late*,) Major Pottinger,* who in res-

* Major Pottinger died in China, where he had gone to see his uncle, Sir H. Pottinger, immediately after his return from Cabool.

cuing his countrywomen from a fate too terrible to contemplate, saved his country's honour from a stain that must have tarnished all its after triumphs.

The thorny subject of Sindh alone remains to be noticed ; and this we shall touch upon but lightly.

All that we know for certain about this province, on the authority of the volume before us (page 413,) is, that, "during the terrible reverses of our armies in Afghanistan, and the consequent diminution of our military reputation," Sindh was under a separate Political Agent's charge, and that Sindh *then* remained tranquil. We are further told, at page 415, that on the 15th October 1842, Sindh was transferred to the political charge of the General commanding our army in that quarter, and that thenceforward, as our dangers were passing away in other quarters, our troops returning in triumph, and assembling in vast strength on the Sutledge, Sindh became disturbed, and the scene of a desperate struggle.

It is clear, therefore, we think, that whatever there may be of good or of evil, future or present, in the conquest of Sindh, is to be carried to the credit or debit of that union of political with military power, which, though so often spoken of as a desideratum in our system of Indian government, we have only, in this one instance of late, seen submitted to the test of practical experiment.

We may now draw to a conclusion, trusting that we have done something, even by our feeble and imperfect sketch, to disabuse our readers of a prevailing error, relative to one most important department of British Indian administration, and that, too, without reflecting upon any other branch of the public service.

The error, if it be one, is of no slight magnitude, for it remotely involves the removal of the main restraint upon our empire's tendency to overshoot even its gigantic strength, by a too rapid growth. If, by exaggerating failures, and keeping all the good done by the political department, as at present constituted, out of sight, an impression can be produced that Indian diplomacy, even in its details, is as safely to be intrusted to persons of no Indian experience as to those who have made the languages and manners of the people of the East their professional study, it follows as a natural consequence, that, at no distant period, our negotiations may, in future wars, be left in the hands of a class, whose leanings must ever be in favour of further and further conquest.

Here we must stop; but our partings with Mr. Thornton are even alleviated by the prospect of a speedy meeting, and a glance at what is to follow may therefore form a fitting close to our notice of the volume before us. Judging of his feelings by our own, we almost envy him the task that now we hope occupies

his attention. It must indeed be with a joy bearing some faint resemblance to that expressed by Dante and Milton, in effecting their escape from the realms of darkness or uncertain light, that our author will pass from a tale of distress, and disaster, and dubious glory, to the more congenial theme of a war founded in justice, prosecuted with vigour, and terminated with that lofty wisdom which waves immediate to secure enduring benefits.

If there be any drawback on the pleasure attending the contemplation of the events alluded to, it will we fear be found in the verification of a remark in our former Article, that even a Governor-General requires encouragement to persevere in a course of moderate and forbearing policy. Great as is the honour due to Lord Hardinge for his heroic bearing during those successive days and nights of battle, when, for the first time in the annals of our Indian empire, that empire was for a while in real and imminent peril, not less is praise justly owing to his moral courage in braving the reproach, not to be averted even by his long-established name as a soldier, or by his recent deeds of daring in the field, for resolving to refrain from seizing upon all that those very deeds had contributed to bring within his grasp.

We rejoice to perceive, that while but too many in India join with the equally inconsiderate in England in blaming the moderation of the Governor-General, the wiser portion of the Indian Press has maintained its own character by defending the recent policy of our Government towards the rulers and people of the Punjaub. How that policy is viewed by our own native subjects in the East, is what few will condescend to inquire. Yet their views upon such a point seem to us to be of no secondary importance; and we are happy to be able to assure our readers, upon the authority of some of the best-informed among our countrymen on the spot, that the arrangements which followed the brilliant campaign on the Sutledge have gratified our friends as much as they have mortified our enemies;—the former rejoicing at the proof afforded by our moderation in the hour of triumph of the sincerity of those professions in which their faith had been a little shaken, the latter lamenting that they can thence divine no confirmation of their assertions that our cupidity is boundless, and that our real object is the gradual absorption, on any decent pretext, of every independent state in India. For ourselves, we frankly avow our pride at finding the speculative views contained in our former Article to be in harmony with the subsequent policy of the Government of India, and at the high confirmation thus given to the opinion there hazarded on the wisdom of leaving a nation of Hindoo origin and character interposed between us and the fanatical Mahomedans of Western Asia.

ART. VII.—*The Scotch Law of Entail considered with reference to its Practical Evils, as affecting the Means of Improvement of the Country.* Edinburgh: 1847.

THE effects of the Scotch law of entail present a very striking proof of the inevitable tendency to evil which marks all violations of natural law, and all artificial systems set up by man, contrary to the provisions established by the Almighty for the regulation of the possession and enjoyment, by His creatures, of the gifts which He has bestowed upon them. The earth is THE LORD'S. To men, as generation after generation passes over it, He has given its use; but to no one generation has he granted authority to exclude those who are to succeed, from the same full and free enjoyment which they themselves possess. This principle is so clearly founded in natural law, that it at once approves itself to the common feelings of all men; and it has even been admitted by very eminent authorities in our own municipal law—as by the first Lord Meadowbank, who, on one occasion, observed from the bench—"That he thought that the earth was given for the enjoyment of the inhabitants of the earth for the time; and that it was contrary to principle that the men existing in one generation should tie up those who were to succeed them in the use of such property, in all future generations."

The law of entail, however, is in direct opposition to this great principle. Its object is to enable the men of any one of the generations, which flit over the earth's surface as shadows that pass away, to impress permanently on particular portions of that earth, their own puny and transitory will, so that from thenceforward, and for ages to come—its succession—its use—its enjoyment—its management—its disposal—should all be regulated, not according to the wants and the will of the generation which may for the time possess it, but according to the dictates of one whose frame has itself long been dust;—dictates, too, adopted often from mere caprice, and of necessity unsuited to a state of society and circumstances which he never could have foreseen.

The origin of this system was the intense—we might almost, with reference to the feelings of Scottish proprietors, call it the insane—desire of perpetuating, under all circumstances and changes, their own families and names, and the possession, in persons of their own blood, of the lands they themselves have inherited or acquired. By the law of Rome, so strongly found-

ed on natural law and justice, a man could only appoint his own heir. He could not name an heir to his heir. Our feudal notions encouraged a contrary principle, and allowed, at first the sovereign—grantor of a fief—and afterwards the grantee himself, to fix perpetually the order of succession in which the fief should descend. This destination, however, was always liable to be counteracted by the operation of natural causes, through which the land was voluntarily sold by the heir in possession for the time, or carried off by his creditors in satisfaction of his debts. The right to sell was one of the inherent and essential rights of property, and the liability of a man's property for debts contracted by him was the corner-stone of confidence in all the transactions of life, any restriction of which was a violation of the first principles of justice. These, however, and particularly the liability of property for the owners' debts, presented, so long as they remained unimpaired, insuperable obstacles to that absolute perpetuity of succession in favour of the same family, for ever, which the Scottish aristocracy desired to establish in reference to landed property; and all the ingenuity of our conveyancers, prior to the Act 1685, which gave the sanction of statute to strict entails, was exerted to effect an evasion of them.

The mere *prohibition* of sale and of the contraction of debt as a condition of the inheritance, could not of course affect third parties, who might purchase from or become creditors of the owner. As little could a declaration,—in addition to the prohibition—that acts done in contravention of it should be deemed null and void, do so. So long as a man continued to be proprietor, all third parties were held entitled to deal with him as such, and not to be affected by any prohibitions or conditions, which, whatever might be their bearing upon him, as in a question with other heirs, could have no authority or effect as to them. To get over this difficulty, a third provision was introduced into the deeds by which future heirs were attempted to be restrained in the use of their property,—to the effect that the very doing of the act prohibited (such as contracting debt or selling the land) should, of itself, and *ipso facto*, operate as a forfeiture of the proprietor's right. The idea was, that, as by the doing of the act the owner ceased to be proprietor, the act itself should be held to be void, as done by one who was not owner. It is quite obvious that this notion, and the argument founded upon it, were quite fallacious; as *until the act were done*, there could be no forfeiture on account of it; and consequently the act, as effected by one who was of necessity still proprietor when it was done, must be valid. The courts of law, however, did, in one or two instances, give effect to this scheme; but there being every reason to expect that a different

course would soon be adopted by the judges, who showed the utmost repugnance to allowing creditors to be, in this way, defrauded of their just debts, the Scottish aristocracy had recourse to the Legislature, by whom it was sanctioned by the well-known Act 1685, c. 22.

To the provisions and effects of this statute we shall immediately advert; but we wish, in the first place, shortly to point out the progress of the system in regard to its extension, from the passing of the Act 1685 to the latest period up to which the records have been published. This is stated as follows, in the useful and excellent pamphlet which we have placed at the head of this Article, and which contains much interesting information on the subject:—

“From an examination of the Register of Entails, it appears that, for a period of upwards of 40 years after the passing of the statute, or preceding the year 1730, the number of entails recorded was 217

“During the next 40 years, preceding 1770, the number was increased by 279

“While, in the succeeding period of 40 years, or to 1810, it was more than doubled, by the addition of no fewer than 586

“And for the next *twenty* years, to 1830 (which is the latest date to which an index to the record has been published), there was a still greater increase, in proportion to the time; the number of new entails, recorded within this short period, being 449

“In all, down to 1830, 1531”

“In looking to this rapid increase, it is also to be kept in view that, after the successive periods referred to, less land remained to be entailed.”

In a note, the author adds, with reference to the period subsequent to 1829 (as to which no authoritative statement has yet been published):—

“The number of entails recorded within the last sixteen years may be supposed to average from at least twenty to thirty yearly; and the total number added within this period may be estimated at 400. In the past year the number has exceeded thirty.”

As to the actual extent of the lands affected by these entails, increasing at a rate so alarmingly rapid, there are no means available at present for speaking with precision, though returns, which would afford a tolerably correct estimate of it, might, if ordered by Parliament, be furnished without much difficulty. At the same time an approximation may be made to the truth. The

late Sir John Sinclair bestowed much pains on this subject; and amassed a great deal of information, the result of which was given to the public in 1814, in a "General Report of the Agricultural State and Political Circumstances of Scotland in the year 1811." His estimate was, that lands having a "valued rent" of £1,213,159, 17s. 9d. Scots, were entailed; the valued rent of the whole of Scotland being £3,804,221 Scots. According to this estimate, nearly one-third of the whole land in Scotland was then held under the fetters of strict entails. Between 1810 and 1830, 449 new entails were recorded, and the number since added can scarcely be taken at less than 400, making together 849 more than when Sir John Sinclair framed his calculation, at which time the total number of entails was 1082. It may therefore safely be assumed, that at the present day considerably more than half of Scotland is in the condition which we now proceed to describe.

The statute 1685 enacted, "That it shall be lawful to his Majesty's subjects to tailzie their lands and estates, and to substitute heirs in their tailzies, *with such provisions and conditions as they shall think fit*; and to affect the said tailzies with irritant and resolute clauses, whereby it shall not be lawful to the heir of tailzie to *sell, annaillzie, (alienate) or dispone* the said lands, or *any part thereof, or contract debt*, or do any other deed, whereby the samen may be apprised, adjudged, or evicted from the other substitutes in the tailzie, or the succession frustrated or interrupted; declaring *all such deeds to be in themselves null and void*, and that the next heir of tailzie may immediately, upon contravention, pursue declarators thereof, and serve himself heir to him who died last infeft in the fee, and did not contravene, without necessity anyways to represent the contravener."

The provisions of an entail which are essential to its subsistence are the prohibitions against altering the order of succession—against selling and disposing, and against contracting debt; but the maker of an entail may insert whatever other conditions or prohibitions he chooses, and these, when "fenced," as it is termed, by the regular "irritant" and "resolute" clauses—that is, clauses annulling the act, and resolving or forfeiting the right of the doer of it—become absolutely perpetual and effectual to all generations.

In practice, the principal condition, added to the three great prohibitions, is, that each heir succeeding to the estate shall assume the name and arms of the maker of the entail; but there are frequently a number of other provisions, capriciously, and often injuriously, affecting the management of, and succession to, the property,—such as prohibiting a reduction of rent on re-letting farms, fixing a minimum of feu-duty, where feuing is allowed at

all, and forfeiting the heir's right if he should succeed to a particular title, (which he has no power, if he were willing, to repudiate,) though it may reduce him from affluence to comparative poverty; while there are one or two instances of a forfeiture declared should the heir adopt certain religious opinions. These conditions, however, though sufficiently vexatious, and, to a certain extent injurious, sink into insignificance when compared with the prohibitions against altering the order of succession, selling or alienating the property, or any part of it, and contracting debt, or subjecting the estate to burdens.

By virtue of the first of these, no heir in possession can change the precise destination of the property, which has been fixed by the maker of the entail generations before. Thus, if the entailor had several children, and entailed the estate on the heirs-male of their bodies successively, and if after, perhaps, the lapse of a century and a half, the heir-male in possession happens to have a family of daughters and no son, he cannot leave the estate to his daughters, but at his death it will devolve on some—it may be, very distant—heir-male.

Under the prohibition, again, against selling, and disposing, or alienating, the land is not only placed absolutely *extra commercium*, so that it can never be bought and sold, but, in consequence of the extended construction given to the terms “disposing” and “alienating,” the successive heirs in possession are excluded from feuing any portion of the lands, however valuable the consideration in point of feu-duty may be—(unless in so far as specially permitted in particular entails)—from exchanging one piece of land for another—nay, from letting leases of any part of the entailed estate for a longer period than twenty-one years—such leases having been decided to constitute “alienations” or “dispositions.”

Finally, under the prohibition against contracting debt and burdening the estate, the heir is not only deprived of the power of raising money by loan on security of the property, even to be employed in improving it, but if he contract debt, his creditors cannot attach the estate beyond his own life-interest for its payment, and he is disabled from burdening the property with provisions to his younger children, or even with a provision to the wife of his eldest son, the heir of the estate, for the event of the son predeceasing him and never himself succeeding.

This state of matters, too, is perpetual. There are no means by which a property once entailed can ever be freed from the fetters of the entail, so long as there exists a single substitute heir besides the one in possession; and as the never-ending perpetuation of the property in the same family is the grand object of every entailor, he generally inserts so many collaterals and their

descendants in perpetuity, that the event of an entail coming to a close, by failure of heirs called to the succession, is one which scarcely ever can occur.

In England, where the statute law of entail is nearly as strict as that of Scotland, the judges, from an inveterate hostility to a system so monstrous and injurious, have encouraged all methods by which it could be evaded, and in this way a fiction of law has been converted into a most effective reality, whereby the "tenant in tail" may "dock" or put an end to the entail when he pleases. No such method exists in Scotland of restricting the perpetual existence of an entail once completed. Certain relaxations, indeed, have been introduced by special statutes, intended for the benefit of the heir in possession for the time; but though some of these, such as the provisions of the 10 Geo. III. c. 51, allowing heirs of entail to grant building leases of not more than five acres to any one person, for ninety-nine years, provided a *dwelling house* be built on each half acre, and allowing excambions and exchanges to a limited extent, are, so far as they go, remedial measures: the others, while certainly relieving the heir who first takes advantage of them, tend, as will immediately be seen, in their *ultimate* result, to make the condition of the great body of proprietors of entailed estates even more oppressive to themselves, and more utterly helpless for any benefit to their properties or the country, than before.

The measures here alluded to are those effected by the main provisions of the 10 Geo. III. (called the Montgomery Act,) and those established by the 10 Geo. IV. c. 87, generally known as Lord Aberdeen's Act. The object of the former was to encourage the proprietors of entailed estates to lay out money on the improvement of these, by giving them a claim, assignable by them and descendable to their executors, against the subsequent heirs of entail, to three-fourths of the amount so expended, subject to a certain restriction as to the total expense claimable from the succeeding heirs. This is limited in regard to inclosing, planting, draining, erecting farm-houses, &c., to four years' free rent of the estate; and in regard to building, repairing, and adding to, the mansion-house and offices, to two years' rent;—allowing a sum equal to six years' rent in all to be constituted a burden against the subsequent heirs. If payment of this could at once be enforced, the heir would be left for several years after his succession without anything from the estate at all; and to prevent this, each heir's liability is limited to one-third of the yearly rents of the estate. But interest being always due from the death of the improver, this often will not suffice to clear off the debt for many years, and the burden accordingly descends upon heir after heir till gradually paid off, each being precluded from

availing himself of the provisions of the Act while the burden remains undischarged.

The forms necessary for establishing and proving such a claim are so troublesome and difficult to be gone through, without some blunder fatal to its validity, that comparatively little advantage has been taken of this Act; but supposing it came, as it was intended to come, into general operation, its tendency would be greatly to aggravate the difficulties and disabilities of future heirs of entail. Its probable effect we shall immediately exhibit, but must first notice the provisions of the other statute to which we have referred, namely, Lord Aberdeen's Act. Its substance is thus given in the pamphlet already quoted from:—

“The Act next in date and in importance is the 10 Geo. IV., cap. 87 (generally known as *Lord Aberdeen's Act*), ‘authorizing proprietors of entailed estates to grant *provisions* to the wives or husbands and children of such heirs.’ It sets forth, that sundry entails contain no powers, and many others very inadequate powers, of granting such provisions; and that it has become expedient that such powers should be conferred or enlarged. Heirs of entail in possession of entailed estates, are therefore authorized to ‘provide and infest’ their wives or husbands, as the case may be, in a life rent provision out of the entailed lands, by way of annuity,—the provision to wives not to exceed one-third part, and to husbands one-half, of the free yearly rent, or free yearly value, of the entailed estates, after deducting all public burdens, life rent provisions, interest of debts, &c., affecting the rents or income of the estate. The husband's provision is limited to one-third of the rents where there is a prior existing annuity, and not more than two life rents to wives or husbands are permitted to take effect at the same time. The provisions which an heir of entail, in possession of an entailed estate, may grant, by bond or obligation, to children not succeeding to the estate, are limited, in the case of one child, other than the heir, to one year's rent,—if two children to two years' rent,—and where there are three or more children, to three years' rent, after deducting public burdens, life rent provisions to wives or husbands, interest of debts, and all other burdens which diminish the rental. When this power has been exercised to the full extent, a succeeding heir of entail is not entitled to grant farther provisions to his children till the former provisions are paid off or diminished, so that not more than the allowed maximum shall exist at one and the same time; and the succeeding heir of entail may be discharged of farther liability for such provisions to children, if sued for payment, upon assigning to a trustee, to be named by the Court of Session, one-third of the clear yearly rents of the entailed estate during the lifetime of such heir. The Act contains a farther and important clause, declaring, that the powers thereby granted, and existing under the 10th of Geo. III. (the *Montgomery Act*), shall not operate to the effect of depriving the heir of entail in possession, of more than two third parts of the free yearly rents or proceeds of the estate. The heir is accordingly declared to be entitled to retain any

excess beyond the two-thirds of the free income, from the improvement debts and provisions which are least entitled to legal preference; and these suffer a diminution accordingly."

Taking together the burdens authorized to be created by these statutes, we shall now show, by an extract from our author, how they might affect the successive heirs in possession subject to them:—

"The effect of the three general statutes before referred to, in creating burdens upon the rents, may be exemplified by supposing an entailed estate of £2000 per annum of gross rental, from which £200 being deducted for public burdens, there remains of clear rental,

	£1800	0	0
First widow's annuity, one-third,	600	0	0
	£1200	0	0
Improvement debts, six years' free rent,	£7200.		
Interest of this debt,	360	0	0
	£840	0	0
Provisions to younger children, three years' free rent,	£2520.		
Interest of this sum,	126	0	0
	£714	0	0
Second Widow's annuity, one-third of remaining free rent,	238	0	0
	£476	0	0
One-third of this surplus applicable towards extinction of improvement debt,	158	13	4
There would thus only remain for the heir in possession,	£317	6	8

But by Lord Aberdeen's Act the heir cannot be deprived of more than two-thirds of the rental, and consequently the payment of the improvement debt, or of the younger children's provisions, or the second widow's annuity, must be restricted accordingly; and as the debts and provisions would remain a burden on the estate, the heir in possession could not provide for his own widow or younger children."

The result above shown is indeed the *extreme* degree of burden which can possibly be laid on heirs of entail, under these statutes, and it will only be occasionally that *this* degree will actually be reached. But still such burdens will unquestionably be imposed, to a large extent, in almost every case of an entailed proprietor, with a family of younger children; and as they are burdens only on the *rents*, not on the *estate*, which can never be attached for

their payment, we shall have, in numerous instances, when the Act shall have been a little longer in operation, entailed proprietors perpetually burdened with provisions, the capital of which they cannot discharge, and the constant burden of the interest of which will reduce them to the possession of a limited portion of the rents, making the great body of heirs of entail still more incapable than they were before the passing of these statutes—intended to relieve them—of providing for their families, improving their estates, or maintaining themselves in a position correspondent to that which the extent of their landed properties assigns them in society.

Having thus explained the existing state of the law in Scotland as regards entails, and the disabilities to which it subjects the proprietors of lands subject to their fetters, we now proceed to consider their effect,—on the wellbeing of the parties intended to be favoured,—on the position of the aristocracy, to secure the dignity and permanence of which the system is alleged by its supporters to be essential,—and on the prosperity of the country at large.

Next to the grand object of preserving his estate in his name and family, that of benefiting his own descendants may be assumed to be the object chiefly in the view of every entailer, in making an entail; but when their actual condition thereby produced is fully considered, it may well be doubted whether, even as to them, their welfare would not have been far more wisely consulted, by leaving matters to their natural course. Assuredly, looking to the general body of the families for whose intended advantage this artificial system is put in operation, it cannot be questioned that the circumstance, which without entails would occasionally occur, of some of them, through extravagance or other causes, falling back into the mass who have to maintain themselves by their own exertions, would be far more than counterbalanced by the greatly increased happiness and usefulness of all. For let us look for a moment at the condition in which it is the tendency of the system to place entailed proprietors and their families, and in which—with exceptions of course—they are generally found, especially when the entailed estate constitutes their only possession.

Take, in the first instance, the ordinary case of a proprietor, with a son who is entitled to succeed him, and a family of younger children. The son, who is to be the future proprietor, from his earliest boyhood feels that he is independent of his father, who cannot, whatever may be his misconduct or his disqualifications for performing the duties afterwards to devolve upon him, disappoint his expectations, or put any restraint, not

already embodied in the entail, on the exercise of his powers when he shall succeed. The paternal authority is so far, and from an early period, weakened; and the heir is necessarily trained in a condition highly unfavourable to a right moral tone of feeling; while he is relieved altogether from the wholesome check, which cannot too soon be brought to bear upon a young man, arising from the consciousness that his future position in life must depend, to a large extent, upon himself and his own conduct. Then when exposed, as he grows up, to the temptations which beset all young men, and especially those with expectations in regard to succession, the heir of entail, by being already possessed of an interest in the entailed estate, defeasible only by his own death before that of his father, has means of raising funds for indulging in dissipation and extravagance, which the heir of an unentailed proprietor does not enjoy. He has a *vested interest*, capable of being made use of to raise money on loans. It is true he can only avail himself of it on the most oppressive terms—but still he can do so; and the extravagant amount for which he is necessarily compelled to become bound, only leaves him the more overwhelmingly embarrassed when he ultimately succeeds to his estate.

Meanwhile, the father naturally looks with anxiety to the interests of his other children. If, however, he requires to make advances to establish his sons in life, or to provide some present marriage-portion for his daughters, he can only do so by borrowing money on terms far more disadvantageous than could be done by a fee-simple proprietor. He cannot give the security of his estate, but only that of his life-interest in it; and this, of course, must be supported by an insurance on his life, for which he must pay the yearly premium, in addition to the interest of the sum borrowed. This interest, too, from the disadvantages attending such securities, is usually one per cent. higher than that on loans upon ordinary heritable securities; so that, altogether, he will have to bear from 8 to 11 per cent., when the fee-simple proprietor would obtain what was required at from $3\frac{1}{4}$ to 5 per cent. His means of maintaining his position in society and of improving his property out of his rents, are, to this extent, diminished; and, if previously spending his full income, he is reduced to straits and embarrassments, harassing to himself and injurious to all dependent on him.

This, however, is the *favourable* case of the man who *can* raise and make such advances. In many, however, perhaps in most, instances, by reason of previous burdens, whether from debts incurred by himself—perhaps before his succession—or from provisions in favour of the widow and children of the preceding

heir, or claims for improvements, the heir in possession is altogether debarred from giving his family the same advantages which those of his class, not subject to the fetters of entail, can provide for theirs. The younger children are thus placed at undue and improper disadvantage, creating probably a feeling on their part in regard to the heir, for whose benefit their prospects are so seriously injured, which cannot promote the peace of families; while the father's anxieties on their behalf must greatly destroy his own happiness and comfort. To make up, as far as he can, for these disadvantages, he will naturally avail himself, to the fullest extent, of the power allowed by law of burdening his successor with provisions for the younger children—placing that successor in the same helpless and embarrassed condition with himself; he will grudge the expenditure of any money on the estate, however necessary to keep it up in decent or proper order; farm-houses and fences will be allowed to go into disrepair, and timber on the estate will probably be cut down; his object—most natural in his position—being simply to make as much out of it during his life, for his family other than the heir who is to succeed, and to lay out as little upon it as possible. This again, of course, creates a feeling of dissatisfaction and jealousy on the part of the eldest son. He and his father have opposite interests in regard to the management of the estate; and this position cannot but excite a state of feeling most injurious to the character and happiness of both. Then, when at last the father dies, the heir succeeds to an unimproved and often dilapidated property, burdened with provisions to the younger children, which can, under no circumstances, be paid out of the estate itself, but must subsist to be paid out of the rents, leaving him nominally the proprietor of—it may be—a large estate, with only a small portion of the rents to defray the whole expenses of management, and of keeping up and maintaining the position in society corresponding to the extent, not of his means, but of the landed property of which he is the apparent owner.

On the other hand, the younger children, brought up in a position and a style of life far beyond that in which their inadequate provisions can maintain them—for, except where the younger children are very few in number, three years' rent of the estate will form a very inadequate provision—and having been denied those advantages in regard to their being set out to do for themselves, or being established in life, which a fee-simple proprietor can, without difficulty, give to his children, they, like the heir himself, remain living proofs of the injury to their well-being and happiness effected by this artificial system of man's devising for the gratification of human pride.

Generation after generation presents the same unhappy spectacle, of a proprietor in the false position of owning an estate of which he has only a portion of the rents to spend—unable to improve it—unable to keep up the condition in which its possession places him—unable to do justice to his children in regard to their outset in life, or a provision for them after his death—with constantly opposing interests to his own son, the heir of his estate—hampered, embarrassed, fretted—not merely useless in his day and generation, but often, from his mere position, necessarily mischievous in the course of conduct which he is obliged to adopt—his whole life a constant struggle to keep appearances somewhat in accordance with his nominal position—often writhing under those “fetters”—well named so—which bind and chain him—filled with anxiety with reference to his children, to whom he cannot do justice—and, if he have been under the necessity of incurring debts to trades-people and others, trusting to his apparent station as a proprietor, his life embittered by the consciousness that when his death takes place, and they find that there are no means of paying them, while the estate goes to the next heir, they will justly deem themselves to have been defrauded.

Such is the ordinary condition which it is the tendency of entails to produce in regard to the proprietors and their families; and surely it will not be maintained to be one calculated to promote their welfare and happiness. But, before leaving the picture, we shall take one other case—that of a proprietor whose estate is destined to heirs-male, while he has a family of daughters and no son.

The entail may probably have been originally made by a proprietor having several sons, and who only thought of the state of matters then existing, and never figured to himself the altered condition which the lapse of time would produce.

In a few generations, however, the descendants of a younger son have gradually fallen into a lower condition, and have almost lost sight of their pedigree in the honest toils and happiness of their now obscure sphere. The heirs of the eldest, again, have held the property in succession, it may be, for a century and a half, till the line issues in one who has no heir-male, but a family of daughters, reared of course in the comforts or luxury, and with the education and habits, suitable to the station of their father. To them, however, he cannot, at his death, transfer his estate. They are left destitute, beyond the provision which the recent change in the law has permitted him to make for them; and the estate devolves on the far-distant heir-male, drawn from his contentment and obscurity to a station for which his previous training has left him unprepared. Who shall say what feelings

against the author of this cruel injustice constantly arise in the father's heart, and what murmurings against Providence itself for denying an heir-male, are thereby occasioned! Or, take the case even of an entailed proprietor without a family, who nevertheless would desire to devote his estate to purposes of usefulness and philanthropy, which he is disabled from accomplishing, while it must, at his death, pass, it may be, to some profligate, who will use it, while his, for purposes of evil.

In all these cases—in almost every case that can be imagined—the fetters of entails tend to a diminution of the happiness and usefulness of those for whose benefit they were made. It may occasionally happen, it is true, that a father, not restrained by an entail, does unjustly disappoint the hopes of his eldest son. The case, however, is of extreme rarity; and it is altogether monstrous, for the sake of preventing a barely possible case of injustice in one out of ten thousand instances, to create the extended wretchedness which is the natural and general result of the prevalence of strict entails.

Again, and in the *second* place, looking, not so much to the welfare of the individuals, as to the general prosperity, respectability, and permanency of the landed aristocracy as a body, it seems still more clear that these are not advanced by such a system of entail as exists in Scotland.

It is not to be denied that the estimation of an aristocracy, in the eyes of the community at large, is much and justly affected by the circumstance, that to a considerable portion at least of its members there are attached the associations and predilections of ancient family, long-continued connexion with their estates, and far-descended honours. The case of England, however, proves that strict entails are not necessary to secure these advantages; and we doubt not that they would be sufficiently obtained without even the modified system which is therein use; for both in England and in Scotland it is a fact that in some of the very oldest families the estates are unentailed. On the other hand, the whole body are exposed to contempt by the state to which so many of them are constantly reduced by the operation of their entails—nominally the possessors of large estates, but utterly unable to maintain the outward appearance, or fulfil the duties, of their station, as regards either their families, their estates, or the public. In addition to this, the protection given to them against their properties being made available for the payment of their debts, tends to create a general feeling of jealousy against those possessed of so odious a privilege. Suppose two-thirds or three-fourths of the whole land of the country were thus excluded from liability for the debts of the owners—a state to which things are rapidly

approaching in Scotland—can it be disputed that the permanency of the aristocracy, if they clung to such an exclusion, would be thereby endangered? Besides this, the real strength of a landed aristocracy consists in its ranks being ever freely open to new members from the manufacturing and trading classes of society, whereby the whole community—from the numbers looking forward to this as the result of their life labour—feel an interest in its support, and are prepared to defend it as if they were already enrolled among its members. As, however, a greater portion of the land of a country is gradually placed *extra commercium* by the increasing prevalence of entails, the difficulty of access into the ranks of the landed proprietorship is increased; the numbers who can be admitted, and who expect to be admitted, are daily diminished; the sympathy with it, and interest in its support, decrease in proportion; and a hostile feeling against a body becoming so exclusive, and possessing obnoxious privileges, arises and gathers strength, threatening its stability. In no country are entails so universal among the aristocracy, and so strict, as in Spain; and in none is the aristocracy more contemptible and hated; and the feeling above referred to was a most important element in that fierce hostility which overthrew the aristocracy of France at the Revolution. Finally, no aristocracy can stand on a stable foundation whose privileges are opposed to the general welfare and prosperity of the country; and we now propose to show, in the *third* place, how entirely at variance with these the Scottish system of entails is.

Almost every single effect of it, as regards the interests of the public, should of itself be sufficient to condemn it; but when all its evil consequences are viewed together, it is matter of the utmost amazement that any amount of real or supposed class-interests should have been able to maintain it to the present day!

In attending to these consequences, it is perhaps difficult to decide which, of several of the effects produced by the system, is most injurious; but we take first in order its result in placing *extra commercium* so large a portion of the whole land of the country. At the present moment considerably more than one-half of all Scotland is thereby rendered incapable of being bought and sold—is shut out as a source of investment for newly-realized capital, and is excluded from all transference, however unable the present proprietors may be to use it for their own and the public benefit, and however extensive the advantages which would arise from its passing into the hands of those who have the means of increasing its productiveness by improvement, and making its capabilities subservient to the public good. The pro-

cess, too, of exclusion is going on from year to year with ever advancing rapidity; and at the same rate at which entails have increased during the last half century, there would, in another half century, be little land in the country which, under any circumstances, could by possibility come into the market.

The evils arising from such a state of things are as obvious as they are great. In a country like this, and more especially since the change in regard to the protecting duties on the produce of the soil, it is of essential importance—alike for the welfare of the agricultural classes as for the benefit of the community at large—that the utmost freedom and encouragement should be given to the employment of capital on land. But the law of entail puts an absolute and insuperable barrier against this in regard to a very large proportion of the whole country. At present, much of the entailed property in Scotland is possessed by parties who have no capital to lay out on it; and even where they have, the obstructions and disadvantages, and the inducements to apply it otherwise, or retain it for their younger children, are so great, as to restrict within very narrow limits their application of it in this way. On the other hand, there is an immense mass of realized capital seeking profitable employment in every direction—the holders of it being often driven to look for that employment abroad, or to incur the risk of doubtful and dangerous speculation, while all the time an immense extent of land is lying unimproved, yielding an amount of produce far within its capacity, and only prevented from being profitably and beneficially occupied by capitalists, able and willing to spend their money upon it, by the fetters of entails. The exclusion of capital from mere *investment* in land would of itself be a monstrous evil; but when the necessary consequence of this is the exclusion also of its employment, to a much larger extent, in the *improvement* of land otherwise left unimproved, it becomes absolutely intolerable, and the source of immense loss to the country and injury to the community at large.

Collateral evils also result from so much of the landed property being placed *extra commercium*—such as, for instance, the undue competition for and artificially enhanced value of, the smaller quantity which remains marketable; but we do not need to dwell on these, the main consequence of it being so extensively pernicious.

Another effect of our system of entails, most fatally injurious to the social condition of the community, is the facility and encouragement it affords to the excessive accumulation of extensive estates in the hands of single individuals. Nothing is more striking and anomalous, in the aspect of this country, than

the immense masses of the population in a state of destitution, contrasted with the small body at the opposite side of the separating gulf, possessed of the most enormous fortunes. The tendency, doubtless, of an advanced state of society, is toward accumulation; but there are counter tendencies towards re-distribution, which, if left free to their natural action, would prevent the former from attaining permanently any very injurious extent. The hoarded gains of one generation would often be dissipated in a great measure by the extravagance of another; and the estate, collected and united by one man, for an heir-male, might be left by another, to devolve, at common law, equally on a family of daughters, or might even be divided by him among his sons and daughters, as the mercantile feeling in favour of equal partition came to supersede, to some extent, the feudal principle of primogeniture. But the operation of all the natural tendencies towards distribution is excluded by the law of entail. One who has inherited or acquired a large estate, entails it on his heirs, with a limitation to the eldest heir-female, when the male heir fails. Each heir of saving habits, who, by economy, or marriage, or inheritance, is enabled to add to the original estate, immediately secures the addition by a strict entail in the same terms. Heirs of extravagant habits may intervene, by whom, in the ordinary course of things, portions at least of it would be sold off to constitute independent properties in the hands of separate individuals. But the entail precludes this; and though they may squander the rents, and dilapidate the property, the estate itself descends without diminution, to have, in the next generation, new additions made to it, which, in like manner, can never be severed. In the same way, an heir may have a family of daughters, whose rights of equal partition at common law he would not have defeated; but the entail carries the estate to the eldest, and to the others only in succession, one by one, or perhaps to a distant heir-male, keeping always the whole estate unbroken. Thus its tendency is always to increase, while diminution is absolutely excluded. The entail opens to receive every addition, but it is forever locked against any escape. Every natural tendency to accumulation is encouraged, while all the natural counteracting tendencies towards re-distribution are effectually barred; and that is gradually effected which the Thelluson Act has prohibited, and justly prohibited, with a view to the interests of society, from being directly and at once, in any particular case, accomplished. The unnatural state thus produced is attended with permanent and extensive evil, in regard to the whole condition of society. We have not, however, space to enter upon the large and wide field of the effects of excessive accumulation of property generally;

and we shall limit ourselves to two results *peculiar* to the accumulation of *landed* property, which attend it in addition to all those evils that belong to it in common with undue accumulation of other property.

The first of these peculiarities is, that the accumulation of landed property gives to the proprietor an inordinate power over the natural rights and happiness of others, which does not attach, in any thing like a corresponding degree, to the great capitalist, however enormous his fortune. The landed proprietor, to whatever extent, has far more power over his tenants, and those who dwell on his land, and can exercise a greater influence on their happiness and wellbeing, than the capitalist can, over any class dependent upon him; while the latter have always a power of transferring their services, and of escaping from an attempted thralldom, from which the former are by their position in a great measure excluded. But the influence and power of the great landed proprietor increases with the extent of his property in a ratio far greater than that extent, so that when he comes to be the owner of a territory twenty, thirty, or fifty miles in length, or covering, as in the case of the Duke of Sutherland, nearly a whole county, it is practically irresistible; and if despotically, capriciously, or even ignorantly exercised, it is productive of the most grievous evils and oppression. As an instance of this, take the refusal of sites to congregations of the Free Church. Where the land of a district is divided into a considerable number of properties, the attempt to effect a combination by which these congregations would have been excluded from the possession of places of worship could scarcely in any case have been successful. But the proprietor of a territory twenty or thirty miles long, can at once, by the exercise of his legal rights of property, place thousands of the population under an absolute interdict against meeting to worship God according to their consciences, even in the open air, unless within high-water-mark, when the territory happens to be bounded by the sea-shore. Several thousands of the people of Scotland are at the present moment absolutely excluded, through the simple will of one man, from a roof to shelter them when meeting for public worship, and are only permitted to meet under the canopy of heaven by the mere sufferance of the proprietor, who, at his pleasure, may exclude them from even thus assembling upon the smallest spot on the surface of this earth in order to worship its Maker; and had the Duke of Sutherland adhered to his refusal of sites given immediately after the disruption, the inhabitants of nearly the whole of the county of Sutherland—of whom the great majority are members of the Free Church—would have been placed under this ban.

The care here instanced is indeed an extreme one; but it is a perfectly good *illustration* of the enormous power, in practical effect, which the mere extent of landed territory possessed by a single individual gives to the exercise, by him, even of his legal rights, beyond what could attach to it under a more generally distributed state of property, and beyond what could possibly follow from any use that a capitalist might make of his fortune, however enormous that might be.

The other peculiarity to which we refer, is the removal, throughout extensive districts, of any class intermediate between the single overgrown proprietor of the district and the cultivators of the soil. Nothing is calculated to have a more wholesome influence on the state of rural society than the presence of a number of resident proprietors of various grades, down to the bonnet-laird who cultivates his own little property. Everywhere, however, throughout Scotland, the large landowners are swallowing up and absorbing the smaller properties in their neighbourhood. Not only is the class of bonnet-lairds altogether disappearing, but the number of proprietors of moderately-sized estates is rapidly diminishing, and we doubt whether the number of separate proprietors of land be one-half or even one-third of what it was at the commencement of the present century. Now, almost every property so absorbed is at once riveted to some large adjoining estate by the fetters of an entail, never to be separated; and a state of matters highly injurious to the general wellbeing is rendered not only permanent, but of necessity progressive, its mischievous character augmenting even beyond the proportion of its extent.

It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the evils to society arising from the factitious encouragement afforded by entails to excessive accumulation, and the exclusion of the operation of all the natural tendencies to re-distribution; but we hasten on to some of the other injuries inflicted on the community by this most obnoxious system of entails.

The defective state of cultivation, and the consequent non-productiveness of the soil, which is one of its natural results, is an evil not only to the proprietor, but to the community—the supply of food to which, as well as its general wealth, is thereby very naturally affected. It is no doubt true, that there are many instances, from particular causes, of entailed estates presenting an appearance of improvement and cultivation equal to that of those held in fee-simple. But in general it is not so; and indeed—from the circumstances in the condition of heirs of entail already noticed, and others connected with the terms of the leases they are able to grant, which we have not space to detail—it

cannot be so;—and, accordingly, the evidence taken before the Commons Entail Committee of 1828 was conclusive as to the fact, that entailed estates might generally be distinguished from those that were not entailed by their external appearance, and their state of improvement and cultivation. Nor, it must be obvious, can any mere *relaxation* of existing fetters do much towards inducing a better state; for so long as the fundamental principle of entails, of preserving the estate itself for succeeding heirs, is maintained, all that can be done in relief of one heir, or to enable him to improve, is to throw the burden in a larger or smaller proportion on his successors, thereby tying up their hands more effectually from carrying forward the work of improvement which he has thus been enabled, to a certain extent, to commence. To make the land available, as it ought to be, for production to the extent of its capabilities, it is absolutely necessary that the system be put an end to, and that the land of the country be made really free for the employment of capital in its cultivation and improvement.

Besides inducing diminished productiveness in respect of agricultural produce, by reason of defective cultivation and non-improvement, entails prevent to a great extent the other capabilities of land being made available. There are capabilities which can only be brought into beneficial operation, by the expenditure of a large capital, as for instance the water-power arising from a stream, or from the formation of an extended reservoir. To make this available, in addition to any outlay for forming the reservoir or accumulating and regulating the supply of water, manufactories for taking advantage of it must be erected, or the water will continue to find its way to the ocean for ages without doing any service to man, or yielding any thing to the proprietor. But if the right of water, or even any portion of property required to admit of its being used for manufacturing purposes, is held under the fetters of an entail, no title can be given which would warrant the manufacturer to erect works attended with the outlay of a large capital. No feu can be granted, nor any lease even of the water for more than twenty-one years. On such a tenure as this no man would expend his capital, placing it and himself at the mercy of the heir in possession when it expired, in regard to the rent then to be demanded, or as to its being renewed at all. In the same way, as to mines and minerals, when the proprietor has not—as he rarely has—the means of himself expending the capital necessary to commence the working of them, he can give no right to a third party capable of doing so, of such duration as would authorize the outlay, when that is at all considerable.

Great obstructions are also placed in the way of the advance-

ment and improvement of towns, which are unfortunately surrounded by land held under entails; and we shall conclude this part of our subject by a representation of the evils thus occasioned, contained in a recent petition to the Legislature from the Town Council of Stranraer, against the present law of entail.

"The town in which they live has the misfortune to be completely enveloped by entailed estates, which extend for many miles round it. It is dependent for its supplies of water on springs which are situated on entailed lands, and at a considerable distance from the town. A Company was formed many years ago, and the necessary capital raised to bring the water into the town by pipes. The consent of the proprietors was obtained, and the work ready to be commenced, when it was discovered that the law of entail disabled the proprietors, even with consent of the presumptive heirs, from granting a title to the necessary ground for a longer period than nineteen years. The undertaking was thus rendered abortive, because an application to Parliament for a special Act would have cost more than the whole work; and, in consequence, the inhabitants are still dependent on a precarious supply, brought in carts, and retailed at a high price, as an ordinary article of merchandize.

"The public burying-ground, situated in the heart of the town, is crowded to an extent that is at once shocking to the feelings and dangerous to the health of the community. The nuisance becoming intolerable, a piece of land was obtained for the purpose from an entailed proprietor in the neighbourhood; but here again the Law of Entail interposed an insuperable barrier, because it was found that, even for this purpose, the powers of the entailed proprietor were limited to the granting of a lease for nineteen years.

"Nearly half of the town stands on entailed lands, the houses having been erected on building leases granted by the heirs of entail under statutory authority. There are entire streets where these leases are drawing to a close, which may easily be distinguished by their wretched and dilapidated condition. The over-lord, in consequence of the Entail Law, is deprived of the power to renew the leases before their termination, and a prudent regard to their own interest compels the tenants to withhold improvements."

The necessity of a remedy for the evils of the monstrous system we have been considering was long since perceived by thinking men, but the public have been very tardy in evincing that interest in the subject which the magnitude of the injuries occasioned to the community ought to have excited; and it is somewhat remarkable that the demand for a change in the law has proceeded most urgently from the proprietors of entailed estates themselves. These parties are now beginning to see the full extent of the bondage to which they are subjected. Their inability

to improve their estates—which if they cannot do, it will be impossible for them to maintain themselves at all on a level with fee-simple proprietors—has become more oppressive and hurtful to them since the recent more general application of capital to land, and the great strides in the science and practice of agriculture of late years achieved; and the effects of Lord Aberdeen's Act, only now beginning to come into partial operation, on the death of the heirs of entail, who were first able to take advantage of it, show them clearly how utterly helpless, hand-bound, and wretched the whole body must in a short time, become, if they cannot obtain relief of a different kind from these partial relaxations, which only lighten the burden on the heir who can first benefit by them, to throw it with accumulated weight on those heirs who are to come after him. Accordingly, a very urgent cry for the repeal of the Entail Laws has arisen from the very body for whose protection the entails were originally framed; and the attention of the general public has in consequence been called to the subject more impressively, and with a better prospect of a good result, than on any former occasion.

So far as regards the prevention of any further entailing of the already far too small portion of the fee-simple land in the country, there need be no difficulty whatever. The Act of 1685 ought to be repealed, and all future entails, such as it was meant to protect, should be declared unlawful and void. This, we doubt not, would be found in regard to them, at common law, if the question were now to be tried; but it would be preferable to remove all doubt on the subject by declaring them void by statute. A question was raised at the time of the committee of 1828, Whether, instead of an absolute and simple abolition of the Scottish system, that of England should not be substituted in its place? and this question will probably again be mooted. According to the latter system, a man may entail his lands, giving a life-interest or life-interests to one or more persons in being at the time, with a right over, in tail, to issue unborn; but through a legal fiction the first of this unborn issue, who succeeds as tenant in tail, may, on his attaining majority, suffer a fine, and, by a "recovery," disentail the land; or, indeed, he may effect this before he actually succeeds, with consent always of the tenant for life, in possession for the time. That this would be a vast improvement on our present system cannot be disputed; but we own we would not incline to admit the power of entailing at all. Unquestionably, every man must have the right during his life, to the very last moment of it, of conveying his property to other existing individuals in such shares, whether of parts, or of interests such as liferent and fee, as he

may judge fit; and he may, perhaps properly, be allowed to appoint a destination of heirs after them, which shall have effect if they do not alter it, or appoint a new destination to heirs named by themselves. Thus he may give a liferent to one and the fee to another, or successive liferents to more than one and the fee to a third or fourth, all these parties being existing persons; with a destination, over in the event of the first dying without disposing of the land, or settling it on new heirs. But there ought, in every generation, to be a full right of property vested in some existing individual or individuals, and it should not be put in abeyance for beings not yet born. This seems the natural rule; and it would afford, in general, a sufficient means of restraint, on the part of a proprietor, against the dreaded extravagance or imprudence of an heir in particular cases, without altogether dis-inheriting him.

The main difficulty, however, has reference, not to the execution of new entails, but to the mode of dealing with entails already in existence. The number of these, and the immense extent of territory which they affect, render this a matter of the utmost importance, not only in regard to the *degree* to which the fetters shall be removed, but as to the *time* within which this shall be done. Some, indeed, declaim against what they call the injustice of depriving any single individual of the whole host of substitute heirs under any entail, who shall have come into being prior to the change in the law, of his vested interest under the entail; and so would allow no entail to be brought to an end till after the death of every substitute heir who had been in life when the change was effected. If this view should be acted upon, it would postpone the *commencement* of the process of disentailing for half a century at least, putting off for that period all the benefits to be derived from a repeal of the present system, and prolonging its monstrous evils. Justice, however, requires no such sacrifice of the welfare of the community to these supposed vested rights in abuses, as a short consideration of their nature and value will show.

The value of the interest of these substitute heirs, whose right is not defeasible by the existence of nearer heirs—such as the eldest son of an entailed proprietor, and the eldest son of the eldest son—can easily be calculated, being determinable by the chance of survivance, and the probable period of accession; and such an interest might be appreciable to the extent of four substitute heirs after the heir in possession. No such number of heirs with in defeasible rights, however, can be expected to be in existence at one and the same time, as, unless in very peculiar cases which would be extraordinary exceptions, this would require five gene-

rations of males in the direct line—father, son, grandson, great-grandson, and great-great-grandson, all living at once. Three would be the utmost for whose interests it would be necessary to provide, and a perfectly sufficient protection to those would be secured by the scheme to which we shall immediately advert.

Even *three* such heirs with absolutely indefeasible rights would seldom exist; and in the generality of cases there would probably only be one whose expectations would not be liable to be excluded by the existence of issue of a nearer heir. As to all substitutes, however, whose succession might be excluded by nearer heirs coming into being, the present value of their interest is scarcely appreciable at all, and certainly beyond the third substitute it is utterly inappreciable; and without the slightest injustice it may be dealt with as a nonentity. In any view, therefore, it would only be necessary to give protection to the interests of the three substitute-heirs next in order to the heir actually in possession at the time the change was made.

This, however, would be effectually and sufficiently done by allowing the heir now in possession to hold one-fourth of the estate in fee-simple, he always discharging, to the extent of its value, the capital sums of any burdens to which the estate is subject; and by allowing the next in order, on accession, to hold another fourth in fee-simple, he in like manner discharging any balance of such burdens; the next to hold another fourth, and the next again to hold the remainder, or the whole, if not sold by preceding heirs, entirely free from the fetters of entail.

Minute and varied calculations as to the comparative value of the interests of these substitute heirs under the subsisting entails; and that of the rights which would belong to them under such a scheme as this, were laid before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1828; and treating their right of succession as indefeasible, and also taking the value under the existing entails as at the date of probable accession, that value was found to be fully made up to them; while, taking the *present* value of the expectancy, and looking to the contingency of the existence of nearer heirs, the value under the proposed scheme exceeded that under the existing entails.

To these calculations we can only refer the reader; but they show the perfect safety and justice, so far as regards any really substantial or appreciable interest on the part of substitute-heirs, of the scheme which was then suggested, and which certainly appears to us the best fitted, of any that has been proposed, for putting an end to the present monstrous and injurious system. But we would incline to go somewhat further than was then proposed, with a view to the more immediate attainment, on the

part of the community, of the benefits to be derived from restoring to the market, land now *extra commercium*, and opening to the employment of capital in agricultural improvements, territories now excluded from it. We would suggest that, under certain restrictions for preventing the mere gratification of jealousy of a substitute-heir, or capricious ill-will to him, such as the consent, probably, of the heir next in order, and the approbation of the Court of Session, that heirs in possession might be authorized to sell, not merely the one-fourth proposed to be allowed to be held by them in fee-simple, but the whole estate, the price being invested in the public funds, there to remain for behoof of the heirs to succeed, who should, in their order, have right to a share in fee-simple, and to a liferent of the rest, just as if the estate had not been sold. In this way much of the land now under fetters might instantly be set free, and the country would at once have all the advantage of an immediate and total abolition of entails, while the fair interest of those substitute-heirs, whose interest was appreciable, would be sufficiently protected and secured.

We cannot at present enter more fully into a consideration of the details of the plan to which we have referred; but we trust that the subject of the freedom of the soil will now obtain that degree of attention from the public which its vast importance demands; for we believe it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the advantages which—alike in an agricultural, a commercial, a social, and a moral view—would result from the overthrow of an entail system so utterly factitious and unnatural, and so deeply and extensively injurious, as that under which this country has so long groaned.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Researches on Light; An Examination of all the Phenomena connected with the Chemical and Molecular Changes produced by the Influence of the Solar Rays, embracing all the known Photographic Processes, and new Discoveries in the Art.* By ROBERT HUNT, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. Pp. 304. London, 1844.
2. *A Treatise on the Forces which produce the Organization of Plants; with an Appendix containing several Memoirs on Capillary Attraction, Electricity, and the Chemical Action of Light.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York. Royal 4to, pp. 324. New York, 1844.
3. *Nouvelles Instructions sur l'usage du Daguerreotype.* Par CHARLES CHEVALIER. Paris, 1841.
4. *Mélanges Photographiques. Complément des nouvelles Instructions sur l'usage du Daguerreotype.* Pp. 128. Paris, 1844.
5. *The Pencil of Nature.* By HENRY FOX TALBOT, Esq., F.R.S., &c., &c. Nos. I., II., III., IV., V. London, 1844.
6. *Traité de Photographie, contenant tous les perfectionnements trouvés jusqu'à ce jour, appareil panoramique, différences des foyers, gravure l'izeau, &c.* Par LEREBOURS et SECRETANS, Opticiens de l'Observatoire, et de la Marine. 5me Edit. Pp. 268. Paris, Octobre 1846.
7. *Des Papiers Photographiques, Procédés de M. Blanquart-Evrard et autres, avec Notes de N. P. LEREBOURS.* Pp. 31. Paris, Mar. 1847.
8. *Excursions Daguerriennes. Collection de 114 Planches, représentant les vues et les monumens les plus remarquables du Globe.* 2 Vols.

THE history of science presents us with very few instances in which great inventions or discoveries have burst upon the public view like meteors, or startled the public mind by their novelty and grandeur. The greatest feats of intellect have, like the intellect itself, been of tardy growth. A suggestion from one mind and in one age, has become a fact in another; and some sickly embryo of thought, which has preserved its vitality for a century, has often assumed the form and beauty of a living truth, when the public taste or the wants of society have stimulated research, or created a demand for the productions of genius. So slow, indeed, has been the march of great ideas, and so obscure the path by which they reached their gigantic consummation, that the historian of science has often been unable to trace their steps, and the arbiter of genius to discover the brow upon which he might plant the laurel which they deserved. The astronomy which in one

century gave immortality to a priest, in the next immured a philosopher in prison; and geological truth passed through the phases of a presumptuous speculation, and of an atheistical dogma, before it became the handmaid of piety and the creed of the Church. It is with much difficulty and some uncertainty that we can trace even the telescope and the microscope to their humble origin. The steam-engine has not yet owned its obligations to a single mind, and little more than half a century has elapsed since an English court of law came to the decision that James Watt had made no improvement on this mighty instrument of civilization. The steam-ship and the railway-chariot—the locomotives on water and on iron—at once the benefactors and the wonders of the age, will continue to be disputed or unclaimed inventions till society has forgotten the prediction of the poet, or lamented its fulfilment:—

“ Soon shall thine arm, unconquer'd Steam ! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.”

There are other inventions and discoveries, on the contrary, on which are stamped imperishable names, or with which these names are inseparably associated. Kepler's laws are engraven on the planetary heavens. Newton will never cease to be named, while satellites revolve and terrestrial bodies fall; and while Neptune bears his trident across the firmament, the fame of Adams and Le Verrier will endure. The electro-magnetic power which speeds over the globe the telegraphic message, will carry the name of Wheatstone to its most distant terminus whether in space or time; and the thunderbolt which Franklin drew from heaven, and which, when untaught and untamed, shattered in its course the structures of organic and inorganic life, will acknowledge its apprenticeship to Faraday, while it is imparting new organizations to matter, playing round the solar ray, and guiding even the particles of light in their fantastic gyrations. Other discoveries have associated themselves, even in their nomenclature, with individual names; and in the very terminology of the two great arts which we are about to expound—the *Daguerreotype* and *Talbotype*—a grateful age has already embalmed the names of their distinguished inventors.

The two inventions which we have just mentioned possess a character, and occupy a place, essentially different from that of any of the sister arts. While the painter delineates on canvass, or the sculptor embodies in marble those images in their eye to which the law of vision gives an external place, the photographer presents to Nature an artificial eye, more powerful than his own, which receives the images of external objects, and imprints on its

sensitive tablet, and with indelible lines their precise forms, and the lights and shadows by which these forms are modified. He thus gives permanency to details which the eye itself is too dull to appreciate, and he represents Nature as she is—neither pruned by his taste, nor decked by his imagination. From among the countless images of surrounding objects which are actually accumulated in every part of space, he excludes, by means of his darkened chamber, all but the one he wishes to perpetuate, and he can thus exhibit and fix in succession all those floating images and subtle forms which Epicurus fancied, and Lucretius sung.*

The art of photography, or that of delineating objects by the agency of the light which they radiate or reflect, is substantially a new invention, which we owe to two individuals, Mr. Talbot and M. Daguerre, although, like all other arts, some approximation had been made to it by previous inquirers. So early as 1802, Mr. Thomas Wedgewood, the celebrated porcelain manufacturer, published in the Journals of the Royal Institution, *A method of copying paintings upon glass, and of making profiles by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver*, which was accompanied with some observations by Sir Humphry Davy. Having ascertained "that white paper or white leather, moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver, undergoes no change when kept in a dark place," but "speedily changes colour" when "exposed to the daylight," Mr. Wedgewood found "that the alterations of colour took place more speedily in proportion as the light was more intense;" that the full effect was produced by the sun's light in two or three minutes, whereas two or three hours were required in the shade; that the red rays have little action upon it, the yellow and green more, and the blue and violet most of all. "Hence," says Mr. Wedgewood, "when a white surface covered with a solution of nitrate of silver, is placed behind a painting on glass exposed to the solar light, the rays transmitted

* Dico igitur, rerum effigias, tenuisque figuras
Mittit ab rebus summo de corpore earum;
Quæ quasi membrana, vel cortex nominanda'st
Quod speciem, ac formam similem gerit ejus Imago,
Quojuscunque cluet de corpore fusa vagari.

Next, for 'tis time, my muse declares and sings
What those are we call images of things,
Which like thin films from bodies rise in streams,
Play in the air and dance upon the beams.—
A stream of forms from every surface flows,
Which may be called the film or shell of those,
Because they bear the shape, they show the frame
And figure of the bodies whence they came.—CREECH.

through the differently painted surfaces, produce distinct tints of brown or black, sensibly differing in intensity, according to the shades of the picture, and where the light is unaltered the colour of the nitrate becomes deepest. When the shadow of any figure is thrown upon the prepared surface, the part concealed by it remains *white*, and the other parts speedily become *dark*. For copying paintings on glass, the solution should be applied on leather, and in this case it is more readily acted upon than when paper is used. After the colour has been once fixed upon the leather or paper, it cannot be removed by the application of water, or water and soap, and it is in a high degree permanent."

Mr. Wedgwood endeavoured by repeated washings, and by thin coatings of fine varnish, to prevent the white parts of his pictures from becoming dark when exposed to light; but all his attempts were fruitless, and he was obliged therefore either to exhibit them in candle-light, or for a short time in the shade. This process was applied by its author to taking profiles, and "making delineations of all such objects as are possessed of a texture partly opaque and partly transparent, such as the woody fibres of leaves and the wings of insects." He tried also, but without much success, to copy prints; and he failed still more signally in what was his leading object, to copy the images in the camera-obscura. In following these processes, Sir H. Davy found "that the images of small objects produced by means of the solar microscope, may be copied without difficulty on prepared paper—the paper being placed at but a small distance from the lens;" and he ascertained that about 1 part of nitrate to about 10 of water, gave the best solution. Mr. Wedgwood likewise ascertained that the muriate was more susceptible than the nitrate of silver, and that both were most readily acted upon while wet. He impregnated his paper with the muriate, either by diffusing it through water, and applying it in this form, "or by immersing paper moistened with the solution of the nitrate in very diluted muriatic acid." The impossibility of removing the colouring from the white parts of the pictures, suggested to Mr. Wedgwood the idea that "a portion of the metallic oxide abandons its acid to enter into union with the animal or vegetable substance, so as to form with it an insoluble compound," and he had experiments in view to discover some substance that could destroy this compound either by simple or complicated affinities. "Nothing," he adds, "but a method of preventing the unshaded parts of the delineation from being coloured by exposure to the day, is wanted to render the process as useful as it is elegant."

This beautiful process, which notwithstanding its defects, it

required neither science nor skill to repeat, seems to have excited no interest whatever. The writer of this Article gave a notice of it in a Scottish Journal, so early as 1803, but he has not been able to learn that the experiment of Mr. Wedgewood was repeated. Without knowing what had been done by Mr. Wedgewood, Mr. Henry Fox Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, was led by accidental circumstances to turn his attention to the subject of giving a permanent existence to those beautiful but evanescent pictures, which the camera-obscura presents to our view. Recollecting that nitrate of silver was changed or decomposed by light, he began, early in 1834, that series of experiments which led him to the beautiful art which now bears his name. Anxious to perfect the new art which he had discovered, Mr. Talbot continued his experiments till the year 1839, when he communicated to the Royal Society *Some Account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing, or the process by which natural objects may be made to delineate themselves without the aid of the artist's pencil*. In this paper, which was read to the Society on the 31st January 1839, several months before M. Daguerre had published his photogenic processes, Mr. Talbot enumerates the various purposes to which the new art could be applied; but it was not till the 21st February that he communicated to the Society his process for preparing the paper, and his method of fixing the images. A sheet of superfine writing paper (of a good firm quality and smooth surface) is dipped into a weak solution of common salt (muriate of soda) and wiped dry. A solution of nitrate of silver, namely, a saturated solution six or eight times diluted with water, is spread with a brush over one surface only, and the paper when dry is fit for use. When leaves of flowers, lace, engravings, &c., are laid upon the nitrated surface of the paper and exposed to the sun, very perfect images of them are obtained, the lights and shades being reversed, or, what is the same thing, the pictures are delineated by white in place of black lines, or are *negative* pictures. In like manner, the pictures thrown upon the nitrated paper placed in the focus of a camera-obscura are negatively delineated. In order to fix these pictures, or prevent the white lines and portions from being blackened by exposure to light, Mr. Talbot first washed them with iodide of potassium greatly diluted with water; but the method which he proposed, as being safer and simpler, was to immerse the picture in a strong solution of common salt, and then to dry it after wiping off the superfluous moisture.

At this period Mr. Talbot's pictures were *negative*, like those of Mr. Wedgewood, but yet he has distinctly shown how *positive* pictures, or those in which the lights and shades are given as in nature, may be obtained.

"In copying engravings," says Mr. Talbot, "by this method, the

lights and shadows are reversed, consequently the effect is wholly altered. But if the picture so obtained is first *preserved* (fixed) so as to bear sunshine, it may be afterwards itself employed as an object to be copied, and by means of this second process *the lights and shadows are brought back* to their original disposition. In this way we have indeed to contend with the imperfections arising from two processes instead of one; but I believe this will be found merely a difficulty of manipulation.”*

The communications of Mr. Talbot to the Royal Society could not fail to draw the attention of philosophers to so curious an art, and we accordingly find that the Rev. J. B. Reade, F.R.S., a gentleman to whom the sciences owe valuable obligations, had made important additions to the photogenic processes, and had himself applied them to the delineation of objects of natural history, of which he took pictures by the solar microscope. The following process was communicated by Mr Reade, on the 9th of March 1839, to E. W. Brayley, Esq., who explained the process and exhibited the drawings referred to at one of the soirées of the London Institution on the 10th April 1839.

“The more important process, and one probably different from any hitherto employed, consists in washing good writing paper with a strong solution of nitrate of silver, containing not less than 8 grs. to every drachm of distilled water. The paper thus prepared is placed in the dark, and allowed to dry gradually. When perfectly dry, and just before it is used, I wash it with an infusion of galls prepared according to the Pharmacopeia, and immediately, *even while it is yet wet*, throw upon it the image of microscopic objects by means of the solar microscope.

“It will be unnecessary for me to describe the effect, as I am able to illustrate it by drawings thus produced. I will only add, with respect to the *time*, that the drawing of the *flea* was perfected in less than five minutes, and the section of cane, and the spiral vessels of the stalk of common rhubarb, in about eight or ten minutes. These drawings were fixed by hyposulphite of soda. They may also be fixed by immersing them for a few minutes in weak salt and water, and then, for the same time, in a weak solution of hydriodate of potash. The drawing of the *Trientalis Europea* was fixed by the latter method: it was procured in half a minute, and the difference in the colour of the ground is due to this rapid and more powerful action of the solar rays. This paper may be successfully used in the camera-obscura.

“Farther experiments must determine the nature of this very sensitive argentine preparation. I presume that it is a gallate or tannate of silver, and, if so, it will be interesting to you to know that what has hitherto been looked upon as a common chemical compound is

* London and Edin. Phil. Mag. March 1839. No. 88, vol. xiv. p. 208.

produced or suspended at pleasure by our command over the rays of light."

This process cannot fail to be considered as highly honourable to the ingenuity of Mr. Reade. The first public use of the infusion of nut-galls, which, as we shall see, is an essential element in Mr. Talbot's patented process, appears to be due to Mr. Reade, and his process of fixing his pictures by hyposulphite of soda, which has since been universally used as the best, and was afterwards suggested in 1840 by Sir John Herschel, must be regarded as an invaluable addition to the photographic art.

Notwithstanding the great beauty of the drawings which Mr. Talbot obtained by the process which he published, the art was still far from being perfect. The discovery of a paper highly sensitive to light was essentially necessary to the production of portraits from the life, and even of accurate pictures of buildings and landscapes, in which the lights and shadows are constantly changing both from the motion of the sun and of the clouds. Mr. Talbot accordingly directed himself anew to this part of his subject, and he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He discovered a process by which paper could be made so sensitive that it was darkened in five or six seconds when held close to a wax candle, and gave impressions of leaves by the light of the moon.

To this most important invention Mr. Talbot gave the name of *Calotype*, which his friends have now changed into the more appropriate name of *Talbotype*, and he secured the exclusive privilege of using it by a patent for England, which was sealed on the 8th February 1841. The following is the patent process for obtaining the *negative* picture:—Take a sheet of paper with a smooth surface and a close and even texture (and without the water-mark), and wash one side of it, by means of a soft camel's-hair brush, with a solution composed of 100 grains of crystallized nitrate of silver dissolved in 6 oz. of distilled water, having previously marked with a cross the side which is to be washed. When the paper has been dried cautiously at the fire, or spontaneously in the dark, immerse it for a few minutes (two minutes at a temperature of 65°,) in a solution of *iodide of potassium*, consisting of 500 grains to one pint of distilled water. The paper is then to be dipped in water, and then dried by applying blotting paper to it lightly, and afterwards exposing it to the heat of a fire, or allowing it to dry spontaneously. The paper thus prepared is called *iodized paper*, and may be kept for any length of time in a portfolio not exposed to light. When a sheet of this paper is required for use, wash it with the following solution, which we shall call No. 1,—take 100 grains of *nitrate of silver* dissolved in

two ounces of distilled water, and add to this *one-third* of its volume of strong *acetic acid*. Make another solution, No. 2, by dissolving crystallized *gallic acid* in cold distilled water, and then mix the two solutions together in equal proportions, and in no greater quantity than is required for immediate use, as it will not keep long without spoiling. This mixture, called *gallo-nitrate of silver* by the patentee, is then to be spread by a soft camel's-hair brush on the marked side of the iodized paper, and after allowing the paper to remain half a minute to absorb the solution, it should be dipped in distilled water and dried lightly, first with blotting paper, and then by holding the paper at a considerable distance from a fire. When dry the paper is fit for use, and it is advisable to use it within a few hours.

The paper thus prepared is highly sensitive to light, and it must now be placed in the camera-obscura in order to receive on its marked surface a distinct image of the landscape or person whose picture is required. After remaining in the camera from 10 seconds to several minutes, according to the intensity of the light, it is taken out of the camera in a dark room. If the object has been strongly illuminated, or if the paper has been long in the camera, a sensible picture will be seen on the paper; but if the time of exposure has been short, or the illumination feeble, the paper will "appear entirely blank." An invisible image, however, is impressed on the paper, and may be rendered visible by the following process:—"Take some of the gallo-nitrate of silver, and with a soft camel's-hair brush wash the paper all over with this liquid, then hold it before a gentle fire, and in a short time the image will begin to appear, and those parts upon which the light has acted most strongly will become brown or black, while the others remain white. The image continues to grow more and more distinct for some time, and when it becomes sufficiently so the operation must be terminated, and the picture fixed. In order to effect this the paper must be dipped, first into water, then partly dried by blotting paper, and afterwards washed with a solution of *bromide of potassium*, consisting of 100 grains of the salt dissolved in 8 or 10 ounces of water. The picture is then finally washed in water and dried as before. In place of *bromide of potassium* a strong solution of *common salt* may be used."

By this process we get a *negative* picture, and from it any number of positive pictures may be obtained in the following manner:—"Dip a sheet of good paper in a solution of common salt, consisting of 1 part of a saturated solution to 8 parts of water, and dry it first with blotting paper, and then spontaneously. Mark one of its sides, and wash that side with a solution of nitrate of silver, which we shall call No. 3, consisting of 80

grains of salt to 1 oz. of distilled water. When this paper is dry, place it with its marked side uppermost on a flat board or surface of any kind, and above it put the *negative* picture, which should be pressed against the *nitrate* or positive paper by means of a glass plate and screws. In the course of 10 or 15 minutes of a bright sunshine, or of several hours of common daylight, a fine positive picture will be found on the paper beneath the negative picture. When this picture has been well washed or soaked in water, it is washed over with the solution of *bromide of potassium* already mentioned, or plunged in a strong solution of *common salt*.

As all the inequalities and imperfections of the paper on which a negative picture is formed, are copied on the positive picture which it yields, attempts have been made to obtain positive pictures by a single process. This was first effected by Dr. Fyfe, of King's College, Aberdeen, and M. Lussaigne of Paris; and Mr. Talbot has included a process of this kind in his specification: We have in our possession one of the pictures taken by Mr. Talbot by this process; but though it has the advantage of giving sharper lines than the double process, it is greatly inferior to it, and is not likely ever to come into general use. All the copies of pictures which it yields are reversed, and all its portraits and landscapes reversed; but the principal objections to its use are *two*: It requires such a length of time that portraits could not easily be taken by it, and even when we do obtain a good picture, we cannot multiply it as in the double process.

The following is the *single* process, as contained in Mr. Talbot's specification:—

"A sheet of calotype paper is exposed to the daylight for a few seconds, or until a visible discoloration or browning of its surface takes place; then it is to be dipped into a solution of *iodide of potassium*, consisting of 500 grains to one pint of *water*. The visible discoloration is apparently removed by this immersion; such, however, is not really the case, for if the solution was dipped into a solution of *gallo-nitrate of silver*, it would speedily blacken all over. When the paper is removed from the *iodide of potassium*, it is washed with water, and then dried with blotting paper. It is then placed in the camera-obscura, and after five or ten minutes it is removed therefrom, and washed with gallo-nitrate of silver, and warmed as before directed. An image of a positive kind is thereby produced, and represents the lights of objects by lights, and the shades by shades, as required."

The property of *hydriodate of potash*, to whiten paper that has been darkened by exposure to light, was observed about the same time by Mr. Hunt, Dr. Fyfe, Sir J. Herschel, Mr. Talbot, and M. Lussaigne. Mr. Hunt, in particular, has paid much attention to the photographic processes founded upon this peculiarity of the hydriodate, and has published the results of his

inquiries in a very interesting paper, which appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* for September 1840. He has more recently resumed the subject in his very valuable and interesting volume, entitled, *Researches on Light*, and has there given an explanation of the best method of preparing a good photographic paper, "on which, by the united agency of the hydriodate and the solar rays, perfect pictures may be produced in the camera or otherwise, having their lights and shadows correct as in nature." This branch of photography is more curious than useful; for though the pictures may be perfectly fixed, and retain their colour as long as they are kept in a portfolio, and but *occasionally* exposed to sun-light, yet, when they are occasionally kept in the light, and exposed to the free action of the atmosphere, they gradually fade, and in the course of a few weeks not a trace of the picture is to be seen.

Various photographic processes, under various names, such as the Cyanotype, the Siderotype, the Chrysotype, the Energia-type, the Platinotype, the Aurotype, the Chromatype, the Catalysotype, have been described by different authors; but notwithstanding the ingenuity which they display, and the beauty of the results which some of them yield, they are all of inferior value to the *Talbotype*, which, though it has been rendered more perfect since its first publication, by Mr. Talbot himself, and by other philosophers—and is doubtless still susceptible of further improvement—will, we are persuaded, continue to be the favourite photographic process, when the sun-pictures are to be received on paper. We shall therefore confine ourselves to this valuable form of the art, and give our readers some account of the improvements which it has received since Mr. Talbot's first specification appeared.

The earliest improvements upon the *Calotype* process, as given in Mr. Talbot's *first* patent, were made by Mr. Talbot himself, who secured his exclusive use of them by a *second* patent, which was sealed on the 1st June, 1843. In order to remove the yellow tint from the negative picture, Mr. Talbot plunges it for ten minutes in an almost boiling solution of hyposulphite of soda in ten times its weight of water. When washed in warm water and dried, the picture is placed upon a hot iron, and wax melted into the pores of the paper, to increase its transparency. Mr. Talbot also recommends that a warm iron be placed behind the calotype paper while in the camera, to increase its sensibility. In order to simplify the process by dispensing with the second wash, Mr. Talbot washes the *iodized paper* with *gallic acid*, and thus obtains *io-gallic paper*, which requires only to be washed with the solution of *nitrate of silver*, before it is put into the camera. The picture, though generally invisible, rapidly *developes itself* when removed from the camera, requiring no

farther care than ultimately to fix it. "Instead of gallic acid," Mr. Talbot observes, "sulphate of iron answers the same purpose perfectly." He mentions, also, that *Tannin*, and other substances, such as *tea*, may be substituted for gallic acid, and he defines the *Calotype* and *Talbotype* process as depending on a combination of iodine, silver, and a deoxydizing agent. As a still farther simplification of his process, Mr. Talbot washes iodized paper with a mixture of 26 parts of a saturated solution of gallic acid, and one part of the ordinary solution of nitrate of silver. It may then be dried without the fear of spoiling, may be kept a little time, and used without further preparation.

In order to improve photographic drawings, Mr. Talbot keeps them twice the usual time in the sun, so that the shadows are too dark, and the lights not white. The drawing is then washed, and plunged for one or two minutes in a solution of *iodide of potassium*, of the strength of 500 grains to a pint of water.* It is then washed, and plunged into a hot bath of *hyposulphite of soda*, till the proper tints are obtained. Mr. Talbot also improves his positive pictures by *waxing them, and placing white or coloured paper behind them*.†

Various changes, and some improvements have been made upon the processes adopted by Mr. Talbot. Mr. Hunt has given us the following account of some of these:—

"Mr. Channing of Boston appears to have been the first to publish any method by which the calotype process could be simplified. This gentleman directs that the paper be washed over with sixty grains of crystallized nitrate of silver in one ounce of water, and when dry, with a solution of ten grains of the iodide of potassium in one ounce of water. It is then to be washed with water, and dried between blotting papers. It is now fit for use. A paper of a more sensitive kind is stated by the same authority, to be prepared by using a mixed solution of five grains of the iodide of potassium, and five grains of the chloride of sodium in an ounce of water. My own experience enables me to say that but little, if any, improvement can be made upon these proportions. A much weaker solution of the nitrate may be used, and this, on the score of economy, is important. The most

* The removal of every portion of iodine from the negative pictures is essentially necessary to their giving numerous copies. "This arises," says Mr. Talbot, "from the chemical fact, that solar light and a minute portion of iodine, acting together (though neither of them separately,) are able to decompose the oxide of silver, and form a colourless iodide of the metal."—*Pencil of Nature*, No. VI., Plate xxiv.

† Mr. Talbot has included in his second patent, a method of *Photographic printing*, and of *Photographic publication*. Letters are cut out of a transparent page and sorted, they are then put up in words, cemented and copied photographically; and in *Photographic publication* he makes good negative drawings on papers prepared with salt (3 or 4 oz. to 1 gallon of water) and the ammonio nitrate of silver, (50 grains of nitrate to 1 oz. of water, ammonia being added to form a precipitate, and redissolving the same, leaving the solution clear), and having fixed them he takes positive drawings from the negative copies as usual.

satisfactory preparations which I have yet employed are the bromide of silver, formed by washing paper first with a solution of silver, as above, and then with a solution of twenty grains of the bromide of potassium in one ounce of water; and, as I have before stated, the formobenzoate of ammonia and silver, formed by washing the paper first with the formobenzoate, in the proportion of fifteen grains of the salt to one ounce of water, and then with the nitrate of silver, as above. In good sunshine an edifice may be beautifully copied by either of the two last processes in a minute, and by the others in about two minutes. To preserve these pictures of a clear white, it is advisable that they should be soaked in water for a minute, previously to the application of the gallic acid.

"Dr. Ryan has shown the necessity of some care in the use of the iodide of potassium, into a solution of which Mr. Talbot recommends the nitrated paper to be placed for a few minutes. If the paper is left too long in such a solution, the iodide of silver will be dissolved, that salt being soluble in an excess of iodide of potassium. Simply passing the paper through the solution appears to answer every purpose effectually. Mr. Collen has modified Mr. Talbot's process, by brushing over the paper with a weak solution of the ammonio-nitrate of silver, and in using the same solution in combination with the gallic acid, instead of the nitrate of silver. It does not, however, appear to me that any advantage is gained by this mode of proceeding. A careful adjustment of the best proportions of the ingredients recommended by Mr. Fox Talbot, will be found to afford better results in a shorter time."—*Researches, &c.*, pp. 66-68.

Instead of dipping the sensitive paper in distilled water, after it has been washed with the strong solution, No. 1, Dr. Adamson of St. Andrews has avoided this by weakening that solution with *four* times its bulk of distilled water, and taking off the superfluous moisture by blotting paper.*

Among the improvements of the Talbotype we may enumerate the introduction of sulphate of iron in place of gallic acid. This improvement we owe to Mr. Hunt, who published an account of his process in the *Athenæum* for June and July 1844, under the name of the *Energatype*, which consisted in using *nitrate of silver* and *succinic acid*, and in developing the picture by *protosulphate of iron*. At the meeting of the British Association at York in 1845, Mr. Hunt exhibited, under the name of *Ferrotypes*, pictures produced by using *every salt of silver*, and developed by *iron*. At the same meeting Dr. Woods of Parsonstown communicated another photographic process, under the name of *Electrolysotype*, (afterwards changed to *Catalysotype*,) in which *ioduret of iron* was substituted for *iodide of potassium*, and which he states to have all the beauty and quickness of the

* Mr. W. Furlong prepared his iodized paper by simply washing the paper in a solution of *iodide of silver*, in a strong solution of *iodide of potassium*, and thus produced very fine Talbotypes.

Calotype, without a tenth of its trouble and very little of its uncertainty. In this process the paper is steeped in *water* to which hydrochloric acid has been added, in the proportion of two drops to three ounces. When well wet it is washed over with a mixture of the syrup of *ioduret of iron* half a drachm, water $2\frac{1}{2}$ drachms, *tincture of iodine* 1 drop. When this was imbibed and the paper dried lightly with bibulous paper, and removed to a dark room, it was next washed over evenly by a camel's-hair brush with a solution of nitrate of silver, 10 grains to the ounce of distilled water. "The paper," says Dr. Woods, "is now ready for the camera. The sooner it is used the better, as when the ingredients are not rightly mixed, it is liable to spoil by keeping. The time I generally allow the paper to be exposed in the camera varies from two to thirty seconds; in clear weather without sunshine the medium is about fifteen seconds. For portraits out of doors, in the shade on a clear day, the time for sitting is from ten to fifteen seconds." When the paper is taken from the camera the picture is visible, but in the dark it is gradually developed. Dr. Woods recommends for fixing it *bromide of potassium* 15 or 20 grains to the ounce of water, or *iodide of potassium* 5 grains to the ounce. The picture is then to be well washed as usual. Having discovered some imperfections in this process, Dr. Woods found the following proportions to give very fine negative pictures. Mix *syrup of ioduret of iron* and *distilled water* each 2 drachms, and *tincture of iodine* 10 or 12 drops. Brush over the paper with the solution, and after a few minutes, having dried it with blotting paper, wash it over in the dark, before exposure in the camera, with a solution of 1 drachm of nitrate of silver in 1 ounce of pure water. This process gives a darker picture than the original one, and it requires no previous steeping in an acid solution. If the picture should blacken in the dark, too much caustic has been used; if it remains yellow, or is speckled with yellow spots, too much iodine; and if marked with black spots, too much iron.*

A new photographic process of very high pretensions has been recently submitted to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and published in the *Comptes Rendus* for July 1847. It has since been reprinted in a separate pamphlet, with notes by M. Lerebours, and

* In using the protosulphate of iron, M. Claudet found the following process to be the best. Wash Mr. Talbot's iodized paper with a solution of the protosulphate of iron, 30 grains to 1 ounce of water, and 2 drachms of acetic acid. After this wash with nitrate of silver, 50 grains to the ounce, and when the picture is taken, develop it by the same solution of sulphate of iron, and fix with the hyposulphite of soda.—The following is another form of the process. Wash the iodized paper in a mixture consisting of one part of Glacial acetic acid to seven parts of a solution of nitrate of silver, 50 grains to an ounce of water. Blot with bibulous paper, expose in the camera, and develop the picture with a solution of sulphate of iron, 20 grains to 1 ounce, 6 parts, and 2 parts of Glacial acetic acid. Finally, wash in water, and fix with a saturated solution of hyposulphite of soda.

has thus apparently received the approbation of the Academy, and of its eminent annotator, as a new art. The author of the process, M. Blanquart-Evrard, places a sheet of fine letter paper on the surface of a solution of 1 grain of nitrate of silver to 80 grains of distilled water. After remaining a minute on this bath, it is taken out by one of its angles, and the excess of fluid allowed to drop from it. It is then dried slowly upon any smooth surface, such as a board, or an inclined piece of paste-board. It is then plunged entirely for one and a half or two minutes in a solution of 25 parts of *iodide of potassium*, 1 part of *bromine*, and 560 parts of distilled water. It is then taken out by two corners, washed well in distilled water, and suspended on a horizontal string by one of its corners till it is dry. The fluids employed may be collected into bottles, covered with black paper, for future use, and the paper or papers thus made may be kept for months in a portfolio. In order to take a photograph, pour upon a glass plate well levelled, some drops of a solution of 6 grains of nitrate of silver, 32 of distilled water, and 11 of acetic acid; and after it has stood an hour, add other 32 grains of distilled water. Place upon this fluid surface the side of the paper which was laid upon the first solution of nitrate of silver, and stretch the paper so as to imbibe throughout its substance the new solution, and adhere perfectly to the glass without any interposed bubbles of air. When this is done, cover it with several leaves* of very clean paper, previously dipped in distilled water. Upon these sheets of soaked paper, place another plate of glass of the same size as the first, and press them strongly together till they form one mass. The lower or sensitive surface is then exposed as usual in the camera, and after the paper has received the impression of the object, it is to be taken out of the frame, placed upon a wetted plate of glass or porcelain, with its sensitive side uppermost, and a saturated solution of gallic acid poured upon it. The picture will instantly appear, and the acid may remain upon it till all the details are brought out. The picture must then be washed to remove the gallic acid, and then fixed by pouring upon it a solution of 1 part of *bromide of potash*, in 40 parts of distilled water, which must remain upon it a quarter of an hour. It is then to be well washed, and when perfectly dried it is rendered more transparent by scraping upon its surface a quantity of bees' wax, and melting it with a hot iron, several sheets of paper being interposed. Mr. Evrard's process for taking positive portraits from this negative picture differs in no respect from that of Mr. Talbot, excepting that in salting the paper for two or three minutes in a mixture of 3 parts of a saturated solution of salt, with 10 parts of distilled water, (which we think too strong,) he places

* One leaf will be sufficient if it is thick enough.

merely the surface upon the mixture. After being well dried by blotting paper, the same surface is to be *immediately* placed upon a solution of 1 part of *nitrate of silver* and 5 parts of distilled water. It is then dried and ready for use.

We have thus given minutely the process of M. Blanquart-Evrard, which we are persuaded all our readers will regard as an indefensible plagiarism of Mr. Talbot's process. The solutions are all the same, with the trifling variation in the proportions of the ingredients, if we except the one part of *bromide of potassium* used in the negative process. The methods, too, are the same, with this difference merely, that the paper is laid upon the solutions, in place of being brushed over with them, and the completion of the negative by waxing it, and the interposition of a plate of glass in front of the paper in the camera, are also Mr. Talbot's inventions. Mr. Talbot's name is *never once mentioned*, and the unlearned reader would doubtless suppose, that M. Blanquart-Evrard was the discoverer of the Talbotype! He speaks, indeed, of the multiplication of processes to infinity, by a great number of savans, but he mentions no individual, and affirms that, owing to the absence of principle in the preparation of the paper, all their attempts have been fruitless!!

Such is a brief account of the various processes which have been regarded as improvements on the Talbotype. We cannot, from our own experience, venture to say that they are all inferior to the original process of Mr. Talbot, or that they contain no important additions to the chemical agents which he employs, or to the methods of manipulation which he used; but we can positively affirm, without the fear of contradiction, that the fine pictures executed by Mr. Talbot himself, which have been chiefly taken from works of art, public buildings, and landscape scenes, and the portraits executed in Scotland, by Messrs. Adamson and Hill, and several private individuals, and in London by Mr. Collen, have not been surpassed, and we believe scarcely equalled, by those of any other persons who have employed processes different from that of Mr. Talbot. In referring for a proof of this to the different numbers of the *Pencil of Nature*, published by Mr. Talbot, in which the plates are impressed by the agency of light alone, without any aid whatever from the artist's pencil, we cannot withhold our admiration of the genius and patience with which he has overcome difficulties which many of his friends thought to be unsurmountable in the production of such a work. The large volumes of Talbotypes published by Messrs. Adamson and Hill, at the price of £40 or £50 each, and now in the possession of one or two of the most distinguished artists in London, evince also the perfection of Mr. Talbot's process, while the beautiful Talbotype miniatures of Mr. Henry Collen, touched up and im-

proved by that eminent artist, show how much is yet to be accomplished by the application of artistic skill to the original productions of the solar pencil.

In treating of an art so beautiful and enchanting as the Talbotype undoubtedly is, we are unwilling to speak of its defects. In the delineation of fixed objects we consider it as nearly perfect—and it is to such objects that Mr. Talbot himself has applied it; but when it is employed to take portraits, particularly those of children and females, it invariably presents us with unsatisfactory results. Even if the sitter were motionless, the picture, though perfect in its outlines, would still fail to represent the delicate lines and shades of the human countenance. This defect is so great, as to deter many persons from sitting for their portraits; for when the other defects, arising from the unsteadiness of the sitter, and the painful expression which arises from exposure to strong light, are added to the picture, it is often a hideous likeness, even when female beauty has submitted to its martyrdom. This defect arises, to a certain extent, from the rough grain, so to speak, of the paper, and also to its imperfect transparency—for in the positive picture every imperfection of the paper is copied, and every luminous point re-appears as a black one—so that the positive picture has the appearance of being stippled, as it were, with grains of sand, which give a painful coarseness to the human face.

Some attempts have been made, and not without success, to remedy these imperfections. Mr. Talbot himself, in his second patent, proposes to improve the positive photographs by waxing them, and placing white or coloured paper behind them. Sir David Brewster, who has made many experiments on this branch of the art, recommends soaking them with varnish or oils; but in order to bring out the full effect of this application, he places the negative picture on the wrong or unnitrated side of the paper which is to receive the positive, and he exposes it twice or thrice the usual time to the sun's light. When the negative is removed, the positive picture, seen by reflected light, is of an unsatisfactory grey colour; but when looked at by transmitted light, it is a strong and powerful picture, the silver having *been drawn by the action of light from the nitrated side* into the interior or substance of the paper, in which the picture is actually formed. After being fixed, and well dried, the picture is now to be made transparent with certain varnishes or oils; and when it has imbibed these varnishes or oils equally, the grey colour of the surface disappears, and the interior picture is seen as if it were on the surface, with its natural harshness singularly softened. When the picture is placed upon a sheet of white paper, its softened tints appear to great advantage, and it loses all resemblance to an ordinary sun-picture. It is, as it were, a solid picture; each atom of silver with which it is depicted being seen through a certain thickness

of the translucent paper, and therefore, from that cause, greatly softened.* Pictures thus formed, may, like the waxed positives of Mr. Talbot, be improved, or rather varied, in their character, by placing coloured paper behind them; but the transparent condition of the paper has enabled Sir David Brewster to give to these pictures all the effect of colouring without touching the picture itself. To do this accurately, it was necessary to place behind the principal picture a *very faint copy* of the same picture so as to coincide with it with mathematical accuracy. An accomplished photographer had, for a different purpose, endeavoured, without success, to obtain on the same folded sheet of paper two perfectly coincident negatives, and it was after learning from him his failure that Sir David Brewster was led to the following method of effecting it:—Take a quarto sheet of paper, and let it be required to place upon the inner sides of it, A, A', (when it is folded into two octavo leaves,) two perfectly coincident negatives from an octavo positive, whose face or right side we may designate by P, and its back by Q. Having immersed the paper A, A' in the nitrate solution, and dried it, place the octavo positive within it, as if it were a third leaf, and attach it with gum-water by a slender paper hinge at its upper and lower edge. Turn the face P of the positive upon the side A of the paper A', having protected the other face from the sun's light by a sheet of black paper; place a glass plate above it, and take a picture from the positive P Q, upon the side A. Take off the glass plate carefully, remove the black paper from A, and turn round the positive P Q, till its back is upon the other face A' of the nitrated paper, and its face P uppermost, and exposed to the sun. Protect the negative picture already formed upon A', by covering it with the black paper; place the glass plate over the whole, and take another picture upon A' by exposing the face P of the positive to the sun. When it is finished, and taken out of the glass frame, wash it, and fix it in the usual manner. The result will be two perfectly coincident negatives, one on the face A, and the

* Thick paper, or thin Bristol board, may be advantageously used, and soaked in the solution of the nitrate, or ammonia-nitrate of silver. If, instead of immersing the paper in the solution, we first nitrate one side, A, of the paper, and afterwards the other side, B, the nitrate of silver passes from B to A in drying, so that a picture taken on the side B is grey, exactly like one taken on the wrong side B, when A alone is nitrated. When the paper has been soaked in the nitrate solution, it is almost impossible to get an equally strong picture on both sides of it. The action of the light on one side draws the nitrate from the other.

The process above described, admits of several useful variations. We may take a reversed picture on the nitrated side, by laying the negative upon its back, and after it is varnished, the reversed side may be placed upon white paper, so that the picture is softened by passing through the whole thickness of the paper. The same process may be adopted upon paper soaked in the nitrate.

other on A'. By placing nitrated paper between the two leaves A and A', and exposing both to the sun by placing them between two plates of glass, and making them revolve by the untwisting of a cord, or otherwise exposing them equally to the sun's light, a fine positive picture will be formed on both sides, and throughout the mass of the positive paper. By the same process, *mutatis mutandis*, or by means of a *double* negative, two coincident positives may be formed on the same sheet of paper, the one strong to form the positive, and the other very faint to receive the colours, which, when the two are pressed together with glass in front, will shine through the principal positive with a very fine effect. If we use a double negative to produce the double positive, it may be done by taking a sheet for the double positive longer than the sheet containing the double negative, making a slit along the line of folding, and bringing through that slit the second leaf of the double negative.

Another method, which may be combined with the preceding, of producing very soft and agreeable positive pictures, has been successfully used by Sir David Brewster. He places between the negative and the nitrated paper *one, two, or even three* sheets of fine letter paper, and he sometimes places the back of the negative upon the nitrated paper, which gives a reverse portrait. In all these cases, the light which passes through the white portions or through bright specks in the negative has diffused itself before it reaches the nitrated paper; and in place of producing sharp black points and lines, it gives a penumbral shading of great softness and beauty. If a *thin sheet* of glass is interposed between the negative and the nitrated paper, a picture is obtained, which, like the oil paintings of some good masters, produces its effect only at a distance, the lines of the picture being ill-defined and shadowy, when we view the picture closely. This method of interposing sheets of paper, &c., between the negative and the nitrated surface, protects the negatives from injury, and prevents the positives from being entirely blackened or over-sunned by too long exposure. It is of special advantage when we use waxed negatives.

Having thus given our readers some account of the Talbotype, and of the art of taking sun pictures upon paper, an invention wholly English, and wholly due to the genius of Mr. Talbot, we shall now proceed to give a similar account of the Daguerreotype, an invention wholly French, and the most important improvements upon which we owe to French artists and French philosophers.

In the year 1814, M. Nicephorus Niepcé of Chalons sur Saone, had directed his attention to *Heliography*, as he called it, or to the

subject of fixing the pictures in the camera-obscura by the agency of light. He had discovered the remarkable property which light possesses of either *solidifying*, or of *diminishing the solubility* of certain resinous substances, according to the duration or intensity of its action, and he was thus led to the following heliographic process :—

“ I fill a wine-glass half full with pulverized *asphaltum*. I pour upon it, drop by drop, the essential oil of lavender, till the bitumen can absorb no more. I afterwards add as much more of the essential oil as will cause the whole to stand about three lines above the mixture, which is then covered and submitted to a gentle heat, until the essential oil is fully impregnated with the colouring matter of the bitumen. If this varnish is not of the required consistency, it is to be allowed to evaporate slowly, without heat, in a shallow dish, care being taken to protect it from moisture, by which it is injured, and at last decomposed. A tablet of plated silver is to be highly polished, on which a thin coating of the varnish is to be applied cold, with a light roll of very soft skin ; this will impart to it a fine vermilion colour, and cover it with a very thin and equal coating. The plate is then placed upon heated iron, which is wrapped round with several folds of paper, from which, by this means, all moisture has been previously expelled. When the varnish has ceased to simmer, the plate is withdrawn from the heat, and left to cool and dry in a gentle temperature, and protected from a damp atmosphere.

“ The plate thus prepared may be immediately submitted to the action of the luminous fluid, in the focus of the camera. But even after having been thus exposed a length of time sufficient for receiving the impressions of external objects, nothing is apparent to show that these impressions exist. The forms of the future picture remain still invisible. The next operation, then, is to disengage the shrouded imagery, and this is accomplished by a solvent.”

This solvent consists of a mixture of one part by volume of the essential oil of lavender, and ten of oil of white petroleum. A vessel being procured of a sufficient size, enough of this solvent to cover the plate is poured into it.

“ Into this liquid the tablet is plunged, and the operator, observing it by reflected light, begins to perceive the images of the objects to which it had been exposed gradually unfolding their forms, though still veiled by the supernatant fluid, continually becoming darker from saturation with varnish. The plate is then lifted out, and held in a vertical position till as much as possible of the solvent has been allowed to drop away.”

The silver plate is now carefully washed, by being placed upon an inclined plane, over which a stream of water is made to run, in order to clear away the remaining solvent that may adhere to

the varnish. In this process the light has solidified the varnish, and the parts upon which the shadows fell being more soluble, will be more acted upon by the solvent. On the recommendation of Daguerre, Niepce substituted *Iodine* for his varnish, and Daguerre improved the process by using the resin of the essential oil of lavender, dissolved in alcohol, and by exposing the silver plate to the vapour of petroleum instead of washing it with the oil of lavender and petroleum solvent. The substitution of a film of iodine for a varnish, which failed in the hands of Niepce, became the foundation of Daguerre's success, and having once obtained a material so sensitive to the action of light, the French artist overcame all the other difficulties with which he had been surrounded.

While occupied with these interesting researches, M. Niepce died in 1833, and on the 14th June 1837 his son, M. Joseph Isidore Niepce, entered into a new agreement with M. Daguerre, that they should carry on their heliographic inquiries for their mutual benefit, and that the process should bear the name of Daguerre as its sole inventor. M. Niepce pursued his father's process without making any essential improvement upon it, while Daguerre brought his own to such perfection that the old process was entirely abandoned. The discovery of Daguerre was announced in 1839, and the extreme beauty of the pictures he exhibited at once surprised and delighted the scientific world. M. Arago, whose great discoveries on light entitled him to the confidence of the inventor, was intrusted with Daguerre's secret, and with that devotion to science, and to the interests of its cultivators, which we desire to see more frequent among philosophers, he resolved that while France had the honour of so great a discovery, it should also have the higher glory of rewarding and honouring the discoverer, and of making it a present to the whole civilized world. With these objects in view he persuaded the French Government to give Daguerre an annual pension of 6000 francs, (£500,) and Niepce a pension of 4000 francs, (£333.)* The bill received the unanimous assent of both Chambers, and was signed by the King on the 15th June 1839.

While science continues to interest and confer benefits on our species, the noble liberality of the French Government will never be forgotten; but though a grateful posterity may feel and express its gratitude, it will launch its fiercest invectives against the laws and legislature of England, for having wrested from its sub-

* Daguerre himself proposed a reward of 8000 francs, to be equally divided between him and Niepce. The Government assented; but on the ground of Daguerre's having agreed also to publish his secret of *Dioramic painting*, his pension was raised to 6000 francs.

jects the high privilege purchased for them by France, and will reprobate the conduct of those interested men who have bartered for gold the rights and immunities of British genius. When the Daguerrian bill received the Royal signature, Daguerre and Niepcé were the sole possessors of the secret which they had sold for the benefit of the whole world. The artists and men of science in England anticipated with delight the disclosure of the new art, but what was their surprise to find that MM. Daguerre and Niepcé had actually disposed of their invention to parties in England, just in time to enable these parties to secure by patent the exclusive privilege of using it. Mr. Pye, a well-known English artist, had the manliness to remonstrate with M. Daguerre, who, with an effrontery unparalleled, did not scruple to repudiate the declaration made by his friend and benefactor M. Arago, that "France had adopted the discovery, and that *from the first moment she had cherished a pride in liberally bestowing it a gift to THE WHOLE WORLD.*" "If you will take the trouble," replies Daguerre, "to read attentively the articles of agreement between me and the French Government, you will see that the process has been sold, *not to the civilized world, but to the Government of France, for the benefit of MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN!*" "From the first," says M. Arago, "Daguerre perceived *that the payment of a stipulated sum might give to the transaction the base character of a sale;*" and yet, after receiving £500 per annum, and the reversion of one-half of this sum to his widow, he *does sell*, for some paltry equivalent, the right which France had given to every British subject;—and that right has been for eight years protected by the Great Seal of England. Some public-spirited individuals opposed the issue of letters patent before Sir Thomas Wilde, then Her Majesty's Solicitor-General; but their opposition was in vain. The scientific arts of England found no sympathy among the Officers of the Crown, and a patent was granted to Mr. Miles Berry for a *communication from a certain foreigner residing abroad*. That communication was the Daguerreotype process, and that foreigner—we blush to record it—was Daguerre! It is with peculiar satisfaction, however, that we inform our readers, that the same Sir Thomas Wilde, in the capacity of a Judge, has within these few days concurred in the decision of a Jury to set aside the patent. The specification declared it to be *indispensable that, just before the moment of using the plate in the camera, the silver plate should be rubbed lightly with pumice and some nitric acid, whereas, as sworn by the witnesses for the defendant, and as well known to every Daguerreotypist, the operation, lasting from ten to thirty minutes, of putting the coating of iodine on the plate, must follow the application of the acid, and precede the introduction of the plates into the camera.*

Having thus submitted to our readers these historical details, we shall now endeavour to give a very abridged account of the process of the Daguerreotype, as practised and published by its inventor. A plate of silvered copper about the thickness of a shilling, having been well cleaned and polished by rubbing it with a pledget of cotton, fine pumice powder, and dilute nitric acid, is then exposed to the heat of a spirit-lamp placed below it till a strong white coating is formed on the polished surface of the silver. When the plate has been cooled suddenly on a cold slab of metal or of stone, the white coating must be removed by again polishing it several times with dry pumice and cotton, and also three times more with the dilute nitric acid and pumice powder. The silver plate being thus carefully cleaned, is now placed in a box containing iodine, till it is seen, by the light of a candle, to be covered with a golden yellow film of that volatile body. The colour of the plate must neither be pale yellow nor purple yellow, but of an intermediate tint of a gold colour. It is then placed in the camera, care being taken to keep it from light, till a distinct picture of the landscape is formed upon the iodized surface. After remaining in the camera from five minutes to half-an-hour, a period depending on the intensity of the light, the plate is removed from the camera to a metallic box containing in a cup at least 3 oz. of mercury. A spirit-lamp placed below the cup of mercury throws off the mercurial vapour, and in proportion as this vapour deposits itself on the parts of the plate which have been acted upon by the light, in the same proportion is the picture disengaged, as it were, or developed on the surface of the plate by the adhesion of the white mercurial vapour to the different parts which had been impressed with the light, the lights of the picture being drawn or put in, as it were, by the vapour. As soon as the picture appears complete, the plate is placed in a vessel or square trough of sheet copper, containing either a saturated solution of common salt, or a weak solution of hyposulphite of soda. The coating of iodine will thus be dissolved, a result which will be obtained when the yellow colour has quite disappeared, and we have only to pour over it distilled water, hot but not boiling. The drops of water which remain on the plate must be removed by blowing upon them. The picture thus finished is then preserved from dust by placing it in a square of strong pasteboard and covering it with glass; and if the operation has been successfully performed, we shall have a picture almost as perfect in its details as that in the camera-obscura itself, though without any of the colours of nature. The palette of the sun contains only a single colour, and that is white. The shades in its picture are supplied by the black polish of the metallic surface. When this specular surface reflects a luminous object, the white vapour of the mercury ap-

pears in shade, and we thus obtain from the Daguerreotype plate either a positive or a negative picture, according to the light in which it is viewed.

If we judge of an art by the beauty of its productions, we can scarcely deny that the Daguerreotype, as applied to landscapes and inanimate objects, came almost perfect from the hands of its inventor. The time of exposure in the camera was too long to make it applicable to the delineation of living objects; and though M. Arago remarked, "that a very slight advance beyond his present progress will enable M. Daguerre to apply his processes to the execution of portraits from life," yet the acceleration of the process, and the successful delineation of the human form, were effected by the genius of other artists. The first portrait from life taken by the Daguerreotype was taken on the 6th October 1839, by Mr. Walcott of New York, upon a plate about the size of a sixpence, now in the possession of Mr. Johnson of that city, and portraits were afterwards taken by Messrs. Draper, Mapes, Johnson, and others.

The art of taking portraits has been particularly studied, and brought to a high degree of perfection, by M. A. Claudet, who was the first person who discovered, in the beginning of May 1841, an easy and sure method of accelerating the action of light upon the film of iodine, and thus greatly shortening the process. M. Edmund Becquerel had, indeed, shown that one-half of the spectrum, viz., the blue and violet half, had alone the power of *exciting* the iodine, in forming the picture, and that the other half, though destitute of the power of excitation, had the property of *continuing* the action of the blue and violet rays after they had produced a slight effect. • Hence he shortened the time of sitting for a portrait, by keeping it in the camera for a very short time, and completing the action by making the sun's light pass through a red glass, and shine upon the plate for a few minutes. This process, however, was not suited to the professional artist, and we believe is not now practised. M. Claudet's invention could not fail to supersede it. He discovered that the sensitiveness of the iodized plate was increased in a very remarkable degree by the action of the *chloride of iodine* or *bromine*, and when the plate, before it had acquired the appearance of a yellow tint, was held, for about two seconds, over the mouth of a bottle containing either of these chlorides, the vapour spread itself over the iodine film, which soon acquired the proper yellow colour when placed in the iodine box. Various methods of applying these accelerating substances, have been employed. M. Fizeau exposes the iodized plate for a few seconds to a very dilute solution of bromine in water, while others fill a vase with the vapour of bromine and chlorine by means of a syringe, which

shall just contain as much vapour as will coat the plate. The accelerating power of the Iodine or Bromine vapour was so great, that M. Claudet obtained with it pictures in *ten* seconds, which would have required four or five minutes by the original preparation of Daguerre. A new and very ingenious method of giving sensibility to the iodized plate, has been recently proposed by Mr. Bingham. In order to avoid the use of water for dissolving the bromine, he combines bromine with hydrate of lime, and forms a sort of bromide of lime. This may be done by allowing bromine vapour to act upon hydrate of lime for some hours, or more conveniently by placing some of the hydrate at the bottom of a flask, and then putting some of the bromine into a glass capsule, supported a little above the lime, the lower part of the flask being placed in water of the temperature of about 50°. The lime gradually becomes scarlet, like the red iodide of mercury. By slightly colouring the silver plate with the chloro-iodide, and then exposing it for a proper time over the bromide of lime, Mr. Bingham says that pictures may be obtained in a fraction of a second, even late in the afternoon! The accelerating American mixture, prepared by Mr. Walcott, viz., chlorine combined with bromine, and the Hungarian mixture of M. Guerin, which is a compound of bromine, chlorine, and iodine may be obtained in the solid state by a combination with lime, like the bromine colour; but Mr. Bingham greatly prefers the pure bromide of lime as the quickest accelerator yet known.*

Soon after M. Claudet's discovery of the accelerating property of the chlorides of iodine and bromine, M. Gaudin of Paris tried the bromide of iodine without chlorine, and this compound is now generally employed by photographers as highly sensitive, and producing the very best results. When this compound of iodine and bromine is correctly prepared, it is of little consequence whether the plate be exposed a shorter or a longer time to its vapour, which is not the case when they are applied separately. With the bromide of iodine the two ingredients evaporate in due proportion, and provided neither of them be in excess on the plate, the coating will possess its highest degree of sensibility.

The following accelerating solution, which has been kindly communicated to us by its author, Dr. Karsten of Berlin, not only imparts a high degree of sensitiveness to the iodine film, but gives a fine colour to the picture. Make a saturated solu-

* See London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine, October 1846, vol. xxix., p. 287.

tion of *bromine*, on equal parts of fuming nitric and muriatic acids, and then add as much *iodine* as the solution will dissolve. As the iodine enables the liquid to dissolve more bromine, add as much more as it will dissolve. After this addition it will dissolve more iodine, and so on, till the solution is completely saturated with both these bodies. In this concentrated solution the bromine and iodine are so combined, as to be nearly without smell. To *one* part of this solution, add *one-hundred* parts, or thereabouts, of distilled water, till the liquid has the colour of rum, when it will be ready for use. Having iodized the plate to a *rose* colour, expose it to the vapours of the above liquid, till it assumes a *violet* colour, and it will be ready to be placed in the camera.

Notwithstanding the great degree of sensitiveness to light, which the iodized plate receives from these accelerating substances, they have not yet enabled the photographer to carry on his pursuits with artificial light. Dr. Draper indeed obtained an imperfect picture of the moon by the aid of a lens and a heliostate in half-an-hour, upon an iodized plate. In fifteen seconds the flame of a gas-light gave a distinct stain to his plate, when held close to it, and in one minute the impression was strong. A gas-lamp gave a good representation of a figure on a magic lantern's slide, and with Drummond's light, and the Pea light of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, he obtained the same result. Mr. Talbot has found that his *sensitive paper* darkened when held for five or six seconds close to a *wax* candle, and it was so distinctly acted upon by the light of the moon, that he *took impressions of leaves upon it by moonlight*. In 1841, Mr. Goddard, obtained images of busts by gas-light, and by the oxyhydrogen light. Mr. Hunt made similar experiments, and M. Claudet took portraits from nature by the oxyhydrogen light in fifteen or twenty seconds, with an object-glass of short focus; and his own portrait thus taken, was publicly exhibited. He obtained also impressions of black lace by the light of the full moon in two minutes, and *even by the light of the stars* in fifteen minutes. He likewise obtained an image of the moon in his camera in four seconds, in which the shadowed parts of the disc were visible, and in about the same time the image of an alabaster figure by the light of a candle in fifteen minutes, and a similar image by an Argand lamp in five minutes. Mr. Kilburn has more recently obtained well-defined photographic impressions by the light of a *common dip candle* in ten minutes, by the smallest fish-tail burner of coal gas in three minutes, and by an oil lamp (a solar one,) in the same time.

Next in importance to the acceleration of the photographic process is the perfection of the image which is thrown upon the

iodized plate—not of the visible image which is received and seen on the ground glass, but of the invisible image formed by the photogenic rays. M. Claudet has paid much attention to this subject, and has placed it beyond a doubt that the non-coincidence of the luminous and the photogenic focus, was the cause of the many failures which take place. With cameras of single lenses, the photogenic focus is always more distant than the luminous focus; but M. Claudet found, that with some achromatic cameras, in which the coincidence should have been nearly effected, the photogenic focus was *nearer* the lens than the luminous focus. This unlooked-for result he ascertained to be owing to an overcorrection of the chromatic aberration of the less refrangible rays, and he found this “to be generally the case with object-glasses in which, by the excess of the dispersive power of the concave glass, or the irrationality of that dispersion, the extreme rays of the most refrangible part of the spectrum are, during the second refraction, diverged in a greater proportion than they have been converged by the refraction of the convex lens; and these rays being nearly invisible, do not affect the achromatism of the luminous rays.” M. Claudet, therefore, recommends that the rays of the photogenic spectrum should be united in one focus, even at the sacrifice of the achromatism of the more refrangible rays. As the photogenic focus, however, will change its place with the colour and intensity of the light, and with the distance of the object, the photographer should determine experimentally its position in relation to these varying influences.

In many of the early Daguerreotypes the pictures were reversed—that is, the right side of the picture was the left side of the landscape; but this intolerable evil, which does not take place in the Talbotype, was soon corrected—in some cases by reflexion from a glass or metallic mirror, and in others by a prism, which is decidedly the best. As much light, however, is lost by these reflexions, and the time of sitting prolonged, artists have scrupled to correct the reversion of the picture. M. Claudet, indeed, is, so far as we know, the only person who makes a point of correcting the reversion of the picture; and he has placed it beyond a doubt that a picture not reverted, is a more artistic and truthful representation of the individual than a reverted one. We have long been convinced of this truth; and if any person doubts it let him look at the *two sides* of a Calotype made transparent by the process which we have already described, and though the two portraits are mathematically the same, he will see that in the air and even in the likeness, they are essentially different.

By means of these processes, portraits of a very superior

character are now taken professionally by several distinguished artists in the metropolis, by M. Claudet, Mr. Kilburn and Professor Highschool, each of whom have distinguishing excellences of their own. M. Claudet's long experience in the art of Daguerreotyping has enabled him to produce portraits of great beauty and force. The portraits taken by Mr. Kilburn, and coloured by a celebrated Parisian artist, M. Mansion, are exceedingly attractive, while those of Professor Highschool, from America, executed by new processes, and some of them tinted by peculiar methods, exhibit great chemical knowledge, and evince much experience in the practice of his art. He has employed with much success the vapours of cadmium, antimony, arsenic, and also of several metallic alloys, and from his devotion to the subject we have no doubt that he will make still greater additions to the resources of photography. His very interesting series of panoramic views of the Falls of Niagara, were, we believe, the first ever taken by the Daguerreotype.

The Daguerreotype pictures produced by the methods which we have now described, being caused by a slight deposit of mercury, resembling the bloom upon a plum, which is effaced by the slightest touch, could scarcely be regarded as durable or permanent works. In order to remedy this evil, M. Dumas proposed to protect them with some transparent vegetable varnish; but as this coating was not proof against damp and atmospheric influences, it has never been satisfactorily applied. The object, however, which Dumas contemplated has been effected by M. Fizeau, by a very beautiful and simple process. Having covered the silver plate containing the picture with a solution of chloride of gold, mixed with a solution of hyposulphite of soda, in certain proportions, and then exposing the plate to the gentle heat of a spirit-lamp, the metallic gold is precipitated upon the plate, and forms a thin transparent coating, which gives a rich tone to the picture. The gold precipitated on the plate forms an amalgam with the molecules or crystals of mercury, and by adding to their size increases the brilliancy and force of the picture. Other metals have been precipitated by the electrotype process, but the precipitates are less transparent and adhesive. The process of M. Fizeau, besides fixing the picture, enables the artist to colour his portraits—a most desirable result, which could not have been otherwise effected.

To the same ingenious author, M. Fizeau, we owe the beautiful art of reproducing the Daguerreotype pictures by the electrotype process, which was discovered in the same year with the Daguerreotype.* In this new process metals are precipitated

* The process of M. Fizeau was communicated to the Academy of Sciences on the 15th and 24th May, 1841.

from their solution by the action of electricity, the precipitate being deposited on every part of the picture, so that when the metallic film, or plate thus formed, is removed from the surface of the Daguerreotype, it resembles it so exactly that it would be impossible to decide which was the original and which the copy, did we not know previously of what metals they were respectively composed. This perfect resemblance between the original and its impression shows that the Daguerreotype image consists of minute crystals, produced on the surface of the plate by the combined action of the mercury and the iodide of silver, that the lights arise from these reflexions, and that similar reflecting faces are produced on the electrotyped plate.

As the Daguerreotype pictures cannot be multiplied like the Talbotype ones, it became desirable to discover some method of fixing them on the plate by a more permanent tracing than mercurial lines, and to make this plate the means of their reproduction. The first person who partially succeeded in this attempt was M. Donné, who, after covering the edges of the plate with a protecting varnish, poured upon its surface a weak solution of nitric acid. While the pure silver was bitten in by the action of the acid, the other parts, protected by the mercury, remained untouched, provided the action was not long continued. As the impressions given by these etchings were very faint, Dr. Berres of Vienna used the vapour of dilute nitric acid, and applied a varnish to the parts of the plate which required to be protected; but this method, requiring the skill of an artist in laying on the varnish, has been as unsuccessful as that of M. Donné.

The process of etching Daguerreotypes, though considered, after these failures, as beyond the reach of art, has been greatly improved by the agency of electricity. Professor Grove, availing himself of the property of the Voltaic battery to precipitate at the positive pole metals placed at the negative pole, places the Daguerreotype plate at the negative pole, and by the use of solutions which attack the pure silver surface in preference to the amalgamated metal, the biting of the silver is effected after it has been immersed only a few seconds in the battery when put in action. This elegant process, however, owing to the breaking of the delicate coating which protects the silver, is still susceptible of farther improvement.

M. Fizeau, to whom the photographic art is so much indebted, has given us another method of etching the plate. He employs a mixture of nitric acid, nitrous acid, and chlorohydric acid, which attacks the silver and not the mercury. The chloride of silver is formed by the action of the acid upon the silver, and stops its action, but the coating of chloride is removed by a solution of ammonia, and the biting continued by fresh acid.

This operation is repeated till the plate is etched. In order to increase the depth of the etching, M. Fizeau, gilds the white parts, which he does by filling the bitten parts of the silver with a siccative ink. By wiping the surface slightly, the ink fills up only the hollow parts, and the mercury remains perfectly unprotected. He then immerses the plate in an electrotype battery, charged with a solution of gold, and as soon as the contact is established, the gold is precipitated on the white parts only, the greasy ink preventing the precipitation upon the silver. When the gilding is completed, the ink is removed by caustic potash, and the plate again submitted to the action of nitric acid. The etching commenced by the first operation is now continued, the part which is to remain in relief being protected by the gilding. A plate thus etched, will give a great number of very good impressions; but as it would soon be worn by the printing, M. Fizeau, recommends, in order to protect the original, and insure a greater number of copies, that it should be electrotyped, so that from one matrix any number of copper-plates may be produced, and from them any number of copies printed for publication.

We have already seen that the sun carries upon his palette only one colour. He paints but with china ink, or with bistre. From the pure white of his virgin beam, he refuses to disenchain the mystic hues which it embosoms and combines. The gay colours of the natural world, whether they sparkle in leaf or in flower, on the insect wing or on the virgin cheek, appeal to him in vain. Even his own setting glories he refuses to fix. He lights up indeed with new brightness the azure vault, as if to entice to the upward but difficult ascent. But the gold of Cræsus shines dim on his canvass, and he refuses to give expression to the scarlet vestments of power, and the red banners of war. To speak more plainly, the tints of the water-colour painter, which correspond to the solar red, orange, yellow and green, and all their mixtures, appear black upon the Daguerreotype plate, while the blue, indigo and violet colours, are more or less white. According to M. Claudet, who made these experiments with his usual accuracy, and who has kindly communicated to us the result of them, "*Blue* appears the *whitest*, indigo the next, and then *violet*. Light *yellow* and *green* appear the *darkest*, although but little difference can be distinguished between them and *red* and *orange* colours." According to Sir John Herschel, the condensed colours of the spectrum give the following tints on prepared paper:—*Red*, no tint; *orange*, a faint brick red; *orange-yellow*, a glaring brick red; *yellow*, red passing into green; *yellow-green*, a dull bottle-green; *green*, the same, but bluish; *blue-green*, a sombre blue, almost black; *blue* and *violet*,

black. Hence it is obvious that coloured paintings and drawings cannot be successfully copied by the photographer. If the lights are yellow, they become shadows in the photograph, or if the shadows are blue, they become lights ! In order to show this curious effect, M. Claudet exhibited at one of the Marquis of Northampton's soirées, the head of a female figure, the hair of which was painted yellow, the eyes red, the lips blue, and the face of various tints of indigo and violet, with the shades yellow. When a copy of this ludicrous figure was taken in Daguerreotype, the picture was perfect with all the effects of a correct chalk-drawing. M. Claudet had another female head executed, in which the colouring was apparently correct, but in which the artist had on purpose employed yellow, green and their mixtures to produce the lights, and blue, indigo and violet with their mixtures to produce the shades. The Daguerreotype copy of this picture was as ridiculous in appearance as the party-coloured female head which gave a correct picture. Some enthusiastic photographers consider it as possible, and even probable, that the gay colours of the natural world may yet be brought out by the agency of light. We have no such expectation ; and we consider it to be infinitely improbable with the sensitive materials now used in photography. New materials may doubtless be discovered, which shall receive from the photogenic rays the colour of the bodies from which they emanate, but even this will appear to be all but impossible, when we consider that the photogenic rays which form the pictures in the Talbotype and Daguerreotype, are not rays of light, nor rays of heat, but are actually invisible radiations, with which colour has no connexion whatever.

In the valuable work of Professor Draper of New York, which we have placed in our list of photographic publications, there are many important observations, relative both to the theory and practice of photography. We believe that he was the first person who discovered what he calls, "*the antagonizing action of the two halves of the spectrum,*" the blue or more refrangible half having a *decomposing* agency on iodide of silver, and the red or less refrangible half a *protecting* agency. He states that there is a certain condition of the sky, namely, when it has such a degree of brightness that the sensitive surface is slightly stained by it, under which the decomposing effect of its light is exactly balanced by the protecting agency of the other rays—so exactly balanced that it is immaterial whether the exposure be for one minute or an hour, for the resulting action is the same." An equilibrium in these two opposite actions, to a greater or less extent, seems to take place even with the solar rays in tropical regions, as if the sun's light there was intrinsically different from

what it is here. "There are strong reasons," says Dr. Draper,* "to believe it so. The Chevalier Frederichstal, who travelled in Central America for the Prussian Government, found very long exposures in the camera needful to procure impressions of the ruined monuments of the deserted cities existing there. This was not due to any defect in his lens. It was a French achromatic, and I tried it in this city before his departure. The proofs which he obtained, and which he did me the favour to show me on his return, had a *very remarkable aspect*. More recently in the same country, other competent travellers have experienced like difficulties, and as I am informed, *failed to get any impressions whatever*. Are these difficulties due to the antagonizing action of the negative rays upon the positive?"*

In opposition, however, to the idea of such an antagonizing action, Dr. Draper himself afterwards affirms, that the red, orange, and yellow rays which protect the plate from the ordinary photogenic action, were themselves capable, when insulated, of *producing a peculiar photogenic effect*; while Mr. E. Becquerel maintains, as we have seen, that they have the property of *continuing* the action of the ordinary photogenic rays, when once commenced. In this state of the subject M. Claudet began a series of experiments which lead to valuable results, and of which he has enabled us to give the following abstract.

Having directed a camera, with an iodized plate, to the sun when his disc was quite *red*, he left it there for twenty minutes. The sun had passed over a great space on the plate, which was marked with a long and perfectly defined image of his disc, so that not only had the red sun produced no photogenic action, but the red rays had *destroyed the effect* produced by the previous action of the sky. By moving the camera from right to left and from left to right, and lowering it each time by means of a screw, he made the sun pass rapidly over *five* or *six* zones of the iodized plate. The lines of his passage were marked with long *black* bands, while the intervals between them were *white*, proving again that the red rays had destroyed the previous photogenic action. M. Claudet obtained the very same result with *red*, *orange*, and *yellow* glasses. The impression of black lace taken by white light was destroyed by the rays passing through a red glass, and the same effect was produced in different periods of time by orange and yellow glasses. But, what was very remarkable, M. Claudet discovered that after the photogenic effect was destroyed, *the plate*

* *A Treatise, &c.* Chap. xii. pp. 197, 198.

was restored to its former sensitiveness to white light, nay, we may expose the plate to these two actions alternately, for any number of times, and yet it will be sensitive to the vapour of mercury, if its last exposure has been to white light, and will be deprived of that sensitiveness if its last exposure has been to the destroying action of the *red, orange, or yellow* rays. Hence M. Claudet arrives at the important practical result, that the Daguerreotype plates may be iodized in open daylight, and that in order to restore their sensitiveness, which that light has destroyed, we have only to place them for a few minutes under a red glass, before we place them in the camera. M. Claudet has shown that the discovery by Dr. Draper, of a photogenic action in the red half of the spectrum, is true also for the rays which pass through red, orange, and yellow glasses, thus proving that these rays have two contrary actions, one destructive of the effects of the photogenic rays, and another analogous to the effect of these rays.

The *photogenic* action of the *red* ray is, according to M. Claudet, 5000 times slower or weaker than that of *white* light; that of the *orange* rays 500 times; and that of the *yellow* 100 times.

The *destructive* action of the *red* rays is 100 times slower or weaker than that of *white* light, the *orange* 50 times, and the *yellow* 10 times.

When a plate has been exposed to the destructive action of any particular ray, it cannot be affected photogenically by the same ray which acted destructively, and it is sensitive only to the other rays; and the photogenic or destructive action of any ray cannot be continued by another. Hence M. Claudet draws the important conclusion, *that the solar spectrum is endowed with THREE different photogenic actions, and three different destroying actions, corresponding to the red, yellow, and blue rays.* The rays of each of these colours is endowed with a photogenic power peculiar to itself, which causes the mercurial vapour to adhere to the iodized plate, and yet these three actions are so different that we cannot by combining them artificially make the one assist the other, on account of their antagonistic character. The effect of the *blue* rays is destroyed by the *red* and *yellow*, each of which is in its turn destroyed by the *blue*, while the *yellow* and *red* mutually destroy each other. Hence it would appear that the iodide of potash remains always the same under these different influences, and that there is no separation or disengagement of its constituent elements.

Several curious phenomena connected with photography have been recently observed and studied by different philosophers. It had been long ago noticed, that if we write upon a piece of glass with a pencil of soapstone, the words, though perfectly invisible, may be read by simply breathing upon the glass, and the experi-

ment will succeed even if the surface is rubbed with chamois leather after the words are written. Dr. Draper has often noticed that if a coin or a wafer is laid upon a piece of cool glass, or metal, and the surface be breathed upon once, and if, as soon as the moisture has disappeared, the surface is again breathed on, a spectral image of the coin or wafer will be seen, the vapour being deposited in a different manner upon the part protected by the coin or wafer. The impression thus communicated to the surface, under certain conditions, remains there for a long time. "During the cold weather," says Dr. Draper, "last winter, (1840-1841,) I produced such an image on the mirror of my heliostat: It could be revived by breathing on the metal many weeks afterwards, nor did it finally disappear until the end of *several months*." Dr. Draper has also shown that a series of spectra may co-exist on a phosphorescent surface (sulphuret of lime,) and after remaining latent for a length of time, will come forth in their proper order on raising the temperature of the surface. Place a key, for example, on a phosphorescent surface, and make that surface glow by a galvanic discharge between charcoal points for two or three minutes—the image of the key will of course be seen after removing it. If the surface, kept in the dark for a day or two, be now inspected, no image will be visible, but when laid upon a piece of warm iron a spectral image of the key will be seen. Take a similar plate similarly impressed by a key, but whose image has not been evolved, and having set before the surface another object, such as a metallic ring, discharge at a short distance a Leyden jar. The phosphorus will shine all over except on the portion shaded by the ring. This image of the ring soon disappears totally; but if the plate is set upon a piece of warm iron it will speedily begin to glow, *the image of the ring will be first reproduced, and as it fades away the spectral form of the key will gradually unfold itself, and then vanish.*

Invisible traces of written words have been rendered visible in several curious phenomena of crystallization. Dr. Draper observed, that if we draw a line on the interior of a glass-receiver containing camphor, and if we expose the receiver to the sun after it is exhausted of its air, the line described will be studded with crystals of camphor. If we make a solution of a few grains of sulphate of magnesia, and three of carbonate of ammonia, in an ounce and a half of water—or, what Dr. Waller prefers, of *ten* grains of phosphate of soda instead of the sulphate of magnesia—and spreading this solution upon a plate of glass (or upon quartz or agate), write with a pen upon the glass, *the words will become visible* (by the deposition of crystals,) *both on the glass and on the surface of the fluid!* Dr. Waller, to whose

interesting paper we refer our readers—(Phil. Mag. Feb. 1846, vol. xxviii. p. 94)—has shown that similar images may be formed upon the traces of words by gaseous bodies—the letters being written as it were in bubbles of gas. Hence, as he shows, we have the cause of the effervescence produced by the immersion of a piece of bread in champagne. This curious subject has been recently studied by M. Ludwig Moser of Berlin, who has arrived at several very important conclusions, which our limits prevent us from giving, otherwise than in the following abbreviated form:—

If the surface of a solid body has been touched in any particular part by another body, it acquires the property of precipitating on the touched part all vapours which adhere to it, or which combine chemically with it, differently from what it does on the untouched part.

This result was obtained with all bodies—such as glass, metals, resins, wood, pasteboard, &c., and in order to produce the effect absolute contact was not necessary; a shilling held above mercury and then breathed upon gave the image of the shilling, as when it was laid upon a plate of glass and subsequently breathed upon. Mercurial vapour, and that of iodine, acted exactly like the vapour of water. Hence *the phenomenon of the Daguerreotype was produced without the intervention of light*, for the experiments were equally successful by night as by day, and consequently “contact is capable of imitating the action of light.”

After showing, by experiment, that “the violet rays continue the action commenced by contact,” he examines the action of light upon plates of silver, copper, and glass. “A clean and highly polished plate of silver, having a pattern cut out of paper suspended over it, without touching it, was exposed to the sun for some hours. After being cooled, it was held over mercury heated to about 60° of Reaumur, when a clear image of the pattern was produced by the mercurial vapour.” From these, and other experiments, Moser concludes, “that light acts on all bodies; and that its influence may be tested by all vapours that adhere to the surface or act chemically upon it;” and that “the same modification is produced upon plates when vapours are condensed, as when light acts upon them.” M. Moser has endeavoured to explain these, and various other phenomena, on the hypothesis “that every body is self-luminous, and emits invisible rays of light,” and that when two bodies are sufficiently approximated, they reciprocally depict each other by means of the invisible rays which they emit.

Mr. Hunt, who dissents from this hypothesis, has described several experiments in which the phenomena are produced by heat, and he has given the name of *Thermography* to

this process of copying engravings on metallic plates,* regarding the phenomena, * if not directly the effect of a disturbance of the latent caloric, as at least materially influenced by the action of heat." Mr. Hunt placed on a well-polished copper-plate a *sovereign*, a *shilling*, a large *silver medal*, and a *penny*, and when the plate had been gently warmed by a spirit-lamp, cooled, and exposed to the vapour of mercury, each piece left its impression, the *sovereign* and the *silver medal* being most distinct, and the lettering in each copied. A bronze medal gave its picture, though placed $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch above the plate. When the copper-plate was made too hot to be handled, it gave impressions in the following order of intensity, gold, silver, bronze, copper, the mass of the metal materially influencing the result, and the impressions from the gold and silver being permanent. The heat of the sun's rays produced analogous effects, the calorific rays alone influencing the result. In this way Mr. Hunt copied printed pages and engravings on iodized paper, by mere contact and exposure to heat, and he found that this could be done even at considerable distances between the object and its copy. By amalgamating the surface of the paper according to the following process, he was at length enabled to copy from paper line-engravings, wood-cuts, and lithographs, with surprising accuracy.

"A well-polished plate of copper is rubbed over with the nitrate of mercury, and then well washed, to remove any nitrate of copper which may be formed; when quite dry, a little mercury, taken upon soft leather or linen, is well rubbed over it, and the surface washed to a perfect mirror. The sheet to be copied is placed smoothly over the mercurial surface, and a sheet or two of soft clean paper being placed upon it, it is pressed into equal contact with the metal by a piece of glass or flat board. In this state it is allowed to remain for an hour or two. The time may be considerably shortened by applying a very gentle heat for a few minutes to the under surface of the plate. The heat must on no account be so great as to volatilize the mercury."—*Phil. Mag.*, vol. xxi., p. 467.—*Researches*, p. 237.

The plate is then placed in a mercury box, the vapour of which attacks the white parts of the copy, and gives a faithful but indistinct image. It is then exposed to the vapour of iodine, which attacks the parts free from mercury, and by blackening them gives a perfectly black picture.

M. Knorr has shown that these images may be produced without any condensation of vapour, and simply by the action of

* See *Transactions of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society*, 1842. *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, October 1840 and December 1842, vol. xxi. p. 462, and *Researches*, &c., p. 228.

heat. The copper-plate is heated to the degree at which it begins to change colour, and when the spirit-lamp is extinguished, and the plates and medals withdrawn, distinct impressions of them are found penetrating to a considerable depth into the surface of the metal.

Dr. Karsten of Berlin has obtained still more interesting results by the agency of common electricity. If a medal is placed upon a glass-plate, and this plate upon a metallic one, and if the medal is subjected to discharges of electricity, a perfect image of the medal, capable of being developed by mercury or iodine, will be received upon the glass; and if several glass-plates are interposed between the medal and the metallic-plate, an image of the medal will be formed on the *upper* surface of each of the plates of glass.

M. Fizeau is of opinion that the images which we have been considering arise from a slight layer of organic matter, volatile, or at least capable of being carried off by aqueous vapour. Professor Grove has adopted the same general view, and Sir David Brewster, having succeeded in forming very fine pictures upon glass, by the entrance of nitrate of silver into its pores, regards all these images as the result of the absorption of matter, emanating from one body and received into the pores of another. Hence he has been led to the following general conclusions:—“That all bodies throw off emanations in greater or less abundance, in particles of greater or less size, and with greater or less velocities—that these particles enter more or less into the pores of solid and fluid bodies, sometimes resting near their surface, sometimes effecting a deeper entrance, and sometimes permeating them altogether—that the projection of these emanations is aided by differences of temperature—by great heat*—by vibratory action—by friction—by electricity,—in short, by every cause which affects the forces of aggregation, by which the particles of bodies are held together; and that these emanations, when feeble, show themselves in the images of Fusinieri, Draper, Hunt, Moser, Fizeau, Knorr, Karsten, and Zantedeschi†—when stronger, in certain chemical changes which they produce—when stronger still, in their action on the olfactory nerves, causing smell, and when thrown off most copiously and rapidly, in heat, affecting the nerves of touch—in photogenic action, dissevering and re-combining the elements of matter, and in phospho-

* The coloured films produced upon steel and other metals by heat are obviously the *material radiations* from the metal uniting with the oxygen of the atmosphere.

† Professor Zantedeschi, of Venice, has shown that metals pass into a radiant state—are reflected like light and heat, and return into a concrete state in virtue of chemical affinity.—*Ricerche Fisico-chimico Fisologiche sulla Luce*, chap. iv. Venezia. 1846. Folio.

rescent and luminous emanations, exciting the retina and producing vision."

Before we conclude this part of our subject we must give a brief notice of a very remarkable invention of M. Martens, by which an extensive panoramic view, amounting even to an angle of 150°, may be taken by the Daguerreotype. The object-glass is fixed upon a pivot, and put in motion by an endless screw, so as to present a narrow aperture in front of it, in succession, to the landscape or group of figures to be copied. When the long iodized plate, curved cylindrically, is placed in the apparatus, the cover is taken from the object-glass, and the handle is turned slowly and steadily round, slowly when a dark object is in the field, and quickly when a luminous object is there. By means of a common achromatic object-glass, one inch and four-tenths in diameter, views have been produced thirty-eight centimetres long and twelve wide; and these views, one of which we have seen, are as perfect as if they had been taken by the common camera.

Having thus given our readers a brief account of the history and processes of the two sister arts which constitute photography, we must now endeavour to estimate the advantages which they have conferred upon society, and which may yet be expected from their future progress. The arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, have in every age called into exercise the loftiest genius and the deepest reason of man. Fostered by power, consecrated by piety, and hallowed by affection, their choicest productions have been preserved by the liberality of individuals, and the munificence of kings—while the palaces of sovereigns, the edifices of social life, the temples of religion, the watch-towers of war, the obelisks of fame, and the mausolea of domestic grief, remain under the blue cupola of nature's museum, to attest by their modern beauty, or their ruined grandeur, the genius and taste of their founders. To the cultivation and patronage of such noble arts, the vanity, the hopes, and the holiest affections of man stand irrevocably pledged; and we should deeply deplore any invention or discovery, or any tide in the nation's taste, which should paralyze the artist's pencil, or stay the sculptor's chisel, or divert into new channels the genius which wields them. Instead of superseding the arts of design, as some have feared, photography will but supply them with new ideas—with collections of costume, with studies of drapery and of figures, and with scenes in life and nature, which, if they possess at all, they possess imperfectly, and without which art must be stationary, if she does not languish and decline. Sentiments analogous to these have been more professionally expressed by M. Delaroche, a dis-

tinguished French artist, and we believe also by Mr. Eastlake, the highest authority in England; and if a new era be now seen in our horizon, with all the promise of an auroral dawn, in which the three sister arts shall simultaneously advance to perfection, it will be by the agency of photography—importing nature herself into the artist's studio, and furnishing to his imagination an exuberance of her riches.

In sculpture, advantage has not yet been taken of the peculiar help which is offered to her by photography. All the elements of statuary, and all the forms and proportions of a living figure, may be obtained from a number of azimuthal representations, or sectional outlines, taken photographically; and by means of a binocular camera, founded on the principle of Mr. Wheatstone's beautiful stereoscope, two of these azimuthal sections may be combined into a solid, with all the lights and shadows of the original figure from which they are taken. Superficial forms will thus, at his command, stand before the sculptor in three dimensions, and he may thus virtually carry in his portfolio the Apollo Belvidere and the gigantic Sphinx, and all the statuary of the Louvre and the British Museum.

But while the artist is thus supplied with every material for his creative genius, the public will derive a new and immediate advantage from the productions of the solar pencil. The home-faring man, whom fate or duty chains to his birth-place, or imprisons in his fatherland, will, without the fatigues and dangers of travel, scan the beauties and wonders of the globe, not in the fantastic or deceitful images of a hurried pencil, but in the very picture which would have been painted on his own retina, were he magically transported to the scene. The gigantic outline of the Himalaya and the Andes will stand self-depicted upon his borrowed retina—the Niagara will pour out before him, in panoramic grandeur, her mighty cataract of waters—while the flaming volcano will toss into the air her clouds of dust and her blazing fragments.* The scene will change, and there will rise before him Egypt's colossal pyramids, the temples of Greece and Rome, and the gilded mosques and towering minarets of Eastern magnificence.†

* An accomplished traveller who ascended Mount Etna in order to take Talbotype drawings of its scenery, placed his camera on the edge of the crater, in order to get a representation of that interesting spot. No sooner was the camera fixed, and the sensitive paper introduced, than a partial eruption took place, which drove the traveller from his camera in order to save his life. When the eruption ceased, he returned to collect the fragments of his instrument, when, to his great surprise and delight, he found that his camera was not only uninjured, but contained an excellent picture of the crater and the eruption!

† The drawings in the *Excursions Daguerriennes*, taken from the sun-pictures in the splendid gallery of M. Lerebours, contain 114 plates, representing scenes and public buildings in America, Algeria, England, Egypt, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Russia, Sardinia, Sweden, Switzerland, Savoy, Nubia, Syria, and Palestine.

But with not less wonder, and with a more eager and affectionate gaze, will he survey those hallowed scenes which faith has consecrated and love endeared. Painted in its cheerless tints Mount Zion will stand before him "as a field that is ploughed,"—Tyre as a rock on which the fishermen dry their nets—Gaza in her prophetic "baldness,"—Lebanon with her cedars prostrate among "the howling firs;"—Nineveh "made as a grave," and seen only in the turf that covers it;—and Babylon the Great, the Golden City, with its impregnable walls, its hundred gates of brass, now "sitting in the dust," "cast up as an heap," covered with "pools of water," and without even the "Arab's tent" or the "shepherd's fold."* But though it is only Palestine in desolation that a modern sun can delineate, yet the seas which bore on their breast the divine Redeemer, and the everlasting hills which bounded his view, stand unchanged by time and the elements, and, delineated on the faithful tablet, still appeal to us with an immortal interest.†

But the scenes which are thus presented to us by the photographer have not merely the interest of being truthful representations: they form, as it were, a record of every visible event that takes place while the picture is delineating. The dial-plate of the clock tells the hour and minute when it was drawn, and with the day of the month, which we know, and the sun's altitude, which the shadows on the picture often supply, we may find the very latitude of the place which is represented. All stationary life stands self-delineated on the photograph: The wind if it blows will exhibit its disturbing influence—the rain if it falls will glisten on the housetop—the still clouds will exhibit their ever-changing forms—and even the lightning's flash will imprint its fire-streak on the sensitive tablet.

To the physical sciences Photography has already made valuable contributions. Mr. Ronalds, Mr. Collen, and Mr. Brooke have, with much ingenuity, employed it at Kew and at Greenwich to record the variations of meteorological and magnetical instruments in the absence of the observer, and Mr. Brunel has Daguerreotype pictures taken of the public works which he is carrying on, at stated times, so as to exhibit their progress, and give him as it were a power of superintendence without being per-

* Dr. Keith has brought home with him from the Holy Land, about thirty Daguerreotypes of its most interesting scenery, executed by his son, Dr. George Keith, and which are now engraving for publication. Since this note was printed, we have received, and now have before us, fourteen of these beautiful engravings, representing Mount Zion, Tyre, Petra, Hebron, Askalon, Gerash, Cesarea, Ashdod, and other interesting places.

† † See Lond. and Edin. Phil. Magazine, Feb. 1846, vol. xxviii. p. 73; and Phil. Trans., 1847, pt. I., pp. 59, 69, and 111.

sonally present. Sir John Herschel and other philosophers have obtained from photography much important information respecting the properties of the solar spectrum, and Dr. Carpenter has applied it with singular success in executing beautiful drawings of objects of natural history, as exhibited in the solar microscope.

If the solar pencil fails in its delineations of female beauty, or of the human countenance when lighted up with joy and gladness, or beaming with the expression of feeling or intelligence, it yet furnishes to the domestic circle one of its most valued acquisitions. The flattering representations of the portrait-painter, which delight us for a while, lose year after year their likeness to the living original, till time has obliterated the last fading trace of the resemblance. The actual view of the time-worn reality overbears the recollection of early beauty, and the work of the painter, though it may be a valuable production of art, has lost its domestic charm. In the faithful picture by the sun, on the contrary, time adds but to the resemblance. The hue of its cheek never grows pale. Its unerring outline changes neither with age nor with grief, and the grave and sombre, and perchance ungainly, picture grows even into a flattering likeness, which to the filial and parental heart must become a precious possession.

These observations, which apply principally to the Talbotype, were at one time especially applicable to the Daguerreotype portraits, when the sitter sat long, and when a pallid whiteness characterized all its productions. The improvement of the art, however, in the shortness of the sitting, in the tone of light and shadow, and the process of colouring the picture, has been so great that the Daguerreotype portraits have all the beauty of the finest miniatures, and are at least faithful if not flattering representations of female beauty.* The Talbotype will, we doubt not, make the same start towards perfection; and when a fine grained paper shall be made, and a more sensitive process discovered, we shall have Talbotype portraits the size of life, embodying the intellectual expression as well as the physical form of the human countenance.†

* As examples of the perfection of Engravings from Daguerreotype portraits, we may mention those of the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Chalmers, from Daguerreotypes executed by M. Claudet.

† Our scientific readers will find a very interesting section on the literature of the chemical rays, *Litteratur der chemischen Lichtstrahlen*, by Dr. Karsten, in the *Fortschritte der Physik im Jahre 1845: Dargestellt von der physikalischen Gesellschaft zu Berlin. Redigirt von Dr. G. KARSTEN*, pp. 226-298. Berlin, 1847.

ART. IX.—Agrarian Outrages in Ireland.

1. *Letters on the Condition of Ireland.* By T. C. FOSTER, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. ("The Times" Commissioner, 1846.)
2. *Returns respecting the Crown Estate in the Parish of Kilglass, in the County of Roscommon.* Ordered to be Printed, 22d March, 1847. Parliamentary Papers, (59.)
3. *Letters on the State of Ireland.* By the EARL OF ROSSE. 1847.

THE Devon Commissioners close their important Report with the following statement:—

"We have made inquiry throughout the whole of our tour respecting the existence of Agrarian outrages.

"In Tipperary, for a long time past, and in other counties more recently, there has prevailed a system of lawless violence, which has led, in numerous instances, to the perpetration of cold-blooded murders.

"These are generally acts of revenge for some supposed injury inflicted on the party who commits or instigates the commission of the outrage.

"But the notions entertained of injury in such cases are regulated by a standard fixed by the will of the most lawless and unprincipled men in the community.

"If a tenant is removed, even after repeated warning, from land which he has neglected or misused, he is looked upon in the districts to which we are now referring, as an injured man, and the decree too often goes out for vengeance upon the landlord or the agent, and upon the man who succeeds to the farm; and, at times, a large numerical proportion of the neighbourhood look with indifference upon the most atrocious acts of violence, and, by screening the criminal, abet and encourage the crime. Murders are perpetrated at noonday on a public highway; and whilst the assassin coolly retires, the people look on and evince no horror at the bloody deed.

* * * * *

"We wish it were possible to make the peasantry in those unhappy districts aware, that all measures for improvement pre-suppose the security of life and property: that the districts in which both are systematically rendered insecure, must be regarded as beyond the range of such plans of amelioration as we can suggest; and that while crimes of so fearful a character prevail, it is hopeless to expect, in reference to those districts, much practical improvement in the relation of landlord and tenant, or any security for the permanent happiness of the people."

The insecurity described in the foregoing extract from a Re-

port which bears date in the early part of the year 1845, still continues in the part of the country alluded to by the Commissioners, and has extended to other counties. It is probable that within the last year fewer actual murders have been committed, but there can be no doubt that the reign of terror has not ceased—that in many districts it is now impossible to adopt any legal proceeding for the recovery of rent, or other debt, without subjecting the persons employed in serving the necessary notices to assassination. If crime is less frequent, it is because intimidation has done its work.

It is impossible to discuss this question of agrarian outrage without some preliminary considerations. Direct legislation on the subject has hitherto done but little good. Insurrection Acts and Special Commissions have had their effect in producing temporary calm. During the late distresses, outrages have been known to be meditated, but abandoned, lest the threats, every now and then made by the Government authorities, of stopping the relief works, should be carried into effect. In spite of much evidence that would seem to sustain an opposite view, we cannot persuade ourselves that there is any very distinct or pervading purpose in these strange offences, which often appear absolutely unconnected with any intelligible motive. It is scarce an answer to say, with some of the witnesses whom the Commissioners examined, that all these disturbances arise from disputes about land. Admit that they do, the fact does not account for this mode of terminating such disputes. Still less meaning has the whimsical solution of the problem, which would resolve it into a question of race, and describe the Celt as for ever untameably savage. If there were any thing in such theory—which there is not—it has, in the case of Ireland, little foundation of fact to rest upon. It is a mistake to suppose that the bulk of the population of Ireland is Celtic. In Sir John Davis's time one-half of the inhabitants of Ireland were of English descent—in that of Molyneux, not one in a thousand, he tells us, was of Irish blood. As to names, they give us but little help. At one time the English adopted Irish names, and did what they could to destroy the evidence of their English descent—at another, the Legislature compelled the Irish to adopt English surnames. There is nothing whatever in this imagined difference of race—and we are glad to believe this, as it gets rid of a mischievous fiction, too often repeated, and which can have no other effect than to produce alienation between England and Ireland. It is not probable that either the statements of Davis or of Molyneux can make any approach to accuracy; but those most disposed to dispute them should remember, that the basis of the population in England, before the Saxon invasion, was of

the same Celtic blood as Ireland. The question is not one of race, but of social condition.*

Before passing to our immediate subject, it is necessary to say a few words on the recent legislation for Ireland.

The measures proposed in the Session which approaches its close, have been left imperfect. A Poor-law of such stringency as to press heavily everywhere, and to destroy the very existence of all that has hitherto been called property in some of the more distressed parts of the country, has been passed. The effects of the new law, whether it be successful for its purpose of relieving destitution, or altogether fail, must almost instantly change the proprietorship of many of the smaller estates, or the tenant's power of deducting from the landlord one-half of the rate with which he is charged, will be used as an answer to the landlord's demand of rent, whether the poor-rate collector be paid or not. It may be said that the landlord will eject and dispossess such a tenant. To what purpose? The

* The assumed inferiority of race has of late been repeatedly dwelt on. The Archbishop of Dublin's testimony is on many accounts important. "How great capabilities, both intellectual and moral, the Irish people possess, I have had ample opportunity of knowing. Having been so much concerned for fifteen years in the education which above half a million of them have received, and which near half a million more are now receiving, I can bear witness that they possess, generally speaking, such abilities and such dispositions as require only to be rightly trained, and developed, and directed, to make the Irish stand high among the nations of Europe.

"The improvement which has taken place during those fifteen years, has far surpassed anything that could be anticipated. But this improvement has been, of course, confined to the rising generation, and has not extended even to the whole of them. The next ensuing period of the same duration is what I should expect, if adverse causes were excluded, to prove the chief harvest time. I should expect it to exhibit a sum total of national improvement, unexampled within the same space of time, in the history of any people. But the proposed Poor-Law would, I fear, throw the nation back more than a century both in prosperity and civilization." We transcribe a sentence from Lord Clarendon's reply to the address of the Dublin Society:—

"The terrible experience of this year cannot be unproductive of improvement—it must turn public attention towards the development of those vast national resources, which have hitherto been but improperly explored—it must teach the people to rely more than they have hitherto done in this country, upon their own industry and exertions; and I say in this country, because, away from home, no people in the world are more industrious than the Irish. When we know that all the severest toil in England is performed by them—that without them the harvest there could not be secured; and that their orderly conduct, and laborious habits, are the admiration of their employers—when we know, that not only on British, but on foreign railroads, their day's work and their day's wages are fully equal to those of their English fellow-labourers—when we know, by the reports of our colonial authorities, that of all emigrants the Irish are the most apt to learn, and the most ready to work, and that, to their infinite honour, they annually remit large sums to their families at home—when all this is borne in mind, we cannot believe that an Irishman is averse to labour, or that he is destined by nature to be idle only at home. He wants but encouragement and example, and such, I am convinced, he will receive from those whose duty and whose interest alike it is to afford them."

land in his own hand, or in that of the tenant whom he substitutes, will be still liable to the rate that has been struck, in many cases, amounting to three times the annual rent.* The effort to dispossess a tenant under the circumstances will probably be attended with what in the south of Ireland would be regarded

* We transcribe a letter from the *Dublin Evening Mail*, published before the passing of the Act :—

"SIR—Allow me half a dozen lines in your paper. The Irish poor-law bill is, I fear, now inevitable. Is it felt that in many parts of the country the *instant* effect must be the total extinction of all rent whatever? Where land is held by the tenant at a rent equal to the poor law valuation, the landlord pays half the poor rate. In a debate, Lord Monteaigle stated that rates in the proportion of 46s. to the pound had been struck under the temporary relief bill. It is plain that a rate of 40s. to the pound will leave nothing whatever for the landlord under the proposed law.* This evil, as affecting landlords, is likely to be disregarded. It ought, however, to be remembered, that under such circumstances the land will soon cease to be cultivated—a strange way this of relieving the destitute, whose ordinary employment is labour on the land!

"With the landlord's rent goes the whole security of those whose interests are bound up with the land, whether their claims arise from mortgages, jointures, rent-charges, judgments, childrens' portions, &c. This, too, is a thing to be disregarded.

"The fortunes of our public institutions are all bound up with the land. Trinity College is a landlord on a great scale, and never was a country more benefited by any institution than Ireland has been by her university. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Board of Erasmus Smith, Sir Patrick Don's Hospital, are all land-owners. There is no one of them whose property will not be greatly affected by the measure. In the poorer parts of Kerry it is absolutely impossible that the rents of the college estates shall not be wholly swallowed up by the poor-rates. Are these consequences present to the minds of our legislators? Is the actual object of the legislature to plunge the country into utter and hopeless barbarism?

"But whatever be the object, is not this the certain and *instant* result of the impending measure?—J. A."

Since the passing of the Act the English papers of highest authority have acknowledged this as its inevitable effect. We transcribe from the *Spectator* and *Morning Chronicle* :—

"By the operation of the newly enacted poor-laws, large tracts of land in Ireland are already confiscated. In five unions in Mayo—Ballina, Ballinrobe, Castlebar, Stoneford and Westport—the present aggregate rate of expenditure is £908,200; the annual value of the rateable property is £816,600; the population of these five unions is 418,000, more than one-half of whom seem to be receiving daily rations. Now it would be impossible to collect rates to repay that expenditure, or one-third of it, or even one-sixth; for the payment on account of the destitute is not the only charge to which the property is liable—there are other parochial charges besides the claims of mortgages. The guardians of course will not confiscate their own property by assessing and levying the requisite rates—of course they will abdicate their poor-law functions, the Poor-Law Commissioners will be obliged to enforce the law, and the landlords will be swept away. The case of Mayo is extreme; but the difference between a small dividend and a large does not help the insolvent. Taking in 25 other unions besides those already mentioned, we have an area of 5,766,600 statute acres; the present rate of expenditure is £3,446,210, the annual value of the property only £2,163,710. A fourth part of Ireland, therefore, is unable to pay its present poor-rates, and has no pro-

* The guardians of Schull have rated the union 12s. 6d. in the pound for three months—that is to say, at the ratio of L.2, 10s. to the pound in the year! The electoral division of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, is rated at 10s. 10d. for three months, or L.2, 3s. 4d. to the pound for twelve months!—*Dublin Evening Mail*, May 10.

as its natural and rightful consequence, and the landlord, if his residence be in the neighbourhood, his agent, or the new tenant, be brutally murdered.

Loans from the State, at a low rate of interest, are, under another Act of this Session, offered to the owners of land in Ireland for purposes of drainage and other improvements, evidence being first given by the applicant for such aid that the lands for which it is required are such that the outlay will so increase their productiveness as to justify the expenditure. The object of the Act is to induce landowners to employ labour extensively in such works, and thus relieve the public of the burden of supporting men who must, unless they find employment, fall on the poor-rates. We believe that under this Act money has been applied for by very many, and we think there can be little doubt of its general usefulness.

The Act to facilitate the Sale of Encumbered Estates passed the House of Lords, but was withdrawn. Did the Act better correspond with its title, its withdrawal might be a subject of regret; but the Act was, we think, founded in mistake. To *facilitate* the sale of the estates, or parts of the estates, of all desirous to sell, is, we think, advisable;—to legislate in such a way as to *force* sales, and violently to change the ownership of property, we cannot but regard as impolitic; and such would have been the necessary effect of this Bill, even though the extreme case which compelled Lord John Russell to withdraw the Bill had never existed.* We have, in this Journal, strongly expressed our opinion against the policy of allowing entails to stand in the way of any dealing with smaller landed estates. We ask of the Legislature to do nothing more violent than the courts of law did, when they first established what they called the rule in Shelling's case, and where land was given to a man for life, and

spect of being able to make good the outlay within any reasonable time—its landlords must give up their tenure.”—*Spectator*, July 10.

“The two boards of guardians of the Ballinrobe and Castlebar unions have been dissolved, for refusing to act, by the Poor-Law Commissioners. Over those districts the Commissioners have now by law a power which is almost despotic. The two unions are nearly as large as Bedfordshire. They contain an area of 245,000 acres, and a population of 146,000, of whom 85,000 are now receiving relief. The annual value of rateable property is only £136,000, and the present rate of expenditure on the poor £323,000 a-year. If the Government does not abandon the whole of the ground which it has taken, and retract every principle which it has adopted in the present year in reference to the Irish poor-law, the dismissal of these two boards of guardians is nothing less than the commencement of a social revolution. Paid Government officers are now responsible for the maintenance of the destitute in Ballinrobe and Castlebar. Those officers will be not only authorized, but bound to provide for such as may be destitute after harvest, by levying local rates. But to do this they must, in fact, collect as rates the rents, which of course implies the confiscation of the land.”—*Morning Chronicle*, July 10.

* It was understood that Insurance Companies which had mortgages on Irish lands to the amount of £1,000,000, would at once sell under this Act.

then to his heirs of the body, it was determined that nothing was in truth given to the heirs of the body, and that such words were but descriptive of the quantity of estate given to the man. The tenant for life is already, in many ways, and for many purposes, the representative of the property. Where the case is, that under a settlement the father is tenant for life, and his eldest son tenant in tail, they can, under the existing law, make new arrangements of the property the moment an eldest son comes of age, depriving any other son—who, on the death of the eldest, would have the same rights—of all property whatever in the lands.

What would seem a strong objection against this plan to an unlearned reader is, that it seems to be allowing one man to dispose of another's property; but a lawyer, who has learned to reconcile himself to the fictions by which entails are actually barred, will feel such an objection of no great force, and the unprofessional reader will probably not fall out with what perhaps is the only possible means of saving to the family any wreck whatever of the property. Our plan would enable the tenant for life to select the time for sale—a matter disregarded in Lord John Russell's bill; and there can be no reasonable doubt that the very same feelings that led to entail the property originally would tend to secure to the eldest son, in such case as we mention, such portion of the land as might remain. The Ministerial bill contemplates merely a sale of the property; but its practical working would probably introduce as purchasers strangers to the country and the property. In our contemplated plan there would be but few violent changes—none essentially different from the ordinary arrangements of families. Property would seldom be sold, except when it could not be longer preserved by a family with advantage to any one; so far from encouraging, it would tend to prevent its sale. When it did come into the market, it would be in small quantities, and under circumstances that would frequently make the present occupants the purchasers of grounds which they now hold as tenant-farmers. The only person apparently injured would be the first expectant tenant-in-tail; and we cannot but think that to him the injury would be, in the case of properties encumbered as Irish properties most often are, of but trifling amount, if of any. Our plan would not endanger the security of any charge whatever on his property. In the reconstruction of society in Ireland—which we regard as wholly disorganized by the calamities of the last two years—we think it should never be forgotten that the new structure must be formed pretty much of the old materials,—all that is cumbersome and useless thrown aside. We have no wish that strangers, unacquainted with the habits and manners of the people, should

be tempted into the market by compelling actual sales. On the contrary, the more entirely the dealings are between the present owners of land and persons already connected with the particular property, and the less violently to any party arrangements which cannot be long delayed these dealings are made, the more effectual will they be for good. The fitness of jointresses and the owners of family incumbrances, and all whose interests are bound up with the land, bearing a proportionate share of the burden of the poor-rates, was urged in vain in the Legislature by the Commissioners of Poor Inquiry for Ireland, when this new charge on property was contemplated. It was then, and has been since, resisted, not, we believe, so much from any doubt of the reasonableness of the proposal, so far at least as family charges created before the passing of the Act were concerned, as from a determination, the wisdom of which we more than doubt, to force the owners of smaller properties into the market. Facilitate in every way you can the voluntary sale of their properties. If you compel it, most of the advantages which you contemplate, and which would flow from voluntary sales, or rather from a man's having the power to sell at his own discretion, cease. If you compel the sale of their properties, too, at a moment when you have by new imposts reduced them below their value, injustice—great injustice—will be done; and it is a mistake to think that injustice ever goes unpunished. The effort of the human mind is, after a time, to reconcile itself to a calamity which it believes to be inevitable; but if, disregarding the interests of the owners of these smaller properties, you sacrifice them to the interests of the classes above them, or to the classes below them, remember that you are not impossibly wrong in your calculations of the ultimate good to arise from this course; but, however this may be, the principle of any calculation is itself erroneous, which omits as an element the consideration, that the men whom you deprive of property remain—a dangerous class—to the injury of the society from which they have been forced, and that as they will be likely to feel, by no fault of their own. That properties so small as those to which we are adverting, often not £300 a year, should have been the subject of entail, was the original absurdity. That there should be much hesitation on the part of the Legislature in at once putting an end to the source of much mischief, and acting in the spirit in which the courts of law have been for ages acting, when they avail themselves of one pretence or other to defeat the perpetuities which families for ever seek to create, is to us matter of much surprise. Deal fairly with land. Deal with it as with anything else. Let it be the subject of open merchandize. It will then be purchased by those who want it. You will have in many instances the cultivator of the ground its owner. Some five or six

months ago, we endeavoured to press this on our readers. Since then we have seen two very striking pamphlets, one by Mr. Eyre Evans* and the other by Mr. Pin, in which similar views were pressed with great force. Mr. Evans would urge the actual doing away with all entails whatever. We do not press the argument to that extent, as we think that the greatest evil is when arrangements, which may seem not unreasonable if applied to large estates, are adopted by the owners of very small ones. The Encumbered Estates Bill had the defect of forcing sales, which as far as possible it would be desirable we think, to avoid : it also left subject to the old entail such parts of the estate as were not sold. As far as the evil arose from properties too small for that mode of dealing being entailed, it was increased ; for the operation of the bill was to diminish the property by the sale of part, and to leave the residue entailed. Thus the old evil was certain of being reproduced.

The measures connected with the reclamation of waste lands have been dropped without very much discussion. Considered as a question of the outlay of money with any hope of a productive return, we are satisfied that in private hands any such speculation, except in a few favoured localities, must be a failure—still more satisfied are we that such must be the result of any expenditure from Government means and with the Government machinery ; yet there are many parts of the country in which such experiments will lead to the opening of roads in wild and unfrequented districts, many cases in which for a while—a short while—it will relieve the labour-market ; and though unsuccessful in the sense in which those who urge the demand expect it to succeed, we think it may assist in the civilization of the country. The Devon Commissioners can scarcely be described as recommending to the State any distinct measure on the subject. They rather wish to recommend the experiment, than venture to recommend it actually ; and we do not think the evidence given by the agent of the Waste Lands' Company at all decisively favourable. With reference, however, to other objects than profit and loss of money, the high authority of Mr. Griffith may be quoted as suggesting the fitness of such efforts. In speaking of a wild district in the county of Cork, he tells us, that the first operation in the reclamation of waste lands, then carried on by the Board of Works under his direction, was the intersection of the district by roads. "The opening of every road," says he,

* We have mislaid Mr. Evans' pamphlet, and forget its precise title. Mr. Pin's is, "Observations on the Evils resulting to Ireland from the existing laws of Real Property. Dublin, 1847."

"has been followed by the immediate reclamation of the adjoining lands, and a general spirit of industry now pervades the district which, during the Whiteboy warfare in the years 1821 and 1822, was the focus of outrage and rebellion."

On the subject of emigration, a Committee of the House of Lords is now sitting. The utmost facilities should, we think, be given to all those who are desirous to emigrate; yet, if over-population be the source from which the evils of Ireland spring, emigration will be found a deceptive remedy. Periodically to remove paupers at the expense of the State, is but to insure at each recurring season of emigration a certain supply of paupers to be removed. The evil, if not increased, would assuredly not be lessened by the proposed remedy. The expense of removing them, even if we were to disregard all care of them from the moment they were landed on other shores, would probably be greater than the expense of their subsistence at home. To encourage those who have formed such habits of industry as would secure their welfare either at home or abroad, and who take with them some small capital, is to part with men whom their country can ill spare. But of this class, and of a class of the gentry who, with a considerable knowledge of agriculture, can find no proper occupation at home, we should wish our emigrants chiefly to consist. Let them leave the country in the spirit of hope, rather than of despair; but if the State supplies the funds for the purpose, let it be distinctly understood that the experiment is not to be repeated. Two years such as the two last in Ireland have been, may justify any arrangement that tends to lessen immediate suffering; but it is plain that any systematic annual drain of the population will but remove the restraint which imperious necessity imposes on improvident marriages. If the State undertakes to support, either at home or abroad, the children of the rich or of the poor, as many children as it will support will assuredly be supplied. If population be an evil, it is not by such expedients that it can be lessened.* We think little ought to be done to stimulate men to emigrate. Something may be done to render emigration, when it is determined on, a less hazardous adventure to the individual; yet even in this less, much less, than is thought. As far as emigration is desirable, it may be left to the people themselves. Some security against the dishonesty of ship-owners and ship-agents, is almost all the aid that Government can give. We incline to think with Mr. Griffith, that Ireland itself affords

* "It is said that from the Isle of Skye, out of 11,000 inhabitants, 8000 were carried away by emigration in 1755 and a few following years, and yet that before the end of the next generation the number had reached more than its first amount."—*MERVILLE on Colonization*, vol. i. p. 157.

the means of employing every labourer in the land. In the execution of public works, the great difficulty he at all times found was the want of labourers ; and it is by no means improbable that serious inconvenience may arise from any very extensive plans of emigration. The old people and the helpless remain at home, the young emigrate. In a Report to the Board of Works, of January 1834, Mr. Griffith says, that a district which was in 1822 the focus of disturbance and bloodshed, presented, in 1831, an example of peace and prosperity, and I have now, he adds, "the gratification to state, that it maintains the same character, and that each year new enclosures are made, and large tracts of hitherto unprofitable land are brought into cultivation." "The eyes," he says, "of the whole of the proprietors of mountain lands in the south of Ireland are anxiously watching our operations, and the success of the experiment becomes a matter of the utmost importance. The only difficulty I anticipate is the want of a sufficient number of labourers, for notwithstanding the great outcry that is made respecting the poverty and destitution of our peasantry from want of employment, I have found that our active operations are confined to four months and a half of the year, namely, to the months of February and April in the spring, and between the 1st of July and 15th of September in the summer. During the remainder of the year the peasantry find abundant occupation in agricultural employment, excepting perhaps in the month of January ; and unless I were to raise the wages above the usual prices of the country, and thereby injure the farmer, I could not force on the works, excepting at those periods. And this statement is not made from occurrences which have taken place during the last or preceding year, but from constant experience during the last twelve years in the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary. Extraordinary, therefore, as from preconceived notions it may appear, the only apprehension I entertain of being able to cultivate and otherwise improve a large portion of the Crown lands, is the want of a sufficient number of labourers at the time required."

The lands of King Williamstown, where the operations described by Mr. Griffith were carried on, are held by the occupiers under the Crown. They are situated in the barony of Dukallow, a mountainous district in the north-west of the county of Cork, adjoining Kerry, and not far from the county of Limerick.

In the history of Ireland the district had been long known. It was the theatre of a desolating warfare in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First. It was the refuge of outlaws in the reigns of William and Queen Anne ; and in 1822 it was the rendezvous of an insurgent force of six or seven thousand men, who, descending from this fastness, crossed the Blackwater for the pur-

pose of plundering and laying waste the cultivated country beneath; encamped for several days on the banks of that river, committing great destruction of lives and property, and threatening the entire demolition of Millstret, Newmarket, Killarney, and other towns, and who ultimately returned to find a refuge in the heart of the mountains, from which they could not be dislodged.* The only passes ever made through the district were effected at the instance and expense of the British Government, immediately after the Rebellion of the Earl of Desmond. These passes were laid out in straight lines, without any reference to the nature of the country, and ran directly over hill and valley, from one military point to another. In many cases the inclination in ascending the hills amounted to one foot perpendicular to four feet horizontal; and an ascent of one foot in six feet was of common occurrence. This circumstance, together with the very imperfect manner in which the bridges had been built, was the cause of the roads being neglected by the grand juries of the surrounding counties, and in consequence during the Whiteboy insurrection in the year 1821, there was no road passable for horsemen in wet weather. With the exception of these military roads, thus neglected and disused for all ordinary purposes of intercourse, nothing had been done for the district since the days of Elizabeth. This region is described by Mr. Weale, who visited it in 1830, in the following language, "I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, that such extensive tracts of land, presenting a variety of fertile soils, and combining many other natural advantages which were obviously capable of contributing largely to the wealth and prosperity of the nation, had not participated in the general improvement of the country during the last thirty years, and that, previously to the commencement of the new roads then in progress of construction, the entire district must have remained neglected by the hand of civilization from the period at which its proprietors, the late Earls of Desmond, had been dispossessed of it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." Till 1830, a range of country, comprehending an area of about 200 square miles, or 128,000 acres, was thus, from the want of opening new lines of easy and direct communication to the neighbouring markets, cut off from all participation in the growing prosperity of the country.

It is natural that men like Mr. Griffith and Mr. Weale, engaged in the peaceful pursuits of improving a country, should dwell on the advantages to agriculture and commerce that must arise from such works as these. But before these advantages can

* Parliamentary Papers, 1834, No. 173.

be fully attained there must be in Ireland—what there is not now—something like security for life and property ; and, for our present purpose, we are disposed to think of a good road in the point of view in which it is seen by Sir Matthew Barrington, the very intelligent Crown-solicitor for Munster : “ I do not know anything,” says Sir Matthew, with the shrewd voice of thirty years’ experience, “ I do not know anything like a good road for preserving the peace ; for the people are not aware that the police may not come down upon them suddenly.”

It is not easy to think of Irish outrage without one’s attention being forced to this district. From being the most disturbed district in Ireland it has become one of the most tranquil ; and this, as far as we have the means of judging, almost exclusively from the effects of civilization forced upon it by the Government Works carried on there. If the reader has the opportunity of looking at Captain Darwin’s Map of Ireland, published by the Devon Commissioners, he will see a district occupying about 800 square miles of country. The greater part of it is marked in dark red, indicating that it is more than 500 feet above the level of the sea. It is bounded on the north by the Shannon, beginning at Shanagoldrum, in the county of Limerick ; the bounding line then passes through Glin to Tarbert, from Tarbert southward to Listowel, from Listowel south-westward to Tralee, from Tralee to the eastward to Castle Island, from Castle Island south-westward to Killarney, from Killarney to the eastward to Kenturk, from Kenturk north-eastward to Charlesville, from Charlesville to the westward to Drumcullogher in the county of Limerick, then from Drumcullogher, through Newcastle, again to Shanagoldrum. This district thus described consists of dreary hills occupied chiefly by dairy-farmers. In the year 1821, there was not in the whole of that district a single road practicable for a wheel carriage, nor a resident gentleman nor a resident clergyman. This tract of country belongs—or belonged in 1824, when the late Judge Foster, on whose authority we make the statement, gave evidence on the state of Ireland to a Committee of the House of Lords—to English absentees. Judge Foster tells us, that the disturbances existed not so much within the district itself as in the border country surrounding it. It is an important feature in all Irish outrage, of an insurrectionary character, that the actual disturbers of the peace are but few—that they are regarded as having a reliance on the sympathies of the general mass of the peasantry ; whereas, we think this latter feeling has been over-stated, and that much which has been ascribed to sympathy arises from actual fear. The disturber of the peace has succeeded in inspiring a terror greater than that of the law. In 1821, Judge Foster tells us, that smuggling in tobacco, which had been

very extensively carried on, in and about the south-western promontory of Ireland, was effectually checked—that the individuals who had hitherto obtained a livelihood by smuggling, betook themselves to these hills, and became the leaders of a most formidable banditti. The year 1821 was a year of dreadful scarcity. The loss of their crops led the population of the adjoining fertile counties to a state bordering on despair, when these banditti first made their appearance. Their habit was to descend in the beginning of the night, to seize upon the horses of the farmers in the immediate vicinity of the mountains, and to penetrate into the cultivated country ten or fifteen miles, or even more, from their strongholds. By the morning light they were again safe lodged within these hills, where all pursuit of them was wholly impracticable. The country through which they had swept during the night was, of course, much agitated in the morning. The perpetrators of the outrage had disappeared, and it was scarcely known from whence they had come. The ensuing night they probably crossed the mountains and made their appearance in another county; the night afterwards they would penetrate into a third; and it was for a considerable length of time that a small number of persons, probably not two hundred, kept all the adjoining counties in the state of alarm which then existed. The farmers, who were at first the victims of these ruffians, when they saw that their power was unchecked, became their allies. This was a consequence that might be calculated on; and there were circumstances at the period which increased the natural tendency of power to strengthen itself. There was great depression in the value of land immediately after the Peace of 1815. The prices of all agricultural produce fell; the system of letting lands had been altogether for long leases to persons who undertook to subdivide and manage the estates thus divided. For a few years after the war, and while they had any remaining capital, the head landlords continued to receive the rent reserved in their leases, which, however, had now become more than could be obtained from the produce of the soil. For a while the middle-man paid from other resources, when he at all could, the stipulated rent, in the hope and expectation of improving prices; year after year passed, and each year brought new disappointment. Middle-man after middle-man was broken. Every person entitled to receive rent, whether middle-man or proprietor, was compelled to receive an abated rent; but in most instances the abatements were but temporary—in many cases such sum as the tenant could give was received on account, and he was still regarded as a debtor for an arrear which he could never reasonably hope to be able to pay, and which the landlord would have been wise in at once cancelling. On some estates these arrears, which had ceased to be

regarded as debts, were, on the appointment of new agents, who did not understand the precise nature of transactions not perhaps very clear to the persons most interested, demanded and sought to be enforced. On one large estate, in the county of Limerick, an English solicitor had been appointed agent. Leases of the greater part of that estate had been made in 1782, in very large tracts, to tenants who had subdivided and sublet the lands in the manner usual in the country, and, as far as we understand the position of the parties, in fulfilment of the intention with which their leases were given. These leases expired between 1807 and 1814, and the grounds were then let to the tenant-farmers found in the actual occupation of the farms, who became liable for the high rents of a period at which war-prices were at their maximum. It was necessary, soon after these leases, to make abatements. This was done—not by any formal instrument or indorsement on the lease—but by a letter from the agent. The abatements took place in 1814—in 1818 the new agent, insisting that the lease for which the abatements were given had expired, insisted on an increased rent. He did not demand the rent required in the leases, nor would he receive that which was fixed by the letter of abatement, but, getting a valuation of the lands made, sought an intermediate amount. In some cases he resisted claims for improvement on what would seem a very reasonable ground, had the fact been with him, as it probably was, that the improvements had not been made. General discontent was excited by these proceedings, and, whether provoked by the course which this agent took or not, there were every night murders, incendiary fires, and other outrages, which commenced on the estate so managed at the period of the proceedings we have described. The disposition to violence had, however, been observed by the Irish Government for four years before.* Many attempts were made to murder the unfortunate agent. Being unable to meet with him, they shot his son, a fine boy of fourteen years of age. Sir Matthew Barrington tells us, that this murder was perpetrated by four men, hired at two shillings and sixpence a-piece, by a person who, he says, was the first bearer of the name of Captain Rock. In every outrage, he says, a leader is appointed, and this man was a common peasant, the most wretched-looking man you could imagine. He told Barrington that such was the cowardice of the class of men with whom he was associated, that whenever they went to attack a house he was obliged to stand behind them, threatening to shoot them if they did not persist. They

* See Mr. Farling's Evidence, Devon Commission, 657.

used to assemble at a *rock*, and from that arose the name of Captain Rock. The agent was at last driven away by this continued opposition, and the management passed into other hands. In the first week of his agency, the successor to this dangerous office saw something of the character of the task he had undertaken. A dispute had arisen between a farmer and his under-tenants or labourers, and at the request of both parties, he appointed that they should meet at his residence the next morning. The farmer, on his way to the appointment, was shot, and died in the course of the following night. "I saw," adds Mr. Farling, "four or five incendiary fires from the top of the house in which I reside, on one night—of houses, some of them belonging to gentlemen, persons of independence." We learn from Mr. Becher, a magistrate of the county of Cork, that the banditti of the mountain range which we have described, planned a predatory incursion on the cultivated parts of the county of Cork—which included the plunder of several of the principal towns—and then joining the insurgents of the county of Limerick. Habitual resistance to the law had given to the Dukallow men a character of fearlessness that the county of Limerick men had not yet attained, and in pursuance of their plan, they attacked the town of Newmarket, but were repulsed by a military party. It was Mr. Becher's belief that persons of a higher class than the peasantry were the prime movers in the matter, and that they were disappointed at their measures having been defeated by a premature explosion. He believed that there was a widespread conspiracy, the objects of which were to overthrow the British Government, and to subvert the Protestant Establishment. Religious and political feeling so soon blends with their passionate appeals to violence, and seems to give a sort of unity of purpose to desultory and driftless acts of lawlessness, that we are not surprised at these combinations of the peasantry to plunder their neighbours being regarded as evidence of organization for more general purposes, and that political incendiaries availed themselves of the lawless state of the country. At this time there was certainly among the peasantry of Ireland a strange disposition to believe in the approaching fulfilment of an interpretation of the Book of Revelation, which promised the triumphant establishment of the Roman Catholic Church in the year 1825, and Prince Hohenlohe, who, we believe, had been already restrained at home from the performance of miracles, except in the presence of the police, was engaged in curing all manner of disease in Ireland. "These are the mad men who do make men mad;" and there can be no doubt that the insurgent peasantry of Ireland were influenced by considerations which influenced educated men. Doctor Doyle professed his belief of the

miracles of Hohenlohe ; and the Archbishop of Dublin (Magee,) urged on the Legislature, as a reason against granting the emancipation of the Catholics in 1825, that it would confirm their belief in the prophecies, which announced the downfall of Protestantism. It is certain that in all the disturbed districts, the peasants were soon combined together by oaths, the language of which is expressive of desperate activity. Mr. Becher speaks of committees being held, and of committee-men with dictatorial authority. We know how likely preconceived notions are to colour every incident, and we therefore hesitate to receive his impressions on this subject, as if they had quite the character of evidence. At all times since the year 1798, the revolutionary jargon has been adopted in every local plot. Village schoolmasters and surveyors are in general the authors of the threatening notices which are circulated very generally in periods of disturbance, and they also are probably the persons drawing up forms of oaths, which, if it was only from their length, would seem too long to have been ever used for practical purposes. One of the prosecuting counsel on the northern circuit, Mr. Bennett, produced one of them, which was found in the year 1822. It seemed to embody the whole obligations of a "united man." One was not to dishonour the person "of a brother united man's wife, sister, or mother, without lawful permission from your clergyman ;" another was, "not to rob, steal, or keep company with a robber, and know him to be one, without liberty from your committee." The paper which Mr. Bennett produced contained mysterious words and emblems. Rhymes are there, "to make the gruel thick and slab." Part of the document is in question and answer, and the answers flow into a loose rhyme.

"What is a good fellow?" is the question ; and the answer is,—

"It is I, that can you tell,
Where I live or where I dwell,
Within the bands I am to be,
Which are the bands of liberty,
My name is told in letters three,
Which I will make known to thee,
And is, I. A. B."

I. A. B. is explained in prose to mean, *I And Brothers*. "Who made your coat?" is the next question ; and the answer is, "It never was made ; it grew as the wool on the back of the sheep." Religious phrases borrowed from scripture are introduced ; St. Peter, the *Rock* is spoken of ; and then is mentioned the cock that crew at the baptism of our Saviour, "to awake

the Sons of Union to life, to fight for liberty." "Did he say any thing else?" He did. "What else did he say?"

"I am the chanticleer, that crew both loud and shrill,
To awake the Sons of Union to ascend the verdant hill ;
He roused us from our slumber, and from a bed of down,
That we might fight for liberty, and cut the orange down.
It was at the river Jordan, this cock first heard his lays,
To let all Christian nations know they would have some happy days;
Then all the heath of heresy with speed will tumble down,
And the boys of love and loyalty wear a laurel crown.
Our men will conquer with indignation,
From Jerusalem to Copenhagen,
And land in England for recreation,
To subdue the friends of the Reformation.

L. L. L.

Love, Loyalty, and Liberty.

Question.—When will the three L's shine ?

Answer.—The L. L. L. will shine,

And heresy decline,

With liberty to every Christian nation ;

And Henry's usurping train,

Shall weep and bewail,

That Luther ever began the Reformation."

The restoration of the Church, and a prayer that heresy may fall like a star from the firmament, and

"—— That Erin's far degraded race
May rise and live, and see a peace,"

is another passage in the strange medley. The hope of French aid is distinctly indicated.

The whole farrago seems to us not very likely to have been used at any period much more recent than 1798, and seems rather like a schoolmaster's collection of treasonable precedents, than any thing to which much value ought to be attached. It was given to Mr. Burnett by a magistrate, and had been taken out of the pocket of a suspected person by a policeman. We do not think that it has the character of a genuine document, though we have no doubt whatever that questions and answers of the kind are or were among the signs by which the disaffected recognised each other. In the insurrections of that year, and in the more recent disturbances, not the slightest evidence has ever been produced to connect with such plots any person in respectable life. The Crown has never been without receiving information of the actual perpetrators of almost every crime committed in the country, though from not finding such corroborative testimony as the law requires, they are often unable to pro-

secute; and Sir Matthew Barrington has told us, that in his experience as Crown-prosecutor for thirty years, he has never known these disturbances connected with political causes. We therefore think it absolutely impossible that Mr. Becher should have been right in his supposition. That a state of society so inflammable as that of Ireland then was should at any moment burst into flame, was to be expected. What wild mad mischief might be the consequence of an outbreak, we can easily picture to ourselves; but plan—antecedent plan or intelligible purpose, or any thing that could have an effect more permanent than perhaps a three days' massacre (for something of that kind was no doubt easily possible)—there was none. That political discontent and resentment alienated a great portion of the community, and was at the root of the disturbances, we think more than probable. The insurgents would count on the active assistance of the humbler peasantry; and Dr. Collins, then the parish priest of Skibbereen, and afterwards a bishop, when examined in 1826, expressed his conviction, that the insurrection, if it had not been arrested by military force, must have spread to districts that fortunately escaped its worst effects.

It is scarce possible for persons unconnected with Ireland to imagine its precise condition. It would almost seem as if the atrocities which have been committed are so much a part of the natural order of things, that persons living in that country, quite forget the past, and absolutely do not observe what is passing everywhere around them. We knew a family who contrived, during the Rebellion of 1798, which was raging round them, to live in utter ignorance of what was passing. The gentleman of the house, who was a man of some property, took no newspaper except the *Racing Calendar*; thought of nothing but the names and pedigrees and performances of the several horses whose feats were recorded; and continued to live admired and respected to a decent old age, in the midst of midnight bullets, and incendiary fires. This was perhaps an extreme case of the ruling passion being strong enough to absorb and swallow up everything else—and we have almost envied the serenity of the old lady, who, surviving her brother's family for many years, told us of the quiet in which they passed their time, in what we should have thought unhappy days. These were the days of the *White-boys*. The battle then was not between the rich and the poor, but, as now, between the poor and the very poor—the poor gentleman and the poor peasant. In 1798, and earlier—long earlier—there were two conspiracies altogether unconnected. The political one was in reality that of least moment. In it farmers, shop-keepers, and in the south of Ireland some few of the gentry were engaged. A more formidable con-

spiracy was one which existed earlier and lasted longer, and may be said to exist still—that of the poor against those whom they suppose to be rich. While the one thought of political grievances, and were shaping republics in the clouds, the other were warring with the farmers for potato-ground—with the clergy of the Established Church for a reduction of tithes—with their own clergy for a reduction of their demands—and with the gentry of the country, who, as land became of more value, were occupied in taking into their own demesnes the adjoining commonages which were regarded as public property. With this latter conspiracy alone have we any present concern. Of course it was quite impossible that, when political conspiracy became active, it should not seek to employ among its instruments all who were in any way or from any cause discontented; but the original objects of the two were distinct—wholly distinct; and what has been called the Whiteboy system was never anything but a servile war against property;—perhaps it ought rather to be said—so miserable was the condition of the persons engaged in it—that it was a struggle for mere existence.

Sir Matthew Barrington, for more than thirty years Crown-prosecutor for the Munster Circuit, tells us that he never knew any of the disturbances of which we treat, arise from any other causes than the desire to possess land, the dispossession of land, and the disputes about land. He is no doubt right; but it does not follow that any remedy that can be suggested will altogether remove the feeling in which these disputes originate. The misery of the people was the same in the days of Sir William Petty. Their crimes were not then the crimes of actual violence, but they had the vices of character then which are their vices now—which are not theirs alone, but those of all men in a state of barbarism; and which they, perhaps of all men, have the best right to vindicate in some such way as Petty suggests. The passage which we quote is perhaps the earliest which mentions the potato and its effects on the Irish people. The date of “the Political Anatomy” is 1672:—

“Their lazing seems to me to proceed rather from want of employment and encouragement to work than from the natural abundance of phlegm in their bowels and blood; for what need have they to work who can content themselves with potatoes, whereof the labour of one man can feed forty; and with milk whereof one cow will in summer time give meat enough for three men; where they can everywhere gather cockles, oysters, muscles, crabs, &c., without boats, nets, angles, or the art of fishing, and can build an house in three days? And why should they desire to fare better, though with more labour, when they are taught that this way of living is more like the patriarchs of old, and the saints of later times, by whose prayers and merits they

are to be relieved, and whose example they are therefore to follow; and why should they breed more cattle since 'tis penal to import them into England? Why should they raise more commodities, since there are not merchants sufficiently stocked to take care of them, nor provided with more pleasing foreign commodities to give in exchange for them? And how should merchants have stock, since trade is prohibited and fettered by the statutes of England? And why should men endeavour to get estates, where the legislative power is not agreed on, and where tricks and words destroy natural rights and property?

"They are accused also of much treachery, falseness, and thievery, none of all which I conceive is natural to them; for as to treachery, they are made believe they shall all flourish again after some time; wherefore they will not readily submit to those whom they hope to have their servants, nor will they declare so much, but say the contrary for their present ease, which is all the treachery I have observed. For they have in their hearts not only a grudging to see their old properties enjoyed by foreigners, but a persuasion that they shall be shortly restored. . . . There must be thieving where there is neither encouragement nor method nor means for labouring, nor provision for impotents."

It is difficult to think of any one topic of Irish society apart from the rest. The CORRESPONDENCE connected with the late distresses and the means of relief, published in the Parliamentary papers of this year, satisfied the late Dr. Chalmers that through the greater part of the country no proper local agencies could be found for the practical working of any measure for good; in many districts in Ireland the task was thrown almost entirely on the unwearied exertions of the Protestant clergy and the officers of the Board of Works, and we think that the conclusion which Dr. Chalmers drew from the facts stated in that Correspondence, is one fairly deducible from them, and is for ever forced upon every resident in Ireland. Absenteeism, unconnected altogether with the pecuniary benefits which a district receives by the residence of a wealthy gentry, is an evil for which in England there is no compensation whatever. The whole structure of society is deranged by the absolute want of an entire class. This cannot be better stated than in the language of the present Chief-Justice of Ireland: "In ordinary times, the loss of the influence and authority and the control which belong to education, to rank, and to property, must be felt in any country; but when it becomes disturbed, I need not say that that which would form a barrier for the protection of the peace, is lost in Ireland." When administering the Insurrection Act in some of the southern counties, he tells us, that the only noblemen who ever appeared on the bench, were Lords Clare and Adare, (the present Lord Dunraven.) Till about the close of the

war in 1815, the place of a resident gentry was in some degree supplied by the middle-men—for before that time there were few farms held directly from the landowner. The habits of the country introduced a sort of partnership in the occupation and management of land—each tenant was security for all ; and the dealing with land so held needed a description of minute attention, which required the perpetual vigilance of a man giving his whole mind to the matter. The late Judge Foster was one of the first persons who thought of dealing directly with the tenants on the ground. In the year 1817, he made the experiment of letting an estate, which fell into his hands by the failure of a middle-man, in small divisions, to the occupants on the ground. The state of the law, which had been before unfavourable to such dealings, from the great expense and complexity of proceeding, when it was necessary to get rid of a defaulting tenant, was altered in such a way as to render an experiment of the kind less hazardous. An Act of Parliament passed about that time, which gives the landlord the power of recovering, at a few shillings' expense, his ground from a defaulting tenant, when the rent is less than fifty pounds a-year, rendered it less necessary to deal through the intervention of a middle-man, and assisted in sweeping away that class. In all this the late judge saw nothing that was not desirable. He thought the middle-men were a dissolute and depraved and dishonest class. He regarded them as intercepting the fair profits of the landlord, and as hard task-masters over the unfortunate tenantry. Foster's picture of the middle-men is drawn by no friendly hand—yet it is one which shows that such an agency could be ill spared. “ The middle-man, from the nature of his calling, resides upon the property, and has his eye continually on the tenantry ;—he watches with a jealous eye each individual pig, and half firkin of butter ;—he follows to the market—he takes great care that his tenants shall never be in the possession of money ; whatever he sees convertible into money he takes from them—he makes himself the factor and vender of it.” It is added, that his accounts are dishonestly kept ; but it is plain that in this latter statement the witness is generalizing some particular facts coming within his own knowledge. Mr. John Dunn, a tenant-farmer in the Queen's County, examined by the Lords' Committee in 1824, tells us that, “ practically, he does not know what would become of much of the property of absentees but for the middle-men ; they are generally kind and good-natured and humane to their under-tenants ; if they were not, the country would be much worse off than it is.” Mr. O'Connell, examined before the same committee, ascribed the existence of the disturbances to the passing of the Acts alluded

to by Judge Foster—connecting them with the fact of the dispossession of tenants under those Acts—and stating that the former ejectments were not only expensive, but that there were many exceptions to their operation. He thus ascribes the previous peace of the country to the power which the occupant of land had of continuing to hold it without fulfilling the obligations of his contract. We are not sure, that the agrarian disturbances themselves would not be better than lawless peace of this kind. We agree with Foster, that these Acts enabled the owner of land to get rid of the middle-men, and that he did so. We agree with O'Connell, that immediately subsequent to these Acts, and connected with them, were the agrarian disturbances about which he was giving evidence; but we have no doubt whatever that the disturbances chiefly arose from the proprietors getting rid of the middle-men, and breaking one of the links by which society was held together. A large body of men, occupying in some degree the character of landlords, were removed, and the peasantry were deprived of the protection which their residence in the country afforded. The visits of an occasional agent or receiver under the courts, were substituted for the constant eye which disturbed Judge Foster's serenity. The owner of land is constantly deceived by the very punctuality of payment, for a year or two, of the occupants to whom he gives leases. By subdividing the land, such tenant will at once be able to obtain a considerable sum—by burning it—by the process of exhaustion or others—he may, while he is destroying the land, be more easily able to meet the demands of the landlord, than an honest man. For a few years all goes on apparently well; but patch after patch of land is divided and subdivided—they are satisfied with poorer and yet poorer food—children and childrens' children scramble for a share of the produce of the ground, which each day diminishes, as the number it has to support increases. The landlord, who some five years before had been tempted by an increased rent-roll, to place his property in the hands of people very ignorant and very improvident, now learns that his course was not altogether a wise one. Left to themselves, the Irish peasantry of the southern counties were utterly incapable of coming to any good. The continual vigilance that children require is more than required by people in their position. Any thing of exertion, requiring the fair application of mind or body, would seem to be a thing impossible unless under the strongest stimulus. This is not national character—as persons are fond of saying; it is what would be the character of any people in the savage state;—and the account which travellers give of the American Indians—their indolence—their occasional excitement—their ferocity—might almost

seem copied from the manners of the Irish, when left to themselves. Dr. Doyle tells us, that the male part of the family lie frequently in bed; during the day, the wife or daughter perhaps goes abroad and begs about the neighbourhood for some few potatoes, which she brings home—there they vegetate: It can scarcely be imagined upon what a small pittance one of these wretches continues to subsist; in fact he is almost like a savage of the American deserts. He lies down upon a little straw upon the floor, and remaining there motionless nearly all day, he gets up in the evening, eats a few potatoes, and then throws himself again on the earth, where he remains till morning; thus he drags out an existence, which it were better were terminated in any way than continued in the manner it is." To such, as the certain consequences of leaving these people to themselves, must the owners of Irish property reconcile themselves. The same people, removed from surrounding influences, watched and disciplined, succeed in every thing. There is in all their dealings at present exceeding suspicion, exceeding cunning—in fact, all the vices of human nature left to itself. "The unfortunate Irish labourer," says Mr. Barrow, "lives like the savage, save that he boils the roots which he digs out of the earth. What cares he for educating his children? What can he know of the blessings of education? You may build a national school at his door, but the instant the child is able to crawl, the father needs his help; and when he should be at school, he is in all likelihood pilfering a bundle of firewood from some neighbour's ditch or gentleman's demesne. I have lived among them, and seen what I describe." "The farmers," he tells us, "know no more of the rotation of crops, than they know of the rotation of the planetary system." Mr. Foster, the Times' Commissioner, one of the most intelligent travellers who has ever given an account of Ireland, was struck with the manifestation of distrust everywhere exhibited by the Irish peasant. He tells, that Colonel Robinson, letting a farm to a countryman, on condition of his cultivating it according to a plan laid down by the Company for the Improvement of Waste Lands, was replied to by his future tenant,—“Sure, your honour, if I pay you rent, may I not cultivate it as I like? If I am satisfied with potatoes and butter-milk; you be the same with the rent.” “If you did not know your road,” said the Colonel, “and wanted a guide, would you follow this gentleman (pointing to a gentleman beside him) with a bandage over his eyes, or me, with the full use of my eyesight?” “Sure, and I’d follow the gentleman,” was the Irishman’s answer. “Why so?” “Because he could not see to lead me astray.” To this class of persons, through the impossibility of getting the proprietors of Irish estates to live at home, and mind their business—for if they did

this we should be rejoiced that the middle-man-system was wholly done away with—is the country given up. Rent, of course, must after a time absolutely cease in estates so neglected. The land, unable to support its poor, will supply multitudes ready for any crime, the plague of the surrounding districts. At Killibegs, in the county of Donegal, on a property belonging to the Board of Education, “the people, being left to themselves, subdivided their land till they could pay no rent, and at length it would not keep them; and they were found a year or two ago, by the Poor-Law Commissioners, lying in their huts without food or clothes, all starving together, in the most frightful state of destitution.”* We have no doubt whatever, that the vice, the misery—and as a consequence of vice and misery, the crimes, of these poor people, arise more from the state of the law which enables them, under the name of tenancy-at-will, to keep possession of land after they ceased to fulfil any part of the contract into which they have entered.

The statement published last March, by the Board of Woods and Forests, of the dealings of the occupants of the Crown lands of Ballykilcline, in the county of Roscommon, is curiously illustrative of what we have said. On the 1st of May 1834, on the expiration of an old lease, under which Lord Hartland had become the tenant of the Crown, the Crown became entitled to the possession of the lands. There were 609 acres of land. The rent which Lord Hartland paid was £200; the rent agreed to be paid by the occupying tenants was £411. When the Crown resumed possession, there were 74 under-tenants on the ground, each probably representing a large family. The Crown appointed a receiver, with directions to get from the tenants the same rents which they had paid to Lord Hartland. For two years the rents were paid with tolerable regularity—this we should have expected; they then ceased to be paid at all, the tenants saying the lands were too dear—and we have little doubt finding that, in their mode of management the produce was not more than sufficient for their own support, it ceased to yield any thing that could be applied as rent. Then came every shift of evasion on the part of the tenants—then demands of possession—then questionings of the Crown’s title—then litigation for twelve long years—then assaults and trials, and imprisonments and acquittals—then dispossession by the sheriff, and the lands of some of the tenants delivered over by him to a caretaker on the part of the Crown. Then the parties visited by the sheriff returned to their houses, having forcibly removed the locks and staples placed in the houses by the Crown caretaker. When notices of an

* Foster’s Letters on the Condition of the People of Ireland, p. 235.

agent being appointed to the estate were served on the occupiers, the process-server who executed that duty would have been murdered, but for the accidental presence of a few police. The narrative of the proceedings describes the Crown as having ultimately succeeded in obtaining the decree of a court of equity to restore them to possession,—their unwillingness to execute it in February last on account of the season of the year,—their serving notices that they would execute it on the 1st of May; but throughout the whole proceedings, and even at the date of the Report, March 7, 1847, there was still an anxiety on the part of the Crown to treat with the occupants. Besides the war carried on by attorneys and bailiffs, there was an active issue of memorials from the tenants, and replies from high authorities, and reports on these memorials by agents and solicitors. Mr. Knox, the agent, describes one of the memorials in a few expressive words,—“as not containing one particle of truth.” Of the tenants, at the time of his letter under ejectment, he says,—

“They are the most lawless and violent set of people in the county Roscommon; and whenever it was necessary that I should go to the lands to have any services effected on behalf of the Crown, the stipendiary magistrate never would venture among them unless accompanied by dragoons, infantry, and police; and even with this force they invariably insulted the bailiff in the execution of his duty, and did every thing in their power to resist the laws. My firm conviction therefore is, that they never will become satisfactory tenants to the Crown, and that if admitted again on the lands, similar proceedings will in a few years have to be instituted *de novo* against them. Their conduct also has had a very bad effect among the tenantry here; and to my own knowledge the properties of Lord Hartland, Mr. Blakeney, and Mr. Balfé, in the locality of Ballykilcline, have suffered severely from the example of those tenants, and are not paying their rents as hitherto.”

To destroy any class of the gentry in Ireland, is actually to abandon the country to persons wholly incapable of its management. We think in many respects favourably of the intentions of these poor people in their dealings with others. Their exemplary patience under the severest privations was in many parts of the country marked during the late distresses; and we think there is great truth in the opinion that Foster, whom we have so often quoted, and who knew the people well, expressed, when he said, that the proximate cause of insurrectionary outrage was when the peasant found the process of the law was to compel him to do things that were actually impossible. The immediate instruments in the service of power are regarded as objects of greater resentment than the agent or attorney whose commands they obey. There is among the peasantry a disbelief that any man

does anything from the dictates of his own mind; hence endless clamorous solicitation—hence endless recurrences to things that would seem to have been settled over and over—hence the notion that whatever is done is done because this body or that body put “the master” up to it. They are exceedingly suspicious, and yet exceedingly credulous; and, had they their own wish, life would be passed in an indolent dream. Clanship would seem to have been the best system under which they could have lived. It is well enough for travellers through the country to say that the Irishman would be content if he could but get employment. The mind has attained a stronger character than it has yet exhibited among the Irish, when it begins to love labour for its own sake. To enjoy entire indolence would be to indulge in what an Irishman most loves; and we suspect, that when Mr. Griffith found it impossible to make out men enough for his works, men enough were in the cabins—aye, and muscular, able-bodied men—who, while the potato could be obtained in any way whatever, were not to be tempted by his eightpence a-day. On the public roads, in the course of the last year, many peasants made their appearance whose existence was before unknown almost to any one, and who were forced out by actual hunger, and perhaps the temptations of what could scarcely be called work, to pass a few hours of sunshine on the public roads. While the potato lasted, these men were supported either by their own conacre field, dug and cultivated by the women of the family, or by what their wives and children got among the neighbours by begging. A century seems to have worn out none of the insane pride which Berkeley describes as characteristic of the Irish. “In my own family,” says the good bishop, “a kitchen-maid refused to carry out cinders, because she was descended from an old Irish stock. At the same time, these proud people are more destitute than savages and more proud than negroes. The negroes in our plantations have a saying, ‘If negro was not negro, Irishman would be negro;’ and it may be affirmed with truth, that the very savages of America are better clad and better lodged than the Irish cottagers throughout the fine fertile counties of Limerick and Tipperary.” Remove the gentry, and into a class such as this will the tenant-farmers be soon reduced. Allow property to exist, —with its natural rights, with its legitimate influences—and there is no class below the possessors of property who are not elevated. To destroy the intermediate links of society is to break the whole chain. Our conviction is that an actual impossibility was attempted, when the Board of Works thought that the property of the Crown could have been preserved, leaving to the poor people at Ballykilcline the management of an estate in lands, on condition of paying rents on certain days at a public office. The

Irish peasant, however well-intentioned, cannot be left a moment to himself. He must be instructed in everything. He has the ignorance without the docility of a child. He is ignorant of everything—most ignorant of that of which he ought to know most. If one thing more than another is proved by the evidence taken by the Devon Commissioners, it is the Irish farmer's entire ignorance of the proper management of land.

We shrink from any detail of the atrocities which disgrace Ireland. The general character of the crimes must be familiar to every one who looks over the newspapers; and we would only say that these papers, so far from exaggerating, suggest no sufficient notion of the frequency of the crimes. Injuries are done which are never recorded; on the other hand there is sometimes successful fraud. A county or a barony has to repay the sufferer what he has lost, when he can show his loss to have been the consequence of malicious injury. An accidental fire takes place—and he finds the means of rendering it probable that it was malicious.

Sir Matthew Barrington describes outrages connected with land as being not considered by the people as offences. Shooting a man dead—we use his language—because he has taken a farm from which another has been ejected, is regarded as a kind of fight or battle, as distinguished from a larceny committed from the ignoble motive of stealing. "I can hardly," he adds, "describe the feeling." He doubts whether persons coming behind a hedge and shooting a man dead with a loaded gun, would consider it murder. The escape of such a criminal would be favoured by the generality of the peasantry. Cases have occurred where the police, in pursuit of a murderer, said that the man they were in search of had run away with a young woman against her will, and they succeeded in obtaining assistance and information, which they otherwise could not have obtained. In the murder of Mr. Goring, a stipendiary magistrate, in 1821, a large sum of money in his possession was left untouched on the public road. Previous to these murders the public mind is often dreadfully inflamed. We were in the county of Limerick at the time Goring's murder occurred, and before it occurred we heard he had been murdered. The incident was so probable, that the imagination of the people anticipated it. Some insurgents had, as we remember, an encounter with the police or military—one or two were killed—perhaps more—and buried in the precincts of the gaol in Limerick. Quicklime was thrown on the bodies to consume them. In Ireland the affectionate ceremonies with which death is always attended, made this incident—perhaps an illegal exercise of power, for the men had not been convicted—peculiarly revolting—and new horrors were added to it, for a

report was given out that obtained universal circulation, if not belief, that one of the men was not quite dead, and that when the quicklime was thrown on the body it exhibited signs of actual life. Such were the circumstances in which the murder of a very humane and good man took place. The credulity of the people who believed evil of him, however, had no bounds. It is strange, that in most of the frightful murders that have taken place, some more than common atrocity is imputed to the murdered man. Is the falsehood a part of the crime, or is it one of the devices by which the conscience seeks to impose on itself? We know not; but we could relate facts, which, whether true or false, mingle with popular belief, and which seem to be put forth for the purpose of proving, that nothing but good was done in ridding the world of a monster.

Degrading punishments for crimes, which are not regarded as such by the persons who commit them, have little effect either on the criminals or the community—for the state of opinion is such as to make the sufferer be regarded as a martyr. Transportation, we are told, inflicted in the ordinary way, is dreaded as much as death; but transportation carried into instant effect, they consider so final and irreparable, that they dread it more than death. In Cork, at the Spring Assizes 1847, persons accused of sheep-stealing, &c., when they thought there was not danger of transportation, pleaded guilty. They had some support in the gaol, and were afraid of being acquitted and discharged.

Transportation is Barrington's recipe. It cures all diseases of the social system. In 1831, Clare was considered to be in rebellion—fences were broken down—cattle were taken and eaten by very hungry people—down went the Crown-solicitor and the Crown-counsel. Sir Matthew Barrington tells a committee sitting this year, of the humanity of not trying any of the prisoners for capital offences. We give him credit for humanity, but he ought to have told them, also, that by such course he was more sure of juries, as the persons tried could not, in cases not capital, challenge jurors without cause; and the privilege of challenge in capital cases is so extensive, as very materially to lessen the chance of verdicts. The Judges and the Crown-Counsel, however, dwelt on their doubtful virtue of humanity. Even without reference to the prudential consideration we have mentioned, if transportation was regarded by those who were to suffer it as a severer punishment than death, the speeches taking credit for mercy as an influencing motive, might have been spared. In 1821, Barrington tells us, that criminals were taken round the county of Cork in a machine like an omnibus, and executed, two in one place and two in another, in different parts of

the country. "And I do not think," says Sir Matthew, "that had more effect in tranquillizing the country than the immediate transportations from the dock had ten years afterwards in Clare.

We are weary of this mode of tranquillizing the country. Why endeavour to work on the imaginations of the people by theatrical exhibitions of the kind? The miserable show failed in Cork in 1821. The executions took place; the people resented the effort to work upon their minds by carrying the sentence of the law into effect in an unusual form; and the performances had but few spectators.

The effect of the instant removal of the criminals from the dock at Eunis is described as most terrific. The instant the sentence of transportation was pronounced, they were removed to a cart and driven away amidst the heart-rending shrieks of an immense number of persons of their own station in life. Whatever might be the real or seeming effect of this, we cannot but think, with Judge Perrin, that this precipitate haste was unbecoming the solemnity of justice.

Sir Matthew Barrington's instructive testimony informs us that some alterations made in 1831 in the Whiteboy code, mitigating its severity, and punishing several offences with transportation instead of death, were of great importance. When death was the punishment, it had of late years ceased to be inflicted.

Till the year 1828, the punishment of man-slaughter was only fine and imprisonment. In that year it was increased to transportation. From that year faction-fights at fairs ceased. A man-slaughter now scarce ever occurs at a fair. Before that period "there were dozens or *hundreds* at almost *every fair*." Must not this, Sir Matthew, be somewhat more than the number?

When a criminal is executed, the possession of his dead body by his family is regarded as of the utmost importance. The bodies of murderers are still buried in the gaol—a measure, we think, of doubtful prudence. In those cases where the body is given back to the relatives, the wake, and the ceremony of the funeral are, we are told, a kind of triumph to the parties, and a mode of attaching them to the commission of crime. The body is brought to the house of the deceased, or of one of his friends, and there, without the coffin being nailed down, the body is exposed with a great number of candles round it. Whisky there used to be; there is now coffee and other refreshments. Through the whole night parties go in and out, and there are hundreds of persons attending. Every friend in the district will attend. At the wakes of criminals new offences are concocted.

It is now unnecessary to discuss the prudence of permitting these meetings, or the fitness of returning to his relatives the body

of the deceased, as the punishment of death but seldom takes place. Our strong impression is, however, that it would in most cases, perhaps in all, be more fitting to restore the body. In spite of our belief that Sir Matthew Barrington is right in thinking that the perpetration of new crimes is arranged at these places of meeting, yet this we think is a hazard that may be more safely incurred than that of legislating in such a spirit as to outrage and insult every feeling of humanity. The danger, too, is less than Sir Matthew seems to think. The habits of the people are themselves changing in respect to wakes and funerals. The excitement of whisky being removed, it is not possible that the scene should not rather tend to calm than to excite violent feeling. Some ten years ago, or later, the funeral cry was heard at every burial in the county of Limerick ; it has now wholly passed away, and burials are conducted in silence. It still prevails, or did a year or two ago, in Kerry.

The murder of Mr. Prim in the county of Kilkenny, a few months ago, was the occasion of a curious proof of the feelings of the people on the subject of interment.

Prim was a pay-clerk, travelling in a gig with money to the place appointed for paying it to the men employed on the Public Works. He was accompanied by a policeman. Five men, without having demanded the money or given any notion of their intention, shot Prim and the policeman dead. Prim had time to fire, and wounded one of the men, who was able to crawl to a house in the neighbourhood, where he was found by the police. A few days afterwards he died of his wounds. An inquest was held, and the relations of the deceased demanded the body, saying that he should have as fine a coffin and funeral as Mr. Prim. The wife of the man brought with her an ornamented hearse. The police refused to give the body without the orders of their inspector, who was absent for the day. Early on the following morning two persons, saying they were next of kin, demanded and obtained the body. No suspicion was excited, and it was given. They proceeded with it to the scene of the murder ; about two hundred of the neighbouring peasantry joined them ; dug a pit at the road-side fifteen or sixteen feet deep, flung in the coffin, hurling on it immense stones which must have dashed the body to pieces. They then filled up the grave, and began firing shots over it in triumph. On their return, they met the wife and father of the deceased, with their ornamented hearse, coming for the body. An encounter between the friends of the deceased and the excited multitude was with difficulty prevented. On the following Sunday considerable apprehension was excited by a report that his friends would come in great force to remove the body, and the police assembled on the ground and prevented

any collision. The Irish are a strange people, and it is not improbable that this incident arose from their feelings of regard for Prim and his family, and from indignation at a base murder committed for the sake of plunder—plunder, too, of money intended for the relief of the destitute. There was time, too, for other feelings than those of mere impulse to operate; and they might have reasonably feared that the effect of Prim's murder would be the ceasing of the Public Works in the district.

The murder of Mr. Watson in the county of Limerick, a month or two ago, was attended with circumstances that might almost make a stranger despair of a cure for such evils. Mr. Watson was a man of some independent property, and had been appointed agent to a gentleman of the name of Arthur, who had but recently succeeded to his father's property. During the father's life, large arrears of rent had been allowed to accrue. In one case four years' and a-half rent was due. Watson showed a disposition to a more active superintendence of the property than was consistent with the continuance of this state of things, and sought to manage the property on some intelligible principle. He demanded a half-year's rent, and offered, on this being paid, to give receipts for the whole; in other words, to forgive the whole arrear. For this half-year's rent he distrained some cattle. The actual enforcement of a just debt by legal process was inconsistent with the feelings and habits of the people. Watson was a very benevolent man, and there were some circumstances in the case which had led the people to think that his former language about enforcing the rent was but a threat unlikely to be carried into effect. Actual murder may not have been intended, as fire-arms were not used, and as severe beatings with cudgels—which appear to have been the weapons employed on the occasion—are not unfrequent in the brutal chastisements with which offences such as Watson's are punished. However this be, on the morning of the day on which Watson left his house for the last time, till his body was borne from it to his early grave, he twice dismounted from his horse,—the first time for the purpose of giving a loaf of bread and a shilling to a poor woman who came to him with some narrative of distress,—the second time, in order to write a note intended to serve some object of another claimant on his bounty. There was strong reason to believe that both these persons were spies sent to learn his movements. He had not rode far from his avenue when he was assaulted, thrown from his horse, beaten about the head with cudgels, and with some sharp instrument, and left, still breathing, but having received blows and wounds which proved mortal. At the road-side was a miserable cabin. Its door was closed while this frightful scene was being enacted, in order, as its inhabitants afterwards confessed, that they might not be spectators

of a crime which it is fair to them to believe they might not have the means of preventing. In that cabin, a few nights before, Watson and his wife—herself the mother of seven children—sat up for a whole night watching and attending a labourer's child sick of the croup,—for never were there people of more active benevolence, or more anxious to do good within their sphere, and we know that they were greatly loved. Such details as this we shrink from recording. They would seem to suggest that all remedy is hopeless; and yet, not to continue to hope against hope, at the best would be almost greater criminality than that of the desperate men who took away Watson's life. The circumstances in the case on which the imagination is most likely to dwell, are the most unimportant. If the murderers wanted to learn Watson's movements, messengers must have been sent to the house on one pretence or other, and the poor creatures sent may either not have known the object of the inquiry, or been acting under intimidation, which deprived them of all power of choice. A fact of more moment is, that the rent for which Watson dis-trained was not that of a pauper-tenant, but of a man whose holding under Mr. Arthur was of a very considerable number of acres.

Our limits render it impossible that we should say more, and we are not sorry to escape the office of prediction as to the effects of the Poor-Law now coming into operation. Whatever our fears may be, we trust that in Ireland all men will see the fitness of endeavouring to carry out the law in its true spirit and meaning. Resistance of any kind, whether active or passive, can be but mischievous. It would be untrue to say that outrage has ceased in Ireland. It would be untrue to infer even from the quiet of part of the country, that things were altogether in a better state, as we believe outrage to have diminished in some parts of the country by intimidation having produced its intended effect, and that whole districts have ceased to pay any rent—with what certain ruin ultimately to themselves, the readers of what we have already written are in a position to judge. But whether the outrages be more or less in number, they are certainly at present less a part of any deliberate system. They are unconnected with political feeling. They are desultory—driftless—capricious, and must soon cease. We ourselves have no doubt that their chief cause is in the state of the law, which enables any holder of land to continue in the possession of it, while he violates every condition on which it was given to him. This state of the law we have fully exhibited in a former Number.* Among other facts that have perplexed inquirers into the condition of Ireland, it may suggest the cause why so many witnesses before the De-

* Number XII., Article—"State of Ireland."

von Commission have agreed in stating that in the county of Tipperary the perpetrators of the outrages are not persons of the lowest classes, or who would seem to be goaded to crime by actual destitution.

Never was there a time in Ireland in which there was more kindness of feeling among all classes. Were we to state what body of men, both collectively and individually, is most popular, and deservedly so—for in the late calamities their exertions were untiring—we should say the Protestant clergy; and our opportunities of observation and inquiry were chiefly in the south of Ireland, where the population is almost wholly Roman Catholic. Could we divest our minds of the uneasy apprehensions which this new poor-law creates, we should have no fear for Ireland.

It is a cruel wrong to describe the peasantry as sympathizing with crime in the way police magistrates and Crown-solicitors, and other functionaries employed in the execution of the criminal law—whose peculiar position is likely to suggest to them that the detection of crime is the one great business of civilized society—will tell you that they do. The truth is, that the peasantry are intimidated, are overpowered by their reasonable fears of violent revenge, from which all the machinery of Government has as yet in Ireland afforded them no adequate protection. Even were this not the case, there are feelings that ought to be remembered, which may render the giving up a father, or an uncle, or a brother, to criminal justice, a duty of very doubtful obligation. Into such considerations we have not now time to enter, but we think it important to state, that our full conviction is, that there is little sympathy in the great body of the peasantry of Ireland—certainly none such as to justify a statement too often made—that their sympathy is such as to make them virtually participators in the guilt of every crime committed in any particular district. At no time do we think this could be said with entire truth, or in such a sense as to support the inferences sought to be deduced from it, and at present it is not in any sense true. The delusive expectations, which it is probable that for generation after generation the peasantry had indulged, of social changes which would essentially vary their position, by giving them the estates of the gentry, have, as far as we can judge, altogether passed away. It is strange how they have clung to these expectations. In 1824, there was among them a strong expectation of some great and important change to be accomplished for them, and through their instrumentality. More lately, the Repeal frenzy had in the same way seized on their imaginations. It would be rash to say that future madmen may not again rouse them to similar madness, but at present there seems no hope or wish other than that of living at peace with all men.

Actual outrage was at all times the work of a smaller number

of persons than would at first be believed, and their reliance for impunity was not on the sympathy, but on the fears and the apathy, of the general mass of the people. Of late years we do not believe that the insurgents are united by the bonds of an oath; and the disturbances seem unconnected with religion. In 1798, and much later, religion was an influencing motive, and its natural power of absorbing all other considerations within itself, soon made it almost the sole one. Wherever rent was oppressively high, and the peasant sought to relieve himself of any part of the burden, religion was evoked into the contest—for till of late years the part of the rent which goes to the support of the clergyman was a debt due to the clergyman from the peasant himself—and at every moment the difference of religion between the payer and the receiver of this portion of the produce of the soil was vexatiously suggested. The clergyman's claim being in thought connected with the performance of a spiritual duty, religion could scarcely avoid giving its own character to a strife with which, in as far as it was a mere scramble for property, it was wholly unconnected. This cause of a hostility peculiarly difficult of adjustment is wholly at an end.

When Spenser, more than two centuries ago, wrote his *View of the State of Ireland*, he spoke of evils that were then "most auncient and long grown." "They are," said he, "of three roots,—the laws, the customs, and the religion." Good laws, he says, were enacted,—good in the abstract, but unfitted for the people, and impossible to be executed. With the customs of the country an offensive and a foolish war was waged, which but tended to perpetuate whatever was peculiar in them. "For religion," says he, "there is but one way therein for that,—which is true only is, and the rest is not at all; yet in planting of religion, thus much is needful to be observed, that it be not sought forcibly to be impressed into them with terror and sharp penalties, as is now the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildness and gentleness, so as it may not be hated before it be understood."

The main evils of introducing into one country the laws of another, in a different state of civilization, have been very forcibly pressed by Lord Rosse, in his recently published *Letters on the State of Ireland*.

We conclude in his emphatic words, referring to difficulties which we trust will no longer impede the prosperity of the empire:—"That the British Legislature, elsewhere all powerful, should in the government of Ireland have exhibited so much weakness, is easily accounted for. Ireland has long been the battle-field of parties in the Legislature,—the stepping-stone of one party, the stumbling-block of another; and in the conflict of antagonizing forces, the power of effective action was lost."

ART. X.—*Life and Correspondence of David Hume. From the Papers bequeathed by his Nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and other Original Sources.* BY JOHN HILL BURTON, Esq., Advocate. 2 Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1846.

WE have been rather remiss in not sooner taking notice of these volumes; and even now we are afraid our consideration of them must be more cursory than we could wish. Indeed, the topics which the life of such a man as Hume introduces, would almost embrace a history of the literature and philosophy of the last century. We have not space enough to enter in detail at present into what might prove a very interesting and not a useless field of inquiry, in regard to the influences which formed and the results which followed the tendency and efforts of Hume's great and masterly intellect. We must content ourselves with performing, in the meantime, our more appropriate office of critics on the work before us—throwing in by the way such general reflections as the task may suggest.

Mr. Burton has performed the literary part of his duty very creditably and well—with enough of enthusiasm for his subject to interest, and not too much to mislead his readers. The metaphysical controversies which are associated with so much of Hume's writings, seem to be familiar to him; and he expresses himself on the subject of them with clearness, accuracy, and conciseness. The best praise we can give him is, that out of a life singularly uneventful in incident, considering the space his hero fills in literary history, and the interest of which consists entirely in developing the workings and peculiarities of a remarkable and powerful mind, he has contrived to make the perusal of two well-grown volumes a light and agreeable employment.

Faults, unquestionably, we have to find; but not with the ability of the biographer. Nor indeed with his tone and cast of sentiment; in these he has been evidently anxious to be appropriate and decorous—and he has succeeded. But we desiderate a certain boldness which certainly Hume himself would not have spared. We see and make all allowance for the delicacy and difficulty of the position. To write Hume's life in these days, and neither offend by laxity or condemn with zeal, was, we admit, an undertaking of no small embarrassment. Mr. Burton has steered his course between the opposing dangers by trimming his sails a little too near the wind, and endeavouring to preserve for his author a *juste milieu* tone which he himself would have scorned. This is, we think, the great defect of the book; but it was one almost unavoidable, considering the manifest admiration with which the biographer regards his subject, and we are glad, in this view,

that there is not a word in these volumes which can offend the most scrupulous, though we think the result sometimes attained by some sacrifice of strict historic or philosophic accuracy. We shall have occasion, in the course of our remarks, to allude more particularly to instances in which this occurs.

The chief interest of the work consists, of course, in the picture which it gives of the progress, growth, and development of Hume's mind : and for this Mr. Burton has had very great, and hitherto unenjoyed advantages. Hume's correspondence and papers were collected by the late Baron Hume, his nephew, from the documents discovered in his own repositories, and from originals which he was enabled to procure out of the hands of his correspondents, or members of their families. Mr. Burton tells us that they were collected with the view of writing a *Life of the Philosopher*. We do not greatly regret that this intention remained unfulfilled ; for Baron Hume, though a profound and accomplished lawyer, and a man of great ability, had not the enlarged views which such a task required. This mass of documents, however, remained by him unused ; and at his death were bequeathed to the Council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. From them Mr. Burton has had unreserved access to this interesting mine of information, consisting of many original letters of Hume to his friends—Mure of Caldwell, Sir Gilbert Elliot, Colonel Edmondstone, Adam Smith, and others ; and he has made a selection from these materials with equal judgment and good taste. He has also had access to other sources of information, from parties who had papers relating to Hume in their possession.

It is probable, that writing from such authentic documents, Mr. Burton has been enabled to present us with a very complete picture of the Philosopher ; and it is impossible to deny that the picture is interesting and remarkable. Hume certainly appears to have been not only an able, but to a great extent, a candid and amiable man. If he reached no great pitch of generosity, and had a fair and pretty uniform regard to his own interest, he was not selfish nor jealous. He rejoiced in the good fortune of his friends, and exerted himself to promote it when he could. If his pride of independence was not very sensitive, he was not servile, or fawning, or parasitical. His affections and temper were sunny and cheerful, and his mind, if not well, was at least equally, balanced, and perhaps as well calculated to defy fortune, in her smiles and in her frowns, as that of most men.

What we miss is some generous glow of warmth—some stirring of the nobler and more ethereal part of man's intellectual nature. As chemists use in their experiments, so all the movements of Hume's mind seem to have worked through, a re-

frigerating medium. There was a point beyond which his moral and intellectual temperature was never allowed to rise. The glow of patriotism—the sympathy for suffering—the pride of raising the oppressed, or striking down the tyrant—the consciousness of the great or grand in creation,—or even the sense—which the commonplace sceptic generally retains—the keen sense of the ridiculous, seem to have been frozen within him. There was a want in his mental constitution; and no man, whatever the nature or intensity of his religious views, can, we think, lay down these volumes without being painfully impressed with the truth of the observation. His scepticism, moral as well as religious, was not the effect of his philosophy;—his philosophy took its bent from the sceptical conformation of his mind. He did not believe because he did not perceive; his moral perceptions were unimpressible; and he doubted of those virtues which all men think sacred, because there burned within him so little of that fire, which, even to the untutored savage, becomes “a law unto himself.” Of romance, or chivalry, or enthusiasm in literature, politics, or even love, he had not a spark.

No doubt, to borrow the analogy of the chemist, this cold, unimpassioned temperament was favourable to the evolution of truth; and Hume, by his clear, inductive logic, has undoubtedly evolved much more truth than he dreamed of at the time. His real defect was the bluntness of his moral perceptions, which led him to rest in results which truly were obtained in a half-completed process.

It is now more than one hundred years since David Hume began to write. Never, perhaps, did any country experience a more thorough revolution than Scotland has done during the century that has since elapsed, socially, politically, and morally. We come to review the writings of that most powerful thinker from an atmosphere which he never breathed—an atmosphere, as we think, both more wholesome and more serene. Had Hume lived in our day, we venture to think that his most acute and penetrating mind would not have strayed so widely in search of firm resting ground, and returned, like the dove from a world of waters, finding none. He was cast on an ill-omened age for an intellect and temperament like his; and, in the melancholy impression which the retrospect of his brilliant, yet, to a great extent, profitless career, has called up within us, we are involuntarily tempted to glance at the state of Scotland during the period in which he flourished, and the tone of society and of morals by which his impressions were moulded and swayed.

The Union with England was from the first productive of great and signal advantages. It gave rest and space from a long-continued and ruinous ferment of politics and cabal. It removed to

a distance the scenes of court-intrigue and party-plotting which had so long distracted our country; and certainly tended to revive not only agricultural enterprise but the love of literature, both of which had been trodden under foot in the turmoil of civil commotion. Between the days of Buchanan, when Scottish scholarship was proverbial over Europe, and the middle of the last century, we can hardly boast of a name even respectable in letters. No doubt, it was the quiet lull after the storms of the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution, which fostered the seeds that were so soon to ripen into glorious harvest, to produce Hume, Smith, and Robertson—three names as potential as any that bear sway in the republic of philosophy.

How that soil, so cultured, and sending forth such first-fruits, has since continued to bear golden grain, we need not stop to recall. The real blessings of the Union, however, were the ultimate results of it. For the time the picture has a reverse, and one not agreeable to contemplate.

We cannot say that the study of our recent Scottish history—that is, of the two last centuries—rouses much national pride within us. No doubt, in the middle and lower classes of the Scotch there has always been something of the heroic; and they have always found worthy leaders among some of the landowners and the aristocracy. Still, from the wars of Montrose to the days of the volunteers, there has always been a dash of subserviency among the upper classes of our land—the union of the Crowns commenced it. The nobles of our proud but poor court of Holyrood quailed before the contemptuous riches of the English aristocracy. The fear of English scorn struck deeper to their hearts than English steel had ever done, and the rough and daring soldier, who had no higher ambition than to ride foremost in the foray at the head of his family retainers, was tamed down, amid strangers who derided his poverty, and sneered at his mother-tongue, into an uncouth but supple and pliant follower of courts.

What the union of the Crowns commenced, the union of the Kingdoms completed; and we know few passages in the history of any country so little creditable to their manliness and independence, as that of the upper classes in Scotland for the century which followed that event. It is quite true, we gained during that period a great deal in which we had formerly been woefully deficient. Some of the arts of peace made way among us, where they had been long neglected—cattle-lifting was exchanged for agriculture, and some degree of English comfort and propriety took the place of our instinctive and national uncleanness. Far be it from us to disparage the boon—but we paid a large price. The removal, first of our Court, and then of our Parliament, made English manners the test of fashion, and

English satire the dread and bugbear of our gentry. Successful, by the national strength of intellect, perseverance, and caution, which have enabled Scotchmen everywhere to rise above the difficulties, and surmount the barriers which a foreign country impose on a stranger, they grew ashamed of the land of their birth in proportion as they acquired honour in that of their adoption. Thus the manlier spirit of ruder times was exchanged for the subservient arts which were productive of place and patronage. Disliked by the neighbours into whose councils and courts they intruded, their pliancy and homage to the great became proverbial, and gave a tone to the character of Scotchmen from which, even at this day, they have hardly recovered. On the other hand, they were prized in their own country just in proportion as they had interest at the fountain of honour and profit, power to promote, or patronage to bestow. Thus, however politics varied, or popular feeling tended in England, Scotland, with all its Jacobite tendency, was ever on the side of the Crown; and it is a singular relic of the spirit of the times, that the man whose name in England was identified with popular resistance to power, still remains in Scotland as a legend of reproach, and that John Wilkes is as regularly burned in effigy among us, when the 5th of November comes round, as his gunpowder prototype in the sister country.

These causes operated, partly by assimilation and partly by contrariety, two important effects on the character of the Scottish gentry. English fashions led them to despise the old sturdy Presbyterianism of their ancestors, and English Whiggery provoked them to secret Jacobitism, and favour for the doctrines of arbitrary power. Latitudinarians in religion, and Tories in politics, were the Scottish lairds of that generation.

The first of these results was one very injurious to the nation. The great body of the people never gave in to the lukewarm principles of the diluted Church of Scotland; and for many a long day, while philosophy so-called ruled the Church, the people were fed beyond its pale. This was perhaps the most grievous effect that followed the incorporation of the kingdoms. Its tendency was to sever those who had an ambition to be in the mode, and who were accessible to the influence of the ridicule of their southern neighbours, from the unflinching and true-hearted mass of the people. The latter retained, while the first were all anxious to get free of, the Puritan strictness of the century before. Those whose ancestors had signed the Covenant in defiance of lawless power, and maintained by their sword, and sealed with their lives the charter to which they had set their hand, were only anxious to prove how little they were enslaved by the narrow prejudices of their forefathers, and how well jus-

tified they were, by freedom of thought, and laxity of tone, to mingle with the less strait-laced gentry of the sister kingdom. We are satisfied that this feeling had quite as much to do as French influence or French philosophy, with the rapid revolution which took place in Scotland during the eighteenth century, among the higher classes, in religious principle :—in making this mere profession of evangelical belief unfashionable, and a subject of ridicule, and ultimately in leading a large proportion of the men of eminence among us, whether in the Church or out of it, some to a practical and others to an avowed career of cold morality, or absolute disbelief.

We are not even now free of this great social evil. It would have been well for Scotland; even in these later times, if more of her nobility and landowners had not ceased from the faith of their ancestors, and embraced the forms, and professed the ritual of the more aristocratic Church of England. It is not easy to express the scorn with which any right-minded man must view such an influence when acted on in a question so solemn; and yet it is too true, that the mere notion of it being the more genteel and gentleman-like ritual—that is to say, the creed professed by our richer neighbours, has not been without its effect in leading many among us, whose very names are household words in the history of the old struggles for the faith, to abandon a cause which lies as deep as ever in the hearts of the people. The strange state of feeling thus produced largely operated in the late convulsions in our Church. Our rulers would not have stood amazed as they did, when the memorable scene of May 1843 took place, had they not imagined that principles to which so many of the great and wealthy of our land were hostile or indifferent, could hardly be of any firm or abiding influence with the people. The result proved their error; but it has proved also another much more important and alarming fact—it has shown how far removed the classes of society in this country are from each other, and how little sympathy subsists between the higher ranks, and the body of the people. The spirit of 1640 burns as brightly among the latter now, as it ever did in the days when they worshipped on the hill-side, with their carabines beside them; and we own we look forward with no little anxiety to the results of the daily widening of that breach which the Union unquestionably commenced.

The other element which we mentioned, namely the political, is also a singular and remarkable feature in the history of Scotland after the Union. The old leaven of Jacobite predilection was a spirit quite distinct. It was a remnant of the old Scottish feeling of clanship, and was much more respectable, though more dangerous, than the subservient Toryism which succeeded

it. But there grew up in Scotland a certain abstract love of the Crown, and of its powers and prerogatives, which had its origin quite as much in antagonism to English notions of liberty, as in any fixed principle of government. The English sneered at Scotchmen—envied their preferment among them, and cried up liberty. In return, the Scotch resented the indignities they met with, and showed their sense of past and future favours by crying up the Crown. The Jacobite spirit, which led the Scotch to fraternize with Bolingbroke against Sir Robert Walpole, merged into that which rallied the whole nation round Lord Bute, against Junius and Wilkes. A more complete amalgamation of the countries has, however, happily obliterated all traces of this adverse influence, which for so many years stifled the voice of liberty among us. While it lasted, it bore bitter and even bloody fruits; but it is pleasant to reflect that few now would have the courage to profess or even to defend it.

We have glanced at these topics, because we think the traces of both elements are clearly discernible throughout the whole of Hume's career. The first found only too much sympathy in his cool and doubting temperament. The second worked deeply within him: for no man felt the influence more deeply, or was more galled by the stings of English haughtiness and disdain. We believe that the better-half of Hume's love of kingly power, and hatred of popular rights, arose from his hearty and retributive dislike of the English community. His pride could not brook their sneers at his Scottish dialect, and their general aversion to his nation; and in revenge he set himself to pull down their household gods, and to decry that liberty on which their pride was so much set.

There is little told us of much consequence about Hume's early years. He was born in 1711, being the second son of the Laird of Ninewells, in East Lothian—a family of considerable antiquity. Mr. Burton has printed a letter from Hume himself to Mr. Home of Whitfield in 1758, in which he gives a very minute and detailed account of his pedigree. About the orthography of his name he was more jealous than beseemed a philosopher—insisting on spelling it Hume, as the ancient and accurate nomenclature, and abhorring the *Home* of his friend and relative Henry Home of Kaines, as much as Johnson did to be Scotticized into Johnston. Nothing of any note seems to have marked his career at school or college; and it is not known with certainty where he was educated. Indeed, it does not appear that he ever acquired any critical acquaintance with the dead languages. He had little Latin and less Greek, in scholarly sense; and in the quotations which occur in his correspondence, he sets both grammar and prosody frequently at defiance. It is how-

ever certain that he read Latin with ease, and in his after years became very well acquainted with most authors in that language. He says himself, that for the Essay on the Populousness of Ancient Nations, he read through most of the Classical writers.

He seems very early to have evinced a taste for the study of Mental Philosophy. Mr. Burton gives us the scroll of a letter to a college friend, in which, at the age of sixteen, he writes,—

“ You say that I would not send in my papers, because they were not polished nor brought to any form : which you say is nicety. But was it not reasonable ? Would you have me send in my loose incorrect thoughts ? Were such worth the transcribing ? All the progress that I made is but drawing the outlines, on loose bits of paper : here a hint of a passion ; there a phenomenon in the mind accounted for : in another the alteration of these accounts : sometimes a remark upon an author I have been reading ; and none of them worth to any body, and I believe scarce to myself.

For the perfectly wise man, that outbraves fortune, is surely greater than the husbandman who slips by her ; and, indeed, this pastoral and saturnian happiness I have in a great measure come at just now. I live like a king, pretty much by myself, neither full of action nor perturbation—*molles somnos*. This state, however, I can foresee is not to be relied on. My peace of mind is not sufficiently confirmed by philosophy to withstand the blows of fortune. This greatness and elevation of soul is to be found only in study and contemplation—this can alone teach us to look down on human accidents. You must allow [me] to talk thus, like a philosopher ; 'tis a subject I think much on, and could talk all day long of. But I know I must not trouble you. Wherefore I wisely practise my rules, which prescribe to check our appetite,” &c.

There is also a fragment of an essay on chivalry and modern honour, written about the same date, from which our readers may be well pleased to have an extract, as showing the manner in which, at that early age, he treated a subject very nearly akin to some of his more mature speculations :—

“ ‘Tis observable of the human mind, that when it is smit with any idea of merit or perfection beyond what its faculties can attain, and in the pursuit of which it uses not reason and experience for its guide, it knows no mean, but as it gives the rein, and even adds the spur, to every florid conceit or fancy, runs in a moment quite wide of nature. Thus we find, when, without discretion, it indulges its devote terrors, that working in such fairy-ground, it quickly buries itself in its own whimsies and chimeras, and raises up to itself a new set of passions, affections, desires, objects, and, in short, a perfectly new world of its own, inhabited by different beings, and regulated by different laws from this of ours. In this new world 'tis so possessed that it can endure no interruption from the old ; but as nature is apt still on every occasion to recall it thither, it must undermine it

by art, and retiring altogether from the commerce of mankind, if it be so bent upon its religious exercise, from the mystic, by an easy transition, degenerate into the hermite. The same thing is observable in philosophy, which though it cannot produce a different world in which we may wander, makes us act in this as if we were different beings from the rest of mankind; at least makes us frame to ourselves, though we cannot execute them, rules of conduct different from those which are set to us by nature. No engine can supply the place of wings, and make us fly, though the imagination of such a one may make us stretch and strain and elevate ourselves upon our tiptoes. And in this case of an imagined merit, the farther our chimeras hurry us from nature, and the practice of the world, the better pleased we are, as valuing ourselves upon the singularity of our notions, and thinking we depart from the rest of mankind only by flying above them. Where there is none we excel, we are apt to think we have no excellency; and self-conceit makes us take every singularity for an excellency.

“ ‘When, therefore, these barbarians came first to the relish of some degree of virtue and politeness beyond what they had ever before been acquainted with, their minds would necessarily stretch themselves into some vast conceptions of things, which, not being corrected by sufficient judgment and experience, must be empty and unsolid. Those who had first bred these conceptions in them could not assist them in their birth, as the Grecians did the Romans; but being themselves scarce half-civilized, would be rather apt to entertain any extravagant misshapen conceit of their conquerors, than able to lick it into any form. ’Twas thus that that monster of romantic chivalry, or knight-errantry, by the necessary operation of the principles of human nature, was brought into the world; and it is remarkable that it descended from the Moors and Arabians, who, learning somewhat of the Roman civility from the province they conquered, and being themselves a southern people, which are commonly observed to be more quick and inventive than the northern, were the first who fell upon this vein of achievement. When it was once broken upon, it ran like wild-fire over all the nations of Europe, who, being in the same situation with these nations, kindled with the least spark.’ ”—Vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

Hume was intended by his friends for the law. But he soon abandoned the study. He says:—“ I found an insurmountable aversion to everything but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning; and while they fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinnius, Cicero and Virgil were the authors I was secretly devouring.” We do not quite agree with Mr. Burton, that this arose entirely from the inborn ambition to found a school of philosophy. No doubt, there may have been some unacknowledged instinct of latent power which warned the neophyte of his future greatness: but probably it was as much the well-known charm of speculation in which an acute and ingenious mind delights, which deterred him from the more confined path in

which a lawyer must walk. His turn of mind must have led him to doubt and question those oracular responses which a lawyer holds as the foundation of his peculiar system. Of the principles of law, and government, and justice, Hume afterwards evinced that he could treat with a masterly hand; but then it was in the uncontrolled field of speculation, where his intellect had full scope to discover and decide truth for himself.

We pass on, however, to take notice of a document, on the possession of which Mr. Burton, with some reason, prides himself. It is indeed a very curious paper. It is a letter, which perhaps was never sent, from Hume to a physician, containing a statement of his physical and mental case. The party addressed, Mr. Burton supposes to have been Dr. George Cheyne, then in great repute. Hume seems at this time to have fallen into a kind of hypochondriac lowness, and consults the physician on the remedies he should adopt. With this view he goes into a minute dissection of his own mind and temper, which is in the highest degree curious: and reflects not only light on his real character, but great credit on his candour and discernment. It is seldom a mirror held by one's-self reflects so faithfully. He begins, after a few introductory sentences, by telling the physician that—

“ Every one who is acquainted either with the philosophers or critics, knows that there is nothing yet established in either of these two sciences, and that they contain little more than endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles. Upon examination of these, I found a certain boldness of temper growing in me, which was not inclined to submit to any authority in these subjects, but led me to seek out some new medium, by which truth might be established. After much study and reflection on this, at last, when I was about eighteen years of age, there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me beyond measure, and made me, with an ardour natural to young men, throw up every other pleasure or business to apply entirely to it. The law, which was the business I designed to follow, appeared nauseous to me, and I could think of no other way of pushing my fortune in the world, but that of a scholar and philosopher. I was infinitely happy in this course of life for some months; till at last, about the beginning of September, 1729, all my ardour seemed in a moment to be extinguished, and I could no longer raise my mind to that pitch, which formerly gave me such excessive pleasure. I felt no uneasiness or want of spirits, when I laid aside my book; and therefore never imagined there was any bodily distemper in the case, but that my coldness proceeded from a laziness of temper, which must be overcome by redoubling my application. In this condition I remained for nine months, very uneasy to myself, as you may well imagine, but without growing any worse, which was a miracle. There was another particular,

which contributed, more than any thing, to waste my spirits and bring on me this distemper, which was, that having read many books of morality, such as Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, and being smit with their beautiful representations of virtue and philosophy, I undertook the improvement of my temper and will, along with my reason and understanding. I was continually fortifying myself with reflections against death, and poverty, and shame, and pain, and all the other calamities of life. These no doubt are exceeding useful, when joined with an active life, because the occasion being presented along with the reflection, works it into the soul, and makes it take a deep impression; but in solitude they serve to little other purpose than to waste the spirits, the force of the mind meeting with no resistance, but wasting itself in the air, like our arm when it misses its aim."—Vol. i. pp. 31, 32.

After some description of his bodily ailments, he proceeds—

"Having now time and leisure to cool my inflamed imagination, I began to consider seriously how I should proceed in my philosophical inquiries. I found that the moral philosophy transmitted to us by antiquity laboured under the same inconvenience that has been found in their natural philosophy, of being entirely hypothetical, and depending more upon invention than experience: every one consulted his fancy in erecting schemes of virtue and of happiness, without regarding human nature, upon which every moral conclusion must depend. This, therefore, I resolved to make my principal study, and the source from which I would derive every truth in criticism as well as morality. I believe it is a certain fact, that most of the philosophers who have gone before us, have been overthrown by the greatness of their genius, and that little more is required to make a man succeed in this study, than to throw off all prejudices either for his own opinions, or for those of others. At least, this is all I have to depend on for the truth of my reasonings, which I have multiplied to such a degree, that within these three years, I find I have scribbled many a quire of paper, in which there is nothing contained but my own inventions. This, with the reading most of the celebrated books in Latin, French, and English, and acquiring the Italian, you may think a sufficient business for one in perfect health, and so it would had it been done to any purpose; but my disease was a cruel encumbrance on me. I found that I was not able to follow out any train of thought, by one continued stretch of view, but by repeated interruptions, and by refreshing my eye from time to time upon other objects. Yet with this inconvenience I have collected the rude materials for many volumes; but in reducing these to words, when one must bring the idea he comprehended in gross, nearer to him, so as to contemplate its minutest parts, and keep it steadily in his eye, so as to copy these parts in order—this I found impracticable for me, nor were my spirits equal to so severe an employment. Here lay my greatest calamity. I had no hopes of delivering my opinions with such elegance and neatness,

as to draw to me the attention of the world, and I would rather live and die in obscurity than produce them maimed and imperfect.

"Such a miserable disappointment I scarce ever remember to have heard of. The small distance betwixt me and perfect health makes me the more uneasy in my present situation. It is a weakness rather than a lowness of spirits which troubles me, and there seems to be as great a difference betwixt my distemper and common vapours, as betwixt vapours and madness. I have noticed in the writings of the French mystics, and in those of our fanatics here, that when they give a history of the situation of their souls, they mention a coldness and desertion of the spirit, which frequently returns; and some of them, at the beginning, have been tormented with it many years. As this kind of devotion depends entirely on the force of passion, and consequently of the animal spirits, I have often thought that their case and mine were pretty parallel, and that their rapturous admirations might discompose the fabric of the nerves and brain, as much as profound reflections, and that warmth and enthusiasm which is inseparable from them."—Vol. i., pp. 35-37.

This is all very characteristic and very remarkable; and while it undoubtedly discloses a deep-seated and profound literary ambition, shows also how thoroughly innate his scepticism was—and with how bold a hand, even at that age, he was contemplating the challenge of even the most received and established truths.

And we may here observe, that Hume's unbelief neither arose from a rebellion to the restraints of religion, or from the hardening influence of a dissolute life. That the tone of the society in which he was cast gave his mind a bent in that direction is very probable; and it is also likely that the example of those on whom the thin cloak of religion sat so lightly, did not tend to lessen the sceptical bias of his mind. But it is fair to say, that he seems to have been thoroughly honest, as far as these opinions were concerned. Whether he took the necessary means to inform himself or not, he certainly was not convinced of the truth, or rather convinced himself of the untruth, of religion; and such being his conviction, he gave it to the world, as we shall immediately see, not from wanton desire to sap the foundations of virtue, but simply because he thought it true.

The next movement in the philosopher's career was his entering a merchant's house in Bristol; but he soon found that atmosphere still more uncongenial than that of the Parliament House. He escaped to France, where he wandered for some time, observing men and manners with a sagacious and discriminating eye, and preparing materials for his *Treatise of Human Nature*. It so happened that shortly before the time of his first arrival in France, the Jansenist miracles at the tomb of the Abbé Paris were in vogue. They probably formed a pregnant topic of con-

versation in Hume's presence, and the absurdity with which they were maintained had doubtless its effect in suggesting the train of thought which resulted in the famous *Essay on Miracles*.

In France, Hume remained for three years. He returned to London in 1737, at the age of 26, to superintend the launching of his first literary vessel, the "*Treatise of Human Nature*." This celebrated work was published in 1739.

Mr. Burton gives a very clear and able analysis of this remarkable production, which fell so silent on the British ear that the author was hardly gratified even by abuse. We agree generally with the remarks which he has thrown out on the purely metaphysical parts of that work, which unquestionably presented a great and striking example of inductive reasoning, as applied to mental phenomena, and in precision and style afford a model for philosophical ratiocination. Hume thought so decidedly, that even while he erred he taught the way to truth to those who came after him; and although on many momentous questions he arrived at a false result, we concur with Mr. Burton in thinking that no philosophical writer has done more in teaching the manner in which the inquiry into the science of mind should be conducted.

Into the peculiar merits of Hume's theory of Ideas and Impressions it is not within our present limits to enter. It has been often canvassed, and presents about as many defects, as a mere system of mind, as most theories that have been propounded. In metaphysics, a theory has generally been useful in proportion to the skill or logic employed in its illustration. It is of service more as an instrument or vehicle of truth, than as a subject of absolute demonstration. Unquestionably this "*Treatise of Human Nature*" was of far more influence as an example of a lucid, logical, and calm inquiry into the operations of the mind, than as furnishing an account, having any pretensions to completeness, of the manner in which the mental faculties operate. Of his predecessors, the philosopher who most nearly approached him in manner and in thought, was Hobbes of Malmesbury, whose own theory is not the worst of the catalogue, and who in some measure resembled Hume in coolness and perspicuity.

This work, as we have said, fell still-born from the press, to the deep mortification of the young author. Yet from this acorn, flung unguided on the wilderness of the public, was destined to spring the Scottish School of philosophy, and its not less vigorous offshoot among our German neighbours.

The causes which led to its cool reception probably may be looked for in the distaste of the English public for pure metaphysics. Had he published in Edinburgh, he would have commanded more attention among a people whose cast of mind rendered such

studies peculiarly attractive to them. But he would at the same time have met with no inconsiderable outbreak of indignation, in consequence of the sceptical tone of the work; and on this subject we wish to say a word or two to the intelligent and candid biographer.

In remarking on Hume's views of cause and effect, Mr. Burton has the following passage:—

“They are surely no enlightened friends to religion, who maintain that the suppression of inquiry as to the material or the immaterial world, is favourable to the cause of revealed truth. The blasphemer who raises his voice offensively and contentiously against what his fellow-citizens hold sacred, invokes the public wrath, and is no just object of sympathy. The extent of his punishment is regretted only when, by its vindictive excess, it is liable to excite retaliatory attacks from the same quarter. But the speculative philosopher, who does not directly interfere with the religion of his neighbours, should be left to the peaceful pursuit of his inquiries; and those who, instead of meeting him by fair argument, cry out irreligion, and call in the mob to their aid, should reflect first, whether it is absolutely certain that they are right in their conclusion, that his inquiries, if carried out, would be inimical to religion—whether some mind more acute and philosophical than their own, may not either finally confute the sceptical philosopher's argument, or prove that it is not inimical to religion; and, secondly, whether they are not likely to be themselves the greatest foes to religion, by holding that it requires such defence, and the practical blasphemers, by proclaiming that religion is in danger?”—Vol. i., pp. 87, 88.

Now in all this there is a great deal of abstract truth; but unfortunately it is not at all applicable to Hume or his writings, nor would Hume himself ever have held such a tone. It is, we admit, quite true that to raise a cry of irreligion against a theory in physical or moral science, when abstractly propounded, is in the general both weak and unjust. He who believes in the religion supposed to be assailed, must believe it able to stand all legitimate tests; and no philosophical inquiry, if conducted on logical or inductive principles, should be put down on that ground, if liable to no other criticism. But Hume made no secret of his infidelity. In his reasonings he never approached the subject of religion without plainly indicating the state of his convictions in regard to it; and certainly no man had ever less reason to complain of being called an infidel than Hume. It would be wrong to say he gloried in it: he simply professed it, but he never made any doubt about the matter. If he had merely propounded his doctrine of cause and effect, and left others to follow out its results, there might have been some reason for indignation at the orthodox clamour with which he was afterwards assailed. But he was accused of no more than he was ready and anxious to pro-

fess. He was a far more philosophical sceptic than Gibbon, whose sneer is that of malevolence—or of Bolingbroke, whose speculations, founded on the school of Shaftesbury, and betraying far more vanity than reasoning, border on the Satanic. Hume plainly had no pleasure in abusing any religion; but he wished the world would understand that he believed in none.

We therefore own our wonder that Mr. Burton should have thought it necessary to insert these palliative pages, as to a man who felt scepticism so little as a reproach. It was not his abstract theory, but his avowed practical application of it, which excited comment and remonstrance; and although it might have been as well if some of his assailants had stopped to carry out his process, he who stopped midway to draw specific results could not be surprised with reason, or complain with justice, at the clamour and revulsion which his writings originated among religious men.

In what language scepticism is to be reproved, or in what temper treated, is a totally different matter. Of course, to those who consider religion as purely a department of philosophy, where all men may with impunity select their own theory, and where probably all theories have an equal amount of truth and falsehood, the pure sceptic who disbelieves all seems only an incredulous speculator. But to any one who really looks on religion as a serious practical concern, it is impossible to remain indifferent to assaults which aim directly and avowedly at the foundation on which his faith rests. There are two processes by which the attack may be met. One is to stand on the acknowledged word of truth, and show the contrariety of the antagonist argument; and this to the man who feels that he stands firm in the faith, is the shorter and the safer process. The other is to grapple with the contending theory and show its actual results; and in how many departments of science have the sceptic cavillers, who but stepped into the porch, been led captive in triumph under the banner of Christianity by those who penetrated the shrine? The latter is doubtless the more philosophic alternative, but it is not one to which the powers of all men are equal; and no man has the least reason to grumble that, when he avows himself an infidel, he is called one. How far the name infers disgrace, is, of course, a question on which he and his accusers will necessarily be at issue; but he ought to feel no more offence in being styled an infidel, than the other does in being denominated a Christian.

A little farther on in his book, Mr. Burton's anxiety to protect the Christianity of Hume, leads him to mistake manifest banter for sober earnest. He is engaged in the not very probable task of demonstrating that Hume's doctrines of free-will and necessity, and even his views of miracles, were consonant with, and

calculated to support the views of such evangelical clergy as Whitefield and Erskine. He says, that "in this same section on miracles, there are repeated protests against the reader assuming that the writer is arguing against the Christian faith." And in illustration of these "protests," he quotes two sentences which we have always read as plain and palpable sneers, and which even in Mr. Burton's pages it is impossible to read in any other manner. "As if," says Hume, "*the testimony of man could ever be put in the balance with that of God himself, who conducted the pen of the inspired writers.*" And again, "Our most holy religion is founded in faith, not on reason; and it is a sure method of exposing it, to put it to such a trial as it is by no means fitted to endure." It would have been strange indeed if Whitefield and Erskine had made common cause with a man who held that the testimony of men was opposed to the truth of the miracles of our Saviour, or that our most holy religion was not fitted to endure the test of reason: and we do indeed marvel how such sentences, from such a pen as Hume's, should ever have been imagined by Mr. Burton to convey anything but the sneer which every line evinces.

But we gladly leave this topic, which, though important, is unpleasant, to resume the thread of the narrative. After the premature interment of his first literary infant, Hume retired once more to the paternal shades of Ninewells, to meditate fresh dreams of literary renown, and to forget if possible past disappointments. A correspondence with Francis Hutcheson, then in the zenith of his reputation, closes the history of the unfortunate "Treatise," and the next attempt we find made in the year 1741, in the shape of two anonymous volumes of "Essays Moral and Political." These were published in Edinburgh, and were very favourably received, so much so as to make the young author soon forget his former mortification. The Essays themselves are too well known to require further remark: they are strongly characteristic of the author. Of the Moral Essays we need not speak: but the Political branch of the work is well-deserving of notice, both from the views elucidated in them, and from their greater liberality of tone, as compared with the more mature, or rather more hardened views of the author of the History of England. We think Mr. Burton is not altogether accurate in underrating the prior writers on the English Constitution. To go no farther back, Bolingbroke, whatever in practice he might be, had a very thorough knowledge of the Constitution, and a fast hold of the principles of constitutional liberty. They are nowhere more soundly or elegantly expounded than in his Political Treatises. And even in the Craftsman, of which Mr. Burton speaks so slightly—a work now little read or

known, there are political disquisitions replete with Constitutional knowledge, and forming, if we mistake not, part of those stores from which Fox drew his enlarged and comprehensive views of English freedom. But still, these Essays of Hume contain the germ of great and important principles of Government, with a certain prospective or prophetic character, striking out as it were, and laying bare the veins of political truth which have since been so ably worked. Here may be found the germs of those principles of political economy, and utilitarian government which Adam Smith and Bentham respectively afterwards raised into systems. Indeed, it would rather appear that Hume communicated to his friend Adam Smith some of the unused materials which he had collected for these Essays; and in this way his sagacity and industry may have tended not a little to build up that throne on which Smith still reigns unapproached.

This period of Hume's life, which was the dawn of his celebrity, found him a poor but cheerful philosopher, with no settled occupation beyond following out his system, and enjoying and adding enjoyment to a pleasant circle of Scottish friends. Mr. Burton has given us a good many of his more familiar letters, written at this period to Mure of Caldwell, Oswald of Dunnikier, and other well-known Scottish characters of the period. His epistolary style is admirable,—playful, friendly, and free of restraint, with a vein of gentle courtesy throughout,—in short, the philosopher nowhere appears to more advantage than in the undress of his private correspondence. The following at a venture may be taken as a specimen:—

“ HUME to WILLIAM MURE of Caldwell.

“ September 10.

“ I made a pen, dipt it in ink, and set myself down in a posture of writing, before I had thought of any subject, or made provision of one single thought, by which I might entertain you. I trusted to my better genius that he would supply me in a case of such urgent necessity; but having thrice scratched my head, and thrice bit my nails, nothing presented itself, and I threw away my pen in great indignation. ‘ O! thou instrument of dulness,’ says I, ‘ dost thou desert me in my greatest necessity? and, being thyself so false a friend, hast thou a secret repugnance at expressing my friendship to the faithful Mure, who knows thee too well ever to trust to thy caprices, and who never takes thee in his hand without reluctance. While I, miserable wretch that I am, have put my chief confidence in thee; and, relinquishing the sword, the gown, the cassock, and the toilette, have trusted to thee alone for my fortune and my fame. Begone! avaunt! Return to the goose from whence thou camest. With her thou wast of some use, while thou conveyedst her through the ethereal regions. And why, alas! when plucked from her wing, and put into my hand, dost thou not recognise some similitude betwixt it and thy native

soil, and render me the same service, in aiding the flights of my heavy imagination ?

" Thus accused, the pen erected itself upon its point, placed itself betwixt my fingers and my thumb, and moved itself to and fro upon this paper, to inform you of the story, complain to you of my injustice, and desire your good offices to the reconciling such ancient friends. But not to speak nonsense any longer, (by which, however, I am glad I have already filled a page of paper,) I arrived here about three weeks ago, am in good health, and very deeply immersed in books and study. Tell your sister, Miss Betty, (after having made her my compliments,) that I am as grave as she imagines a philosopher should be—laugh only once a fortnight, sigh tenderly once a week, but look sullen every moment. In short, none of Ovid's metamorphoses ever showed so absolute a change from a human creature into a beast ; I mean from a gallant into a philosopher.

" I doubt not but you see my Lord Glasgow very often, and therefore I shall suppose, when I write to one, I pay my respects to both. At least, I hope he will so far indulge my laziness. *Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*

" Did you receive my letter from Glasgow ? I hope it did not displease you. What are your resolutions with regard to that affair ?

" Remember me to your sister, Miss Nancy, to Miss Dunlop, and to Mr. Leechman. Tell your mother, or sisters, or whoever is most concerned about the matter, that their cousin, John Steuart, is in England, and, as 'tis believed, will return with a great fortune.

" I say not a word of Mr. Hutcheson, for fear you should think I intend to run the whole circle of my West-country acquaintance, and to make you a bearer of a great many formal compliments. But I remember you all very kindly, and desire to be remembered by you, and to be spoke of sometimes, and to be wrote to."—Vol. i. pp. 153-155.

It seems that in 1745 Hume made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain the Chair of Ethics, in the University of Edinburgh. It was thought, however, not unnaturally, that the author of the Treatise of Human Nature was not exactly the best exponent of ethics, or the safest guide for the rising generation ; and the choice fell on Mr. William Cleghorn, who held it without at least alarming the orthodoxy of the public. Foiled in this, Hume's next occupation was a very singular one, and placed him in a position quite as extraordinary for a philosopher, and nearly as ridiculous, as when twenty years afterwards he found himself the rage at every beauty's toilet in Paris. It proved, however, no laughing matter for Hume at the time. The last Marquis of Annandale invited Hume to come and live with him in the capacity of companion. In point of fact his Lordship was insane, and his insanity took a literary turn, which probably suggested Hume as an appropriate appendage to his establishment. His predecessor in this singular office seems to have been a beau by profession, and his real master was a Captain Philip Vincent, who

was a relation of the Marchioness, a man of coarse manners and vulgar mind, if one may judge of him from the traces preserved of him in these volumes. It may be easily supposed that the position soon became one which all Hume's philosophy could hardly enable him to endure. The Marquis grew more mad, and the brother-in-law more intolerable, as the year went on; and at the end of the year he was dismissed after a quarrel with Vincent, and brought an action against the Marquis for £75 of arrears of salary—a most inglorious ending of an inglorious servitude. The correspondence on the subject is curious, and more creditable to Hume's temper than to his independence.

The scene shifts again, and we find our philosophical hero secretary to General Sinclair, in his expedition to the coast of France—a scheme which turned out thoroughly abortive, and which had no result worth mentioning, excepting that it gave the future historian some insight into military operations, such as they were at that day. Hume appears to have thought, however, that this brilliant service entitled him to be put on half-pay—a claim which he did not abandon till 1763. Indeed, obstinacy seems to have been a considerable element in his character. It would also seem that he had serious thoughts of laying aside the pen for more warlike weapons, and accepting a company, if one could be procured: he says, however, “this I build not on: nor indeed am I very fond of it.”

In the course of the succeeding year he accompanied General Sinclair on his embassy to Turin—was near the scene of that most paltry of engagements the battle of Dettingen, and visited the plains of Mantua and the Eternal City, with much interest and enthusiasm. Lord Charlemont's description of him while there is worth transcribing.

“‘Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful in that science pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind, in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman, than of a refined philosopher. His speech in English was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom most certainly never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old, he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing an uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained bands. Sinclair was a lieutenant-general, and was sent to the courts of Vienna and Turin, as a military envoy, to see

that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was therefore thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet."—Vol. i. pp. 270, 271.

During his absence the Inquiry into the Human Understanding had been published, with no great popularity at first. Had we space, we should be inclined to discuss at some little length Mr. Burton's observations on free-will and necessity, as well as on miracles—a subject on which we own we do not very well understand him. But the field is too wide to admit of our entering on it at present.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than conclude this hasty sketch, by simply alluding to the remainder of Hume's career. It was at this period of his life that he formed the design of writing, and began to collect the materials for his History, the first volume of which was published in the year 1762. Attention was soon attracted to the pure style and masterly ability of the work; but still it had not all the success he expected. The star of Robertson was beginning to ascend, and to outshine him in the eyes of his contemporaries; and the only indications we find in Hume of jealousy of a friend, occur in his letters on this mortifying topic. These things soured his feelings towards his countrymen—at least those of the south. He never speaks of an Englishman in his correspondence without some epithet of contempt or disgust; and his hatred of popular government seems to have been nearly increased to monomania by the exasperated state of his feelings towards an indiscriminating public. Accordingly, in the succeeding editions of his history, he carefully expunged all phrases which might seem to savour, in the most remote degree, of whiggery: and in the mighty influence which that classic and polished work has had in forming the minds, and warping the views of the succeeding generation, he had a most unphilosophical but triumphant revenge on the neglect of his contemporaries.

In 1763 he went to Paris with Lord Hertford, then our Ambassador at that Court; and certainly if French *empressement* could atone for English rudeness, the balm was most copiously applied. "He was," Horace Walpole says, grudgingly enough, "quite the mode;" though the cynical Englishman cannot withhold an expression of sneering wonder that a fat Scotchman should have been so much honoured. His reputation had travelled before him; and kings, queens, and princes, grave ministers and gay ladies of quality, wits and men of science, in short all the component parts of that motley Vanity Fair, joined in incessant adulation and devotion to the great champion of infidelity. Unused as he was to such a scene, Hume stood his new-born honours with singular equanimity. It was indeed a circle of great

names in which he moved—D'Alembert, Turgot, Conti—stars of the first magnitude in science and in society. Yet there is something awful to think that in this gay and thoughtless assemblage it was not so much the genius as the infidelity of the philosopher which established his popularity; and in contemplating the utter impiety and blasphemy of these polished circles, it is not difficult to descry the seeds which so soon afterwards ripened into appropriate but fearful convulsion.

Hume returned to England in 1766, bringing with him the eccentric madman Rousseau, for whose fancied wrongs Hume's honest sympathy had been excited. But, morbid and ungrateful, Rousseau turned on his benefactor before many months were over; and the baseness and ingratitude of his protégé seem to have roused Hume to more genuine anger than his correspondence anywhere previously betrays. He was not fortunate in his dealings with literary lunatics.

Hume's fortune had been improved by his later occupations, and in 1766 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State, and discharged the duties of the office with a clearness and despatch which showed that he had as much practical ability as power of abstract thought and logical discrimination. His appointment terminated by the ministerial convulsions of the day, and Hume once more retired, with a decent competence, to private life. He resided in Edinburgh till the year 1776, when, compelled by ill health to seek for advice in England, he died at Bath, on the 25th of August of that year, in the 66th year of his age.

Of Hume's merits as a man of letters it is high and deserved praise to say, that himself a Scotchman, speaking the vernacular in all its Doric breadth, his style is purer and more faultless than that of any writer of that century, at least of the latter half of it. It is not such English as Dryden's, nor is it as flowing and florid as Bolingbroke's. It has a little of the constraint of a man writing in a language not quite familiar; still we have no English work of philosophy, the language of which is so purely philosophic, and no history, the style of which is so eminently historical.

His History, however, will not be the lasting memorial of his name. The far-reaching stretch of his philosophy has engraven his name deep in the records of human thought; and melancholy as it may be to think that all the consolation it afforded its author was the conclusion that all was darkness and uncertainty; and many as the minds have been whose steadfastness have been shaken by the daring infidelity of this great master, we yet venture to think that his searching spirit of inquiry has only tended to strengthen those pillars of faith which he intended to shake, and to elucidate in still greater brightness those great truths at which his darts were so unavailingly hurled.

- ART. XI.—1. *Man's best Eulogy after Death. A Sermon preached in the Assembly Hall, Canonmills, June 6, 1847, being the Sabbath immediately after the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c.* By JAMES SIEVERIGHT, D.D., Markinch, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland.
2. *A Sermon preached in Morningside Free Church, June 6, 1847, being the Sabbath immediately following the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By the Rev. JOHN BRUCE, A.M., Free St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh.
3. *"He being dead yet speaketh." A Sermon preached in the Territorial Church, West Port, Edinburgh, June 6, 1847, being the Sabbath immediately following the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By the Rev. W. K. TWEEDIE, Free Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh.
4. *Elijah's Translation. A Sermon preached in Chalmers' Territorial Church, West Port, on June 6, 1847, being the Sabbath immediately after the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c.* By the Rev. WM. TASKER, Minister of that Church.
5. *Dying in the Lord. Being the Substance of two Discourses preached in the Free Church of Burntisland, on the Sabbath after the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c.* By the Rev. DAVID COUPER, Burntisland.
6. *The Chariot of Israel and the Horsemen thereof. A Discourse delivered by the Rev. J. A. WALLACE, in the Free Church, Hawick, after the Funeral of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.*
7. *Sermon on the Death of Dr. Chalmers.* By the Rev. WM. GIBSON, Belfast.
8. *The Righteous Man taken away from the Evil to come. A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D., &c. &c.* By the Rev. JOHN G. LORIMER, Glasgow.
9. *A Discourse of the Qualities and Worth of Thomas Chalmers, D.D.* By W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D.
10. *The Rev. Dr. Chalmers; his Character, Life, and Labours. A Sermon preached in Hanover Presbyterian Church, Brighton, on Sabbath, June 13, 1847.* By the Rev. ALEXANDER J. ROSS, Brighton.
11. *The late Dr. Chalmers.* By A. S. P., Glasgow.
12. *Dr. Chalmers.* Extracted from the "*Presbyterian Review*."

To these powerful and affectionate tributes we would gladly refer our readers, and ourselves keep silence. By and by the grief and panic so lately felt in our Northern Capital will subside into historic veneration, and legitimate Biography will bring to light the details of Dr. Chalmers' interior and most

instructive life. And then it may be possible for most admiring and indebted friends to sketch his character with a pen that does not falter and an eye that does not fill. He was too closely connected with this Review, and it owes him too much to permit his decease to pass without the earliest record; but so close was that connexion and so great were these obligations that our readers will not wonder if the earliest notice is but short.

THOMAS CHALMERS was born at Anstruther, in Fife, on the 17th of March 1780, and was early sent to study at St. Andrew's University. From traditions still plentiful in the North, his college career must have been distinguished by some of his subsequent peculiarities—energy, good humour, companionableness, and ascendancy over others. And it was then that his passion for the physical sciences was first developed. He studied mathematics, chemistry, and some branches of natural history with more than youthful enthusiasm, and with such success that besides assisting his own professor he made a narrow escape from the mathematical chair in Edinburgh. For these early pursuits he never lost a lingering taste, and in the summer holidays of his mellow age it was his delight to give lectures to youthful audiences on electricity and the laws of chemical combination. His attainments in these fields of knowledge were not those of a mere amateur; but in earlier life had all the system and security of an accomplished philosopher. And though for some years they engrossed him too much, they afterwards helped him amazingly. Mathematics especially gave him the power of severe and continuous thinking; and enabled him, unseduced by a salient fancy, to follow each recondite speculation to its curious landing-place, and each high argument to its topmost stronghold. And whilst this stern discipline gave a stability to his judgment and a steadiness to his intellect, such as few men of exuberant imagination have ever enjoyed, the facts and laws of the natural sciences furnished that imagination with its appropriate wealth. They supplied the imagery often gorgeous and august, sometimes brilliant and dazzling, by which in after days he made familiar truths grander or clearer than they had ever been before; and, linked together by a genius mighty in analogies, they formed the rope-ladder by which he scaled pinnacles of dazzling elevation, and told down to wondering listeners the new panorama which stretched around him. Consecrated and Christianized, his youthful science reappeared and was laid on the altar of religion in the *Astronomical Discourses* and *Natural Theology*.

The first place where he exercised his ministry was Cavers, in the South of Scotland, where he was helper to the aged minister. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Charters of Wilton—a minister remarkable for this, that he did not preach any-

thing which he did not understand. He did not fully understand the Gospel, and he did not fully preach it; but those moral truths and personal duties which he did comprehend, he enforced with a downrightness, a simplicity and minuteness which cannot be sufficiently admired. To latest existence Dr. Chalmers retained a profound respect for the practical wisdom and lively sense of this Scottish Epictetus; and though it is comparing the greater with the less, those who have heard him in his more familiar sermons—discoursing the matter with a village audience, or breaking it down to the unlettered hearers of the West Port or the Dean—were just listening to old Charters of Wilton, revived in a more affectionate and evangelical version.

In May 1803, he was settled in the rural parish of Kilmany. This was to his heart's content. It brought him back to his native county. It gave him an abundance of leisure. It brought him near the manse of Flisk, and beside a congenial and distinguished naturalist. It was the country, with the clear stars above and the glorious hills around him; and it allowed him to wander all day long, hammer in hand and botanical box on his shoulders, chipping the rocks and ransacking the glens, and cultivating a kindly acquaintance with the outlandish peasantry. But all this while, though a minister, he was ignorant of essential Christianity. There was in nature much that pleased his taste, and he knew very well the quickened step and the glistening eye of the eager collector, as he pounces on some rare crystal or quaint and novel flower. But as yet no Bible text had made his bosom flutter, and he had not hidden in his heart sayings which he had detected with delight and treasured up like pearls. And though his nature was genial and benevolent—though he had his chosen friends and longed to elevate his parishioners to a higher level of intelligence, and domestic comfort, and virtuous enjoyment—he had not discovered any Being possessed of such paramount claims and overwhelming attractions as to make it end enough to live and labour for His sake. But that discovery he made while writing for an *Encyclopædia* an article on Christianity. The death of a relation is said to have saddened his mind into more than usual thoughtfulness, and whilst engaged in the researches which his task demanded, the scheme of God was manifested to his astonished understanding, and the Son of God was revealed to his admiring and adoring affections. The Godhead embodied in the person and exemplified in the life of the Saviour, the remarkable arrangement for the removal and annihilation of sin, a gratuitous pardon as the germ of piety and the secret of spiritual peace—these truths flung a brightness over his field of view, and accumulated in wonder and endearment round the Redeemer's person. He found himself in sudden pos-

session of an instrument potent to touch, and, in certain circumstances, omnipotent to transform the hearts of men ; and exulted to discover a Friend all-worthy and divine, to whom he might dedicate his every faculty, and in serving whom he would most effectually subserve the widest good of man. And ignorant of their peculiar phraseology, almost ignorant of their history, by the direct door of the Bible itself he landed on the theology of the Reformers and the Puritans ; and ere ever he was aware, his quickened and concentrated faculties were intent on reviving and ennobling the old Evangelism.

The heroism with which he avowed his change, and the fervour with which he proclaimed the newly-discovered Gospel, made a mighty stir in the quiet country round Kilmany ; and at last the renown of this upland Boanerges began to spread over Scotland, till in 1815 the Town Council of Glasgow invited him to come and be the minister of their Tron Church and parish. He came, and in that city for eight years sustained a series of the most brilliant arguments and overpowering appeals in behalf of vital godliness which devotion has ever kindled or eloquence ever launched into the flaming atmosphere of human thought. And though the burning words and meteor fancies were to many no more than a spectacle—the crash and sparkle of an illumination which exploded weekly and lit up the Tron Church into a dome of coloured fire—they were designed by their author and they told like a weekly bombardment. Into the fastnesses of aristocratic *hauteur* and commercial self-sufficiency—into the airy battlements of elegant morality and irreligious respectability they sent showering the junipers of hot conviction ; and in hundreds of consciences were mighty to the pulling down of strong-holds. And though the effort was awful—though in each paroxysmal climax, as his aim pointed more and yet more loftily, he poured forth his very soul—for the Gospel, and love to men, and zeal for God now mingled with his being, and formed his temperament, his genius, and his passion—though he himself was his own artillery, and in these self-consuming sermons was rapidly blazing away that holocaust—himself—the effort was sublimely successful. In the cold philosophy of the Eastern capital and the coarse earthliness of the Western a breach was effected, and in its Bible dimensions and its sovereign insignia the Gospel triumphant went through. Though the labours of Love and Balfour had been blessed to the winning of many, it was not till in the might of commanding intellect and consecrated reason Chalmers came up—it was not till then that the citadel yielded, and evangelical doctrine effected its lodgment in the meditative and active mind of modern Scotland ; and whatever other influences may have worked together, it was then and there that the battle of

a vitalized Christianity was fought and won. Patrons converted or overawed, evangelical majorities in Synods and Assemblies, Church of Scotland Missions, the two hundred additional chapels, the Disruption, the Free Church, an earnest ministry and a liberal laity, are the trophies of this good soldier, and the splendid results of that Glasgow campaign.

From that high service, worn, but not weary, he was fain to seek relief in an academic retreat. Again his native county offered an asylum, and in the University of St. Andrew's, and its chair of Moral Philosophy, he spent five years of calmer but not inglorious toil. Omitting that psychology, which in Scottish colleges is the great staple of moral philosophy lectures, with his characteristic intentness he advanced direct to those prime questions which affect man as a responsible being, and instead of dried specimens from ancient cabinets, instead of those smoked and dusty virtues which have lain about since the times of Socrates and Seneca—instead of withered maxims from a pagan text-book, he took his code of morals fresh from Heaven's statute-book. It is not enough to say, that into his system of morality he flung all his heart and soul. He threw in himself—but he threw something better—he threw the Gospel, and for the first time in a Northern University was taught an evangelized ethics—a system with a motive as well as a rule—a system instinct with the love of God, and buoyant with noble purposes. And in the warm atmosphere of his crowded class-room—caught up by enthusiastic and admiring listeners, the contagion spread; and as they passed from before his chair, the *élite* of Scottish youth, Urquhart, Duff, and Adam, issued forth on the world, awake to the chief end of man, and sworn to life-long labours in the cause of Christ. Too often a school for sceptics—when Chalmers was professor, the ethic class became a mission college—the citadel of living faith, and the metropolis of active philanthropy; and whilst every intellect expanded to the vastness and grandeur of his views, every susceptible spirit carried away a holy and generous impulse from his own noble and transfusive nature.

And then they took him to Edinburgh College, and made him Professor of Theology. In the old-established times this was the top of the pyramid—the highest post which Presbyterian Scotland knew—and like Newton to the mathematic chair in Cambridge, his pre-eminent fitness bore Chalmers into the Edinburgh chair of divinity. And perhaps that Faculty never owned such a combination as the colleagues, Welsh and Chalmers. Alike men of piety—alike men of lofty integrity, and in their public career distinguished by immaculate purity—the genius and talents of the one were a supplement to those of the other. Popular and impassioned—a declaimer in the desk, and often causing

his class-room to ring again with the fine freuzy of his eloquence, Chalmers was the man of power. Academic and reserved—adhering steadfastly to the severe succession of his subjects, and handling them earnestly but calmly—Welsh was the man of system. Ideal and impetuous, the one beheld the truth embodied in some glorious fancy, and as the best and briefest argument tore the curtain and bade you look and see. Contemplative and cautious, the other was constantly rejecting the illustrations which pass for arguments, and putting the staff of his remorseless logic through the illusions of poetry when substituted for the deductions of reason or the statements of history. Sanguine and strenuous, the one was impatient of doubts and delays; and if reasoning failed had recourse to rhetoric;—if the regular passage-boat refused his despatches, he at once bound them to a rocket and sent them right over the river. Patient and acute, the other was willing to wait, and was confident that truth if understood must sooner or later win the day. Ardent and generous, the panegyric of the one was an inspiring cordial; vigilant and faithful, the criticism of the other was a timely caveat. A man of might, the one sought to deposit great principles, and was himself the example of great exploits. A man of method, the other was minute in his directions, and painstaking in his lessons, and frequent in his rehearsals and reviews. The one was the man of grandeur; the other the man of grace. The one was the volcano; the other was the verdure on its side. The one was the burning light; the other the ground glass which made it softer shine. Each had his own tint and magnitude; but the two close-united made a double star, which looked like one; and now that they have set together, who will venture to predict the rising of such another?

For thirty years it had been the great labour of Dr. Chalmers to popularize the Scottish Establishment. A religion truly national, enthroned in the highest places, and a beatific inmate in the humblest homes—a Church which all the people loved, and which provided for them all—a Church with a king for its nursing father, and a nation for its members—this was the splendid vision which he had once seen in Isaiah, and longed to behold in Scotland. It was to this that the herculean exertions of the pastor, and anon the professor, tended. By his great ascendancy he converted the populous and plebeian parish of St. John's into an isolated district—with an elder and a deacon to every family, and a Sabbath school for every child—and had wellnigh banished pauperism from within its borders. And though it stood a reproachful oasis, only shaming the wastes around it, his hope and prayer had been that its order and beauty would have said to other ministers and sessions, Go ye and do likewise. And then the whole

drift of his prelections was to send his students forth upon the country ardent evangelists and affectionate pastors—indoctrinated with his own extensive plans, and inflamed with his own benevolent purposes. And then, when for successive years he crusaded the country, begging from the rich 200 churches for the poor, and went up to London to lecture on the establishment and extension of Christian Churches, it was still the same golden future—a Church national but Christian, endowed but independent, established but free—which inspirited his efforts, and awoke from beneath their ashes the fires of earlier days. And when at last the delusion of a century was dissolved—when the courts of law changed their own mind, and revoked the liberty of the Scottish Church—much as he loved its old establishment—much as he loved his Edinburgh professorship and much more, as he loved his 200 churches—with a single movement of his pen he signed them all away. He had reached his grand climacteric, and many thought that, smitten down by the shock, his grey hairs would descend in sorrow to the grave. It was time for him “to break his mighty heart and die.” But they little knew the man. They forgot that spirit which, like the trodden palm, had so often sprung erect and stalwart from a crushing overthrow. We saw him that November. We saw him in its Convocation—the sublimest aspect in which we ever saw the noble man. The ship was fast aground, and as they looked over the bulwarks, through the mist and the breakers, all on board seemed anxious and sad. Never had they felt prouder of their old first-rate, and never had she ploughed a braver path than when—contrary to all the markings in the chart, and all the experience of former voyages—she dashed on this fatal bar. The stoutest were dismayed, and many talked of taking to the fragments, and, one by one, trying for the nearest shore; when calmer because of the turmoil, and with the exultation of one who saw safety ahead, the voice of this dauntless veteran was heard propounding his confident scheme. Cheered by his assurance, and inspired by his example, they set to work, and that dreary winter was spent in constructing a vessel with a lighter draught and a simpler rigging, but large enough to carry every true-hearted man who ever trod the old ship’s timbers. Never did he work more blithely, and never was there more of athletic ardour in his looks than during the six months that this ark was a-building—though every stroke of the mallet told of blighted hopes and defeated toil, and the unknown sea before him. And when the signal-psalm announced the new vessel launched, and leaving the old galley high and dry on the breakers, the banner unfurled, and showed the covenanting blue still spotless, and the symbolic bush still burning, few will forget the renovation of

his youth and the joyful omen of his shining countenance. It was not only the rapture of his prayers, but the radiance of his spirit which repeated "God is our Refuge."* It is something heart-stirring to see the old soldier take the field, or the old trader exerting every energy to retrieve his shattered fortunes; but far the finest spectacle of the moulting eagle was Chalmers with his hoary locks beginning life anew. But indeed he was not old. They who can fill their veins with every hopeful healthful thing around them—those who can imbibe the sunshine of the future, and transmute life from realities not come as yet—their blood need never freeze. And his bosom heaved with all the newness of the Church's life and all the bigness of the Church's plans. And, best of all, those who wait upon the Lord are always young. This was the reason why, on the morning of that Exodus, he did not totter forth from the old Establishment a blank and palsy-stricken man; but with flashing eye snatched up his palmer-staff, and as he stamped it on the ground all Scotland shook, and answered with a deep God-speed to the giant gone on pilgrimage.

From that period till he finished his course, there was no fatigue in his spirit and no hesitation in his gait. Relieved from hollow plaudits and from hampering patronage, far a-head of the sycophants who used to raise the worldly dust around him, and surrounded by men in whose sincerity and intelligent sympathy his spirit was refreshed, and in whose wisdom and affection he confided and rejoiced, he advanced along his brightening path, with uprightness and consistency in his even mien and the peace of God in his cheerful countenance. His eye was not dim nor his force abated. On the 14th of May we passed our last morning with him. It was his first visit to London after the Hanover Square Ovation nine years ago. But there were now no coronets nor mitres at the door. Besides one or two of his own family, J. D. Morell, Baptist Noel, and Isaac Taylor were his guests. And he was happy. There was neither the exhaustion of past excitement nor the pressure of future engagements and anxieties in his look. It was a serene and restful morning, and little else than earnest kindness looked through the summer of his eyes. The day before, he had given his evidence before the Sites' Committee of the House of Commons, and, reminded that, according to the days of the week, it was twenty years that day since he had opened Edward Irving's church, most of the conversation reverted to his early friend. There was a mildness in his tone and a sweetness in his manner, and we could now almost fancy a halo round his head which might have warned us of

* The psalm with which the Free Assembly opened.

what was coming. He preached all the sabbaths of his sojourn in England, willingly and powerfully, and on the last sabbath of May he was again at home. That evening he is said to have remarked to a friend that he thought his public work completed. He had seen the Disruption students through the four years of their course. He had seen the Sustentation Fund organized. He had been to Parliament and borne his testimony in high places. To-morrow he would give in the College Report to the Free Assembly; and after that he hoped to be permitted to retire and devote to the West Port poor his remaining days. He was willing to decrease, and close his career as a city missionary. But just as he was preparing to take the lower room, the Master said, "Come up hither," and took him up beside himself. Next morning all that met the gaze of love was the lifeless form—in stately repose on the pillow, as one who beheld it said, "a brow not cast in the mould of the sons of men." Like his friends Thomson, M'Crie, Welsh, and Abercrombie, that stout heart which had worked so hard and swelled with so many vast emotions, had gently yielded, and to his ransomed spirit opened heaven's nearest portal.

He possessed in highest measure that divinest faculty of spirit, the power of creating its own world; but it was not a poet creating worlds to look at: it was the reformer and philanthropist in haste to people and possess them. His was the working earnestness which is impatient till its conceptions are realities and its hopes embodied in results. For example, he took his idea of Christianity, not from books, nor from its living specimens: for the Christianity of books is often trite, and the Christianity of living men is often arrogant and vulgar; but he took his type of Christianity from its Divine Original—benignant, majestic, and god-like as he found it in the Bible—and gave this refined and lofty idea perpetual presidency in his congenial Imagination. And what sort of place was that? Why, it was quite peculiar. It was not like Jeremy Taylor's—a fairy grotto where you looked up through the woodbine ceiling and saw the sky with its moonlit clouds and the angels moving among them; or listed the far-off waterfall now dying like an old-world melody, or swelling powerfully like a prophecy when the end is near. Nor was it like Foster's—a donjon on a frowning steep—where the moat was black, and the winds were cold, and the sounds were not of earth, and iron gauntlets clanged on the deaf unheeding door. Nor was it his favourite Cowper's—a cottage with its summer joy, where the swallow nestled in the eaves and the leveret sported on the floor—where the sunbeam kissed the open Bible, and Homer lay below the table till the morning hymn was sung. Nor was it the Imagina-

tion of his dear companion, Edward Irving—a mountain-sanctuary at even-tide, where the spirits of his sainted sires would come to him, and martyr tunes begin to float through the duskier aisles, and giant worthies enter from the mossy graves and fill with reverend mien the ancient pews. More real than the first—more happy than the second—more lordly than the third, it was more modern and more lightsome than the last. It was a mansion airy, vast, and elegant—an open country all round it and sunshine all through it—not crowded with curiosities nor strewn with trinkets and toys—but massy in its proportions and stately in its ornaments—the lofty dwelling of a princely mind. And into this Imagination its happy owner took the Gospel and enshrined and enthroned it. That Gospel was soon the better Genius of the place. It gave the aspect of broad welcome and bright expectation to its threshold. It shed a rose-tint on its marble and breathed the air of heaven through its halls. And like an Alhambra with a seraph for its occupant, it looked forth from the lattice brighter than the noon that looked in. Yes, it was no common home which the Gospel found when it first consecrated that lofty mind; and it was no common day in the history of the Church when that spirit first felt the dignity and gladness of this celestial inmate. Powers and resources were devoted to its service—not needed by that Gospel, but much needed by Gospel-rejecting man. And, not to specify the successive offerings laid at its feet by one of the most gifted as well as grateful of devotees, we would mention his Parochial Sermons and his Astronomical Discourses. In the one we have the Gospel made so palpable that the simplest and slowest hardly can miss it; in the other we find it made so majestic that the most intellectual and learned cannot but admire it. In the one we have Christianity brought down to the common affairs of life; in the other we have it exalted above the heavens. In the one we see the Gospel in its world-ward direction, and starting from the cradle at Bethlehem, follow it to the school and the fireside and the dying-bed; in the other we view it in its God-ward direction, and following its fiery chariot far beyond the galaxy, lose it in the light inaccessible. In the one we have existence evangelized; in the other we have the Gospel glorified. The one is the primer of Christianity; the other is its epic.

But it was not in mere sermons that his imagination burned and shone. His schemes of beneficence—his plans for the regeneration of his country took their vastness and freshness from the idealism of a creative mind. At first sight they had all the look of a romance—impossible, transcendental, and unreal. And had the inventive talent been his only faculty, they would have continued romantic projects and nothing more;—a new Atlantis,

a happy valley, or a fairy-land. And if he had been like most men of poetic mood, he would have deprecated any attempt to reduce his gorgeous abstractions to dull actualities. But Chalmers was never haunted by this fear. He had no fear of carnalizing his conceptions, but longed to see them clothed in flesh and blood. He had no tenderness for his day-dreams, but would rather see them melt away, and leave in their place a waking world as good and lovely as themselves. Vivid as was his fancy, his working faculty was no less vehement; and his constructive instinct compelled him to set to work as soon as the idea of an institution or an effort had once fairly filled his soul. And these exertions he made with an intensity as irresistible as it was contagious. Like the statesman who, in the union of a large philosophy and a gorgeous fancy, was his parallel*—he might have divided his active career into successive "fits," or "manias,"—a preaching fit, a pastoral fit, a fit of Church-reforming, a fit of Church-extending. And such transforming possessions were these fits—so completely did they change his whole nature into the image of the object at which he aimed, that the Apostle's words, "this one thing I do," he might have altered to, "this one thing I am." There was no division of his strength—no diversion of his mind; but with a concentration of mighty powers which made the spectacle sublime, he moved to the onset with lip compressed and massy tread, and victory foreseen in the glance of his eagle eye. And like all men of overmastering energy—like all men of clear conception and valiant purpose—like Nelson and Napoleon, and others born to be commanders—over and above the assurance given by his frequent success, there was a spell in his audacity—a fascination in his sanguine chivalry. Many were drawn after him, carried helpless captives by his force of character; and though, at first, many felt that it required some faith to follow him, like the great genius of modern warfare, experience showed that for moral as well as military conquests, there may be the deepest wisdom in dazzling projects, and rapid movements, and reckless daring. It was owing to the width of his field, and the extent of his future, and, above all, the greatness of his faith, that he was the most venturesome of philanthropists, and also the most victorious. The width of his field—for if he was operating on St. John's he had his eye to Scotland—if he was making an effort on his own Establishment, he had an eye to Christendom. And the extent of his future—for every man who is greater than his coevals is a vaticination of some age to come—and, with Chalmers, the

* Edmund Burke.

struggle was to speed this generation on and bring it abreast of that wiser and holier epoch of which he himself was the precocious denizen. And the greatness of his faith—for he believed that whatever is scriptural is politic. He believed that whatever is in the Bible will yet be in the world. And he believed that all things are coming which God has promised, and that all things are practicable which God bids us perform.

But we shall misrepresent the man, unless the prime feature in our memory's picture be his wondrous goodness. It was not so much in his capacious intellect, or his soaring fancy, that he surpassed all his fellows, as in his mighty heart. Big to begin with, the Gospel made it expand till it took in the human family. "Good-will to man" was the inscription on his serene and benignant countenance; and if at times the shadow of some inward anxiety darkened it, or the cloud of a momentary displeasure lowered over it, all that was needful to brighten it into its wonted benignity was the sight of something human. Deeply impressed with our nature's wrong estate—a firm and sorrowful believer in its depravity and desperate wickedness—the sadness of his creed gave nothing bitter to his spirit and nothing sombre to his bearing. Like Him who best knew what was in man, but who was so bent on making him better, that the kindness of his errand counteracted the keenness of his intuition, and filled his mouth with gracious words—there was so much inherent warmth in his temperament, and so much of heaven-imparted kindness in his Christianity, that love to man was his vital air, and good offices to man his daily bread. And how was his ruling passion—how was his philanthropy displayed? Not in phrases of extatic fondness—for though a citizen of the world he was also a Scotchman—in the region of the softer feelings sequestered, proud, and shy—and, except the "my dear sir," of friendly talk, and the cordial shake of eager recognition, he was saving of the commonplace expressions of endearment, and did not depreciate friendship's currency by too lavish employment of its smaller coin. He must have been a special friend to whom he subscribed himself as anything more addicted than 'Your's very truly.' Nor did his warmth come out in tears of tenderness and the usual utterances of wounded feeling; for in these he was not so profuse and prompt as many. How did it appear? On a wintry day, how do we know that the hidden stove is lit, but because the frost on the panes is thawing, and life is tingling back into our dead fingers and leaden feet? And it was by the glow that spread around wherever Dr. Chalmers entered,—by the gaiety which sparkled in every eye, and the happiness which bounded in every breast,—by the mellow temperature to which the atmosphere suddenly ascended,

—it was by this that you recognised your nearness to a focus of philanthropy. How did it appear? How do we know that that huge Newfoundland, pacing leisurely about the lawn, has a propensity for saving drowning people, but just because the moment yon playing child capsizes into the garden pond, he plunges after, and lands him dripping on the gravel? And it was by the instinctive bound with which he sprang to the relief of misery,—the importunity with which, despite his population and his pauper theories, he entreated for such emergencies as the Highland distress, and the liberality with which he relieved the successive cases of poverty and woe that came to his private ear and eye,—it was because wherever grief or suffering was, there was Dr. Chalmers, that you knew him to be a man of sympathies. But you might know it in other ways. Read the five-and-twenty volumes of his works, and say what are they but a magazine of generous thoughts for the elevation, and genial thoughts for the comfort of mankind? What are they but a collection of pleadings with power on the behalf of weakness; with opulence on the behalf of penury; with Christian intelligence on the behalf of outcast ignorance and home-grown paganism?—What are they but a series of the most skillful prescriptions for mortal misery,—a good and wise physician's legacy to a disordered world, which he dearly loved and did his best to heal? And what was the succession of his services during the last thirty years? For what, short of God's glory, but the good of man, was he spending his intellect, his ascendancy over others, his constitution, and his time? We have spoken of his colossal strength and his flaming energy; and the idea we now retain of his life-long career is just an engine of highest pressure pursuing the iron path of an inflexible philanthropy, and speeding to the terminus of a happier clime a lengthy train, of the poor, the halt, the blind; and we pity those who, in the shriek, the hurry, and the thunder of the transit—the momentary warmth and passing indignation of the man, forget the matchless prowess of the Christian, and the splendid purpose of his living sacrifice. And yet our wonder is, that with such a weight upon his thoughts, and such a work on his hands, he found so much time for specific kindness, and took such care to rule his spirit. Like the apostle on whom devolved the care of all the churches, but who in one letter sends messages to or from six-and-thirty friends, there was no favour so little, and no friend so obscure, that he ever forgot him. If, in a moment of absence, he omitted some wanted civility, or, by an untimely interruption, was betrayed into a word of sharpness, he showed an excessive anxiety to redress the wrong, and heal the unwilling wound. And glorious as it was to see him on the Parnassus of some transcendent inspiration, or rather

on the Pisgah of some sacred and enraptured survey, it was more delightful to behold him in self-unconscious lowliness—still great, but forgetful of his greatness—by the hearth of some quiet neighbour, or in the bosom of his own family, or among friends who did not make an open show of him, out of the good treasure of his heart bringing forth nothing but good things. With all the puissant combativeness and intellectual prowess essential to such a lofty reason, it was lovely to see the gentle play of the lion-hearted man. With all his optimism—his longings after a higher scale of piety, and a nobler style of Christianity, it was beautiful to see how contented he was with every friend as he is, and with what magnetic alertness all that was Christian in himself darted forth to all that was Christian in a brother. And above all, with his wholesale beneficence, the abundance of his labours, the extent of his regards, and the vastness of his projects, it was instructive to see his affections so tender, his friendships so firm, and his kind offices so thoughtful and untiring.

Perhaps there never was a theologian who approached a given text with less appearance of system or pre-conception. No passage wore to him a suspicious or precarious look, and instead of handling it uneasily, as if it were some deadly thing, he took it up securely and frankly, and dealt with it in all the confidence of a good understanding. Some Scripture interpreters have no system. To them all texts are isolated, and none interprets another. And the system of others is too scanty. It is not co-extensive with the whole counsel of God. It interprets some passages, but leaves others unexplained. In the highest sense, Dr. Chalmers was systematic. He justly assumed that a revelation from God must be pervaded by some continuous truth; and that a clue to its general meaning must be sought in some ultimate fact, some self-consistent and all-reconciling principle. To him the Gospel was a REVELATION of RIGHTEOUSNESS; and MAN'S NEED and GOD'S GIFT were the simple elements into which his theology resolved itself. In the various forms of man's vacuity and God's fulness, man's blindness and the Spirit's enlightening, the carnal enmity and the supplanting power of a new affection, the hollowness of a morality without godliness, and the purifying influence of the Christian faith, these primary truths were constantly re-appearing; and just because his first principles were so few, they suited every case, and because his system was so simple, he felt it perfectly secure. Instead of forcing locks, he had found the master-key, and went freely out and in. And in this we believe that he was right. From want of spirituality, from want of study or capacity, we may fail to catch it; but there is a Scriptural unity. So far as the Bible is a record, its main fact is *one*; so far as it is a revelation, its chief doctrine is *one*; so

far as it is the mind of God exhibited to fallen man, its prevailing tone and feeling are *one*. And having in comprehension of mind ascertained, and in simplicity of faith accepted this unity—the revealed truth and the Scriptural temperament, Dr. Chalmers walked at liberty. It was his systematic strength which gave him textual freedom; and if for one forenoon he would dilate on a single duty till it seemed to expand into the whole of man, or on one doctrine till it bulked into a Bible, it was only a portion of the grand scheme passing under the evangelic microscope. It was the lamp of the one cardinal truth lighting up a particular topic. And those who, on the other hand, objected to his preaching as not sufficiently evangelical, were only less evangelical than he. With many the Gospel is a tenet; with Dr. Chalmers the Gospel was a pervasion. The sermons of Dr. Chalmers were not stuck over with quoted texts, but every paragraph had its Scriptural seasoning. His whole being held the Gospel in solution, and beyond most text-reciters, it was his anxiety to saturate with its purest truth ethical philosophy and political economy, daily life and personal conduct, as well as retired meditation and Sabbath-day religion.

We would only, in conclusion, commemorate the Lord's great goodness to his servant in allowing him such a completed work and finished course. Many a great man has had a good thing in his heart; a temple, or some august undertaking; but it was still in his heart when he died. And many more have just put to their hand, when death struck them down, and a stately fragment is all their monument. But there is a sublime and affecting conclusiveness in the work of Dr. Chalmers. What more could the Church or the world have asked from him? It will take the Church a generation to learn all that he has taught it, and the world a century to reach that point from which he was translated. And yet he has left all his meaning clear, and all his plans complete. And all that completed work is of the best kind; all gold and silver and precious stones. To activity and enterprize he has read a new lesson. To disinterested but far-seen goodness he has supplied a new motive. To philanthropy he has given new impulse, and to the pulpit new inspiration. And whilst he has added another to the short catalogue of this world's great men, he has gone up another and a majestic on-looker to the Cloud of Witnesses.

INDEX

TO THE

SEVENTH VOLUME OF THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

A

- Absenteeism in Ireland, evil of, 524.
 Adams, Mr. J. C., begins investigations regarding the irregularities of Uranus, 212, 213—makes known the result of his labours to Professor Challis and Mr. Airy, 214-216—Mr. Airy's injustice towards him, 225, 226—he took the most useful mode of publishing his discovery, 234—arguments in favour of his priority of discovery, 235-244—local honours will not make up for the injury done to him, 246.
 Adams, Rev. Thomas, his "Private Thoughts," 325.
 Agrarian Outrages in Ireland, 505.
 Aguara guazu, 38—*See* Dogs.
 Airy, Mr., discourages Mr. Hussey and Eugene Bouvard from their attempts to seek for a New Planet, 210-212—his reply to Mr. Adams, 216—his reception of Le Verrier's communication, 224—his unjust decision in favour of Le Verrier's claims, 225, 226.
 America, North, Dogs and Wolves of, 36—*See* Dogs.
 America, South, Dogs of, 38, *See* Dogs.
 Arago, M., gives a name to the New Planet, 228—his zeal in urging Le Verrier's claims as the discoverer, 229.

B

- Ballykilcline, dealings of the occupants of the Crown Lands at, curiously illustrative of the state of the farmers and peasantry of Ireland, 528.
 Barrington, Sir M.,—his testimony as to the causes of the outrages in Ireland, 522, 523.
 Berridge, Rev. John, his peculiar style of Preaching, 323, 324.
 Bible, inspiration of, 359, *See* De Wette.
 Biot, M., his decision against the claims of Mr. Adams as the discoverer of the New Planet, 230—his opinions as to the priority of publication, 237.
 Brief Statement of the aggression of the French in the Island of Tahiti, &c., 187.

- Bouvard, Eugene, corresponds with Mr. Airy concerning the discrepancies of Uranus, 211, 212.
 Buffon, his theory of the Origin of Dogs, 33.
 Burton, John Hill, superiority of his to other Jacobite histories, 108, 109—Life and Correspondence of David Hume, 539.

C

- Canton, 395, 396, *See* China.
 Cary, Rev. Henry Francis, unfavourable reception of his translation of Dante, 291—his acquaintance with Coleridge, 291, 292—his death and character, 293, 294.
 Challis, Professor, Mr. Adams acquaints him with his discovery of the New Planet, 214—his early inactivity in making use of Mr. Adams' observations, 222—zeal and diligence he afterwards displayed, 223.
 Chalmers, Rev. Dr.—birth and youthful studies, 561—Ministry at Cavers and Kilmany, 562—characteristics of his two Professorships, 564—the convocation and the disruption, 566—his idea of Christianity, peculiarities of his imagination, 568—boldness and success of his schemes of beneficence, 570—systematic strength and textual freedom of his sermons, 573.
 China, exclusive nature of Chinese Government, 388, 389—population 389, 390—Mandarins, 391, 392—administration of justice, 392, 393—beggars, 393, 394—Canton, 395, 396—Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shang-hai, 396-398—commercial importance of Chusan, 398, 399—Hong-Kong, 399—agriculture, 400, 401—cultivation of Rice, 401, 402—Cotton plantations, 402, 403—Tea shrub, 404, 405—religious sects amongst the Chinese, 405, 406—Budh and Confucius, 407—Chinese guarantees, 408—infanticide and opium smoking, 409, 410—the opium trade, 411—a Mandarin's dinner table, 412, 413—observation of New-Year's Day, 414-416—filial piety, 417—China an inviting field for Missionary labour, 418—notice of the Medical Missions, 419.

Chusan, commercial importance of, 398, 399.
 Claudet, M. A.,—his recent improvements on the Daguerreotype, 487.
 Clerk, Mr. G. R.,—Political Agent on the Sutledge, 437.
 Confucius, 405, *See* China.
 Copley Medal, unjust adjudications of, 231, 232.
 Cotton, cultivation of 402, 403.
 Corn, exports of, 284.
 Cousin, Victor, his historical Cycles, 11.

D

Daguerre and Daguerreotype. *See* Photography.

Davy, Sir Humphry, — his approximation to the discovery of Photography, 467.

De Wette's introduction, 355—the Modern Theology of Germany, 355—necessity for a sound Christian literature, 356—Mr. Parker's translations, 357, 358—De Wette, 358—his fundamental maxim, 359—the Bible classed with Homer, &c. 360—its inspiration proved from internal evidence, 360, 361—economy of Divine interpositions, 361—Divine interpositions distinguished from fictitious miracles, 362—modification of the miraculous economy, 363—essential points of difference between the Mosaic and Mythic records, 363, 364—the Mythic and the Hebrew idea of God, 365—the Hebrew theocracy, 366—defect of the Bible literature of Germany, 367.

Dickens, Charles, review of his works, 114-117.

Distilleries, stoppage of, and amount of grain consumed in, 261-263—stoppage of, 283.

Dogs, natural history and origin of, 29—man's power over the brute creation, 29, 30—ferocity of wolves, 30—capability of domestication of wild animals, 31—man's share of the work of domestication, 32—Pointer dog, its natural instinct, 32—extract from Mr. Swainson, 32—Shepherds' Dogs asserted by Buffon to be the nearest to the original species, 33—supposed origin of dogs from wolves, 34, 35—resemblance between the dogs and wolves of North America, 36—colour of wolves, 37—dogs of South America, 38, 39—barking unnatural to dogs, 38, 39—dogs of the Falkland Islands, 39, 40—Eastern dogs, their supposed origin, 40—habits of, 41—Hydrophobia in the East, 41—Jackals in the East, 42—red dogs of Asia, 43—Buansa dogs of Nepal, 43, 44—wild dog of Beloochistan, 44—Indian Dhoolas, 44, 45—Pariah dogs of India, 45, 46—Pariah dogs of Egypt, 46—Dinghs of New Holland, 47, 48—various origin of dogs, and influence of accidental circumstances in producing different varieties, 49—dogs an exception to the physiological dictum of John Hunter concerning

hybrid animals, 50—proofs of the early subjugation of the dog, 51—its treatment by Jews, Mohammedans, and Hindoos, 51, 52—disinterestedness of its attachment to men, 52, 53—instances of its fidelity, 53, 54.

Doubleday, Mr., his merits as a historian not yet established, 337—cause assigned by him for the Revolution of 1688, 338—his view of the state of the country during the Stuart period, as compared with it at the present time, 338-340—Letter from Jefferson in support of his views, 342—he adopts some of Ricardo's opinions, 346—epithets of abuse used by him, 348—measure proposed by him for bettering the condition of the country, 353, 354.

Draper, J. W., M.D.,—discovers the antagonizing action of the two halves of the spectrum, 494.

E

Emigration as a cure for Ireland, 513.

England, the three evangelic eras in, 306-310.

Etching of Daguerreotypes, 492.

F

Final Causes,—the doctrine of, commonly disparaged, 1—discarded by Epicurus and Lucretius, 1, 2—objected to by Bacon and Descartes, 2—nature of Bacon's objections to, 3—legitimate use of, vindicated by Bacon and Robert Boyle, 4—its subservience to physical science and natural theology, 4, 5, 24—Whewell's opinions of, 5—nature of Descartes' objections to, 5, 6—vindicated by Hon. Robert Boyle, 6—analysis of Boyle's disquisitions, 6, 7, 8—disparaged by Laplace, Cabanis, and Geoffrey St. Hilaire, 9, 10—influence of science on our national religion, 10, 11—Victor Cousin's historical cycles, 11—our present position in his chart, 12—works of Auguste Comte and John Mill on the sensational system, 12—ideal system revived through Kant's speculations and Dr. Chalmers' works, 12—tendency to scepticism in England, 13—physical science discouraged at Oxford, 13, 14—Bishop Wiseman's remarks on the study of geology, 14—Mr. Irons, 15—his opinions on the argument from design and natural theology, 18, 19—general outline of his scheme, 20—his definition of a cause, 20—Westminster Divines on second causes, 20, 21—Mr. Irons' attempt to overthrow Paley's argument from design, 21—inconsistencies of Irons' argument, 22—definition of final causes, 23—difference between ancient and modern speculations on, 23—the argument for the being of a God from, stated by the ancients, 23, 24—doctrine of causation, 24, 25—Mr. Irons' doctrine of final causes, 25—religion the final cause of the

- human mind, 26—examination of Mr. Irons' theory, 26—natural evidence of theology maintained by Professor Whewell, 27, 28.
- Financial History of England, effects of the Revolution of 1688, 337, 338—State of England during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., 338, 339—effects of the Act of 1719, 341—Napoleon's project of invading England, 343, 344—expenditure incurred to meet the invasion, 345—Ricardo's tract on the Funding System, 346—enclosures of lands in England and Wales, 347—position of England and of the Continental Powers in the prospect of war, 349, 350—different condition of the English and French labourer, 352—proposal for sweeping away the national debt and taxes, 353, 354.**
- Fizeau, M.,—his discovery of the Electrotype process in Photography, 491.**
- Forbes, Duncan. His expostulations with Lord Lovat, 89, 90—his birth and parentage, 92, 93—his clemency towards his vanquished countrymen, 93, 94—he enters Parliament, 95—becomes Lord-Advocate, 96, 97—measures carried by him through Parliament, 97—his zeal in serving his country, 98—change in his religious opinions, 99—is appointed President of the Court of Session, 100—his talents as a lawyer, 100, 101—his exertions in suppressing the Rebellion of '45, 102, 103—ingratitude of Government for his valuable services, 104, 105—his death and character, 106-108.**
- Foster, Judge,—his opinion on Middle-men, 525.**
- France, condition of, 351—parallel between and England, 352, 353.**
- Freeman, J. J., and D. Johns. See Narrative.**
- G**
- Galileo, his mode of publishing his discoveries, 239.**
- Galle, M., discovers the New Planet, 227.**
- German Women, 372. See Hahn Hahn.**
- Germany, theology of, 355—Biblical literature, 367.**
- Grimshaw, Rev. William, his popularity and ardour in his work, 326.**
- H**
- Hahn Hahn, Ida, Countess of. Her novels, 368—literary ladies a new order of beings, 368—proper provinces of women, 369, 370—of men, 370—the domestic romance the peculiar province of literary ladies, 370, 371—character of her writings, 371, 372—German women, their taste for psychology, 372, 373—Sybille, 373-380—female characters of Countess Hahn Hahn contrasted with those of Shakspeare and Goethe, 380, 381—tendency to scepticism and an ideal life among German women, 381, 382—Gräfin Faustine, 382, 383—Countess Hahn Hahn's travels, 383—her description of young girls, 383, 384—good-breeding, 384, 385—the Countess's vanity, 385—Anglomania, 386, 387—German national character, 387.**
- Herat, seige of, 430.**
- Hervey, Rev. James, account of his conversion, 317—his death, 318—style of his writings, 318, 319.**
- Hong-Kong, 399.**
- Howard, John, his three visits to Scotland, 67—results of his exertions in behalf of Scottish jails, 68.**
- Hume, David—Life and Correspondence of—Analysis of his character, 541—Scotland during the seventeenth century, 543—birth and education of Hume, 545—early compositions, 547—his own dissection of his mind and temper, 549—treatise of human nature, 550—his infidelity, 553—moral and political essays, 554—his epistolary style, 555—candidate for the Chair of Ethics in the University of Edinburgh, 556—personal appearance, 557—goes to Paris with Lord Hertford, 558—his merits as a man of letters, 559—merits of his History of England, 559.**
- Hunt, Robert,—his improvements on the Talbotype, 467.**
- Hussey, Mr., his endeavours to account for the perturbations of Uranus, 209, 210.**
- Huygens, his discovering the triple form of Saturn, 240, 241.**
- I**
- India, dogs of, 44-46. See Dogs.**
- Indian Politicals, 420—Lord Metcalfe, 423—political agents, 425—Wellington's opinion of them, 427—Russian intrigue in India, 429—Siege of Herat, 430—Lieutenant Pottinger in the Durbar of Kamran, 433—Sir William Macnaghten, 435—Major Macgregor, 436—Mr. G. R. Clerk, 437,—province of Sind, 438.**
- Ireland, proposed measures for its improvement, 278—Poor Law in, 279—emigration from, 282. See Political Economy.**
- Agrarian Outrages in, 505—recent legislation—the Poor Law, 507—Loans-act, 509—sale of encumbered estates act, 509—forced sales, 511—reclamation of waste lands, 512—emigration, 513—civilizing effects of the works carried on by Government in the barony of Dukallow, 515, 516—banditti in 1821, 517—origin of the title *Captain Rock*, 519—effects upon the public mind, of a prophecy promising the triumphant establishment of the Roman Catholic Church in 1825, 519—and Prince Hohenlohe's miracles, 519—mysterious oaths, 520—rhymes of the Sons of Union, 521—testimonies of Sir M. Barrington, and Sir W. Petty as to**

- the causes of the disturbances, 522, 523—no proper local agencies for the practical working of any measure for good, 524—absenteeism, 521—Judge Foster's opinion on Middle-men, 526—savage life and wretched husbandry, 527, 528—the Crown and its tenants in Ballykilcline, 528—murder of Mr. Goring, 531—effect of transportation as a punishment, 532—execution of criminals, 533—wake over the body, 533—murder of Mr. Prim, 534—murder of Mr. Watson, 535—Spenser's view of the state of Ireland two centuries ago, 538.
- Irons, William J., of Queen's College, Oxford, 15—his style and religious views, 17—General design of his dissertation, 18. *See* Final Causes.
- K
- Karsten, Dr.,—his accelerating liquid in photography, 489.
- L
- Le Verrier, M., publication of his memoirs on the Theory of Uranus, 218—he does not assign a place to the New Planet till seven months after Mr. Adams had done so, 219—Mr. Airy's reception of his communications, 224, 225—kind of merit that belongs to him, 235.
- Lorrequer, Harry, his works, 113.
- Lovat, Simon, Lord—time in which he lived, 72—his education at the University of Aberdeen, 73—his attempts to disinherit his cousin, 73, 74—he marries the dowager-peeress, 75—his manner of life, 76—his visit to France, 78, 79—takes refuge at Rotterdam, and afterwards in France, 80—escapes from France and arrives in Scotland, 81—litigations in order to secure the Lovat estates, 82, 83—his influence with the Highlanders, 84—life at Castle Dounie, 85—his intrigues and utter disregard of truth, 86, 87—his uncertainty which party to join, 88—his skill in lying, 89—his trial and execution, 91, 92.
- M.
- Macgregor, Major,—his transactions in India, 436.
- Macnaghten, Sir Wm.,—his transactions in India, 435.
- Madagascar, Past and Present, 137.
- Madeira, or the Spirit of Antichrist in 1846, &c. By J. Roddam Tate, R.N., 137.
- Madagascar, Madeira, Tahiti, 137—why considered in connection with one another, 137—the inhabitants of Madagascar are of varied origin, 138—the negro race—the Hovas—form of Government, 139—the natives nearly barbarous—sunk in idolatry—their passion for infanticide, 140—the present sovereign a woman of great wickedness, 141—their religion, 142—effect of European intercourse, 143—the cruelty of the French prejudiced them against all Europeans, *ib.*—results of missionary labour, 145—hostility of Government to the missionaries, 147—the Christians accused—the queen's resolution, 149—her letter to the missionaries, *ib.*—their reply, 150—treatment of Christian books—the proto-martyr, 141—Christians tried for witchcraft, 152—Madeira, *ib.*—persecutions there—Maria Joaquina condemned, 153—attack on Miss Rutherford's house, 154—Dr. Kalley's house attacked—his escape, 157—conduct of the British Consul, 158—hundreds of native Christians fly for their lives, 160—early condition of Tahiti, 161—London Missionary Society send a mission there in 1795, *ib.*—its success—English and French testimonies, 163—Jesuitism, *ib.*—French missionaries, 164—their mode of conversion—conduct of Britain—Queen Pomare, 167—remarks on the conduct of France by Mr. Mark Wilkes, *ib.*
- Marten's panoramic camera, 499.
- Medical Missions, 419.
- Medical Periodicals, 169.
- Metcalfe, Lord, 423.
- Moser's researches in photography, 502.
- N.
- Narrative of the Persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar. By J. J. Freeman and D. Johns, 187.
- Natural Theology, defended by Professors Sedgwick and Powell, 15—definition of, 16—opinions of Mr. Irons on, 18, 19—Natural Evidence of Theology maintained, 27, 28.
- New Planet. Discovery of its supposed place in the heavens by Mr. Adams, 213—217—M. Le Verrier, discovers it seven months later, but is the first to publish it, 217—221—researches after, by Professor Challis, 222—224—Mr. Airy's reception of M. Le Verrier's communications regarding, 224, 225—Discovery of by Dr. Galle, 227—M. Arago names it Le Verrier, 228—arguments in favour of Mr. Adams' being the original discoverer, 235—244—is named Neptune, 245.
- Newton, Rev. John, his manner of life, 330, 331—his "Cardiphonia," 332.
- Niepcé, M. N., and M. I.,—their discoveries in photography, 482, 485.
- Norfolk, educational contrast between and Haddington, 54, 55.
- Notes on the Inhalation of Sulphuric Ether, in the practice of Midwifery. By J. Y. Simpson, 169.
- P
- Painless operations in Surgery, 169—this subject interesting to all, 169—former attempts at etherization, 171—pneumatic medicine, 172—Dr. Pearson—Nysten,

- 173—sulphuric ether has long been used, 174—history of the discovery, 175—Mr. Liston's letter to Professor Miller, 176—promulgation of the discovery in Scotland, 177—Mr. Horace Wells' claim, 178—Sir Humphry Davy's, 179—America must have the credit of the first announcement of etherization, 180—effects of ether, 181—very various, 182—the dream of ether, 183—resemblance to intoxication, 185—examples, 186—duration of effects, 187—mode of administration, 189—tolerance of ether, 191—possible bad effects of ether, 192—its risks, 195—precautions in its use, 197—its advantages, 198—its use in midwifery, 201—its use to the lower animals, 205—the duty of investigating its properties, and of acknowledging from whom is the gift, 206.
- Parker, Mr. Theodore, 356. *See* De Wette.
- Petty, Sir W.,—his testimony as to the cause of the outrages in Ireland, 522, 523.
- Photography—the art of drawing by the agency of light, 465—approximation to the invention by Mr. Wedgewood, and Sir Humphry Davy, 467—discoveries by Mr. Talbot, 469—experiments by Mr. Reade, 470—Mr. Talbot's double process, 471—single process described, 473—different forms of photography, 474—improvements on Mr. Talbot's process, 475—supposed improvements, 477—plagiarism by M. Blanquart-Evrard, 478, 479—superiority of Mr. Talbot's process, 479—defects of photography, 480—improvements in *positive* Talbotypes, 481—history of the Daguerreotype, 482, 484—Niepce and Daguerre liberally rewarded by the French Government, 484, 485—Daguerre's process, 486—improvements by M. Claudet, 487, 488—Dr. Karsten's accelerating liquid, 489—photogenic focus, 490—reversion of picture, 490—gilding and electrotyping, 491—etching of Daguerreotypes, 492—influence of colours, 493—Dr. Draper's researches, 494—opposite actions in the spectrum, 495—recent discoveries by M. Claudet, 496—experiments by Hunt, Karsten, and Knorr, 497—Fizeau, 498—Marten's panoramic camera, 499—importance of the art, 500—invisible images in solid and fluid surfaces, 501—Moser's researches, 502—extensive application of the art, 503—value in the arts, 504.
- Political agents in India, 420.
- Political economy of a famine, 247—Political economy, definition of, 247—falsely accused, 248, 249—political economy of a general famine, 250—Rise of prices in seasons of scarcity explained, 250—ultimate good resulting therefrom, 251—fluctuation in prices exceeds fluctuation in quantity, 252—difficulty of combination among dealers our great security, 253—impossibility of competition and bad effects of monopoly in the remote parts of Scotland and Ireland, 254, 255—means of purchasing as necessary as supplies of food, 255—the present visitation a local famine, 256—preservation of human life the paramount object, 257—extent of death from starvation, 257, 258—difference between the famine of 1801 and that of 1847, 258, 259—equalization of pressure effected in some measure by spontaneous benevolence, 260, 261—interference of Government necessary, 261, 262—Stoppage of distilleries, 262, 263—increase of purchasing power raises prices of food, and tends to equalize the pressure of famine, 264, 265—argument in favour of distilleries, 266—double benefit resulting from high prices in times of scarcity, 267, 268—public measures and private benevolence for relief of famine in France, 369, 270—food, and means of purchasing it in the country, 271—Sir R. Peel's proposal of a direct taxation, 272—effect of direct taxation on trade, 273—resources of a nation within itself, 274—a direct taxation recommended for the improvement of Ireland and the Highlands, 275—its effect on the higher classes, 276—consumption the great end of production, 277—means by which an improvement in the state of Ireland must be carried out, 278—effect of the new poor law in Scotland, 279—Irish poor law, 279—necessity of special measures for the present exigency, 280—Parliamentary Commission, 280—what the character and objects of its members ought to be, 281—importance of the present opportunity, 282—commission on the State of Landed Property in Ireland, 282—emigration from Ireland, 282—importance of an economical Survey of Ireland, 283—impolicy of a New Poor Law at this time, 284—necessity for its amendment, 285—proposed commission, greatness of means required by it, 285—its great object, 286—answer to the question, Why there should be such numerous deaths by starvation, while there is such abundance of means? 286, 287—Relief Committees, 288—importance of co-operation with Landholders, 288—benefits which may result from Ireland's present calamity, 289—inefficiency of the Relief Committees, 290—Duty of Landed Proprietors, 290.
- Poor Law in Scotland and Ireland, 279—of England, 285-288. *See* Political Economy.
- Poor-Law Act for Ireland, 507.
- Popular Serial Literature. *Punch* and the Churchman's Monthly Magazine, 110, 111—reason for reviewing works that are not yet complete, 112—the Knight of Gwynne—Charles O'Malley, 113—the author of the Pickwick Papers, 114—the

Battle of Life, 114-116—*Dombey & Son*, 116—Florence Dombey, 117—Christopher Tadpole, 117-119—*Vanity Fair*, 119, 120—contributors to Punch characterized, 120, 121—Comic History of England, 122—Knight's Volumes and Chambers's Tracts, 123, 124—Coleridge's account of Prudence, 124, 125—The Commissioner—description of a fox-hunt, 126-128—London by moonlight, 128, 129—duelling, 129, 130—Fitzurse murdered by a maniac, 131—closing scene of Lord Outrun, 132, 133—Comment by Punch on Mr. McNeile's petition to the Queen, 134—the Old Year and the New Year, 136.
 Rottinger, Lieutenant, in the Durbar of Kamran, 433.
 Priority of Discovery and Priority of Publication, relative value of, 233-244—dangers of premature publication, 235-236.—Patent laws of Europe, 237, 238.

R

Reade, Mr.—his experiments in photography, 470.
 Reclamation of waste lands in Ireland, 512.
 Religions of the World, Maurice's—Legacy of the Honourable Robert Boyle, 299, 300—Mahometanism, 301, 302—Christianity, 302, 303.
 Rice, cultivation of, 401, 402.
 Romaine, Rev. William, 328, 329.
 Russian intrigues in India, 429.

S

Sale of encumbered estates in Ireland act, 509.
 Scottish History, crisis in, from 1700 to 1705, 77, 78.
 Simeon, Rev. Charles, his conversion, 333—is the means of extensive usefulness in the Church, 334, 335—his solicitude for the Jews, 330.
 Simpson, J. Y. *See* Notes, &c.
 Sinde, Province of, 438.
 Smith, Albert, his close imitation of Dickens, 118, 119.
 Spenser's view of the state of Ireland two centuries ago, 538.
 State of Scottish Towns—Condition of Glasgow, 55, 56—contrast between the cottiers of Scotland and Wales, 57, 58—great disregard of cleanliness among the poor of Scottish towns, 58, 59—introduction of daylight the first step towards improving the dwellings of the poor, 59, 60—intimate connection between filth and fever, 61—immense loss annually sustained by the prevalence of fever, 62—fever bill of Glasgow for five years, 63—necessity for some immediate and effective measure, 64—

railway terminus in Glasgow, 65—miserable condition of prisons in the last century, 66—Howard's three visits to Scotland, 67—improvements effected by him, 68—neglect of physical training, 69—lessons that may be learned from the English, 70—danger of procrastination, 71.
 Swainson, Mr. *See* Dogs.

T

Talbot and Talbotype. *See* Photography.
 Tate, J. R. *See* Madeira.
 Tahiti : a Review of the Origin, Character, and Progress of French Roman Catholic Efforts for the destruction of English Protestant Missions in the South Seas. By Mark Wilkes, 137.
 Taylor, Bishop Jeremy, his birth and early education 294, 295—residence in Wales, 295—his death and character, 297, 298—observations on his works, 298, 299.
 Tea, cultivation of, 404, 405.
 Thornton's History of British India, 420.
 Titmarsh, M. A., differences between his and Mr. Dickens' works, 119, 120—address to him as the representative of Punch, 120-122.
 Toplady, Rev. Augustus, his writings, 321—his preaching and early death, 322.
 Treatise on the Inhalation of Ether. By J. Robinson, Surgeon-Dentist, 169.

U

Union, effects of the, on the religion and politics of Scotland, 542-545.
 Uranus, discrepancies between its observed and calculated places, 209.

V

Venn, Rev. Henry, his eminent piety and usefulness, 327, 328.

W

Walker, Rev Samuel, means of his conversion, 319, 320—fruits of his ministry, 320.
 Wedgewood, Thomas,—his approximation to the discovery of photography, 467.
 Wellington's opinion of political agents in India, 427.
 Wesley, Rev. John, contrast between and Whitefield, 313, 314—his piety and generosity, 315—his activity, 316.
 Whewell, Professor, his opinion of the study of final causes, 5. *See* Final Causes.
 Whitefield, Rev. George, his college life, 310—his ordination and zeal in his work, 311—style of his preaching 312, 313.
 Wilkes, Mark. *See* Tahiti.
 Wolves, their resemblance to dogs, 36. *See* Dogs.

•

7